

THE VOICE OF TRIUMPH

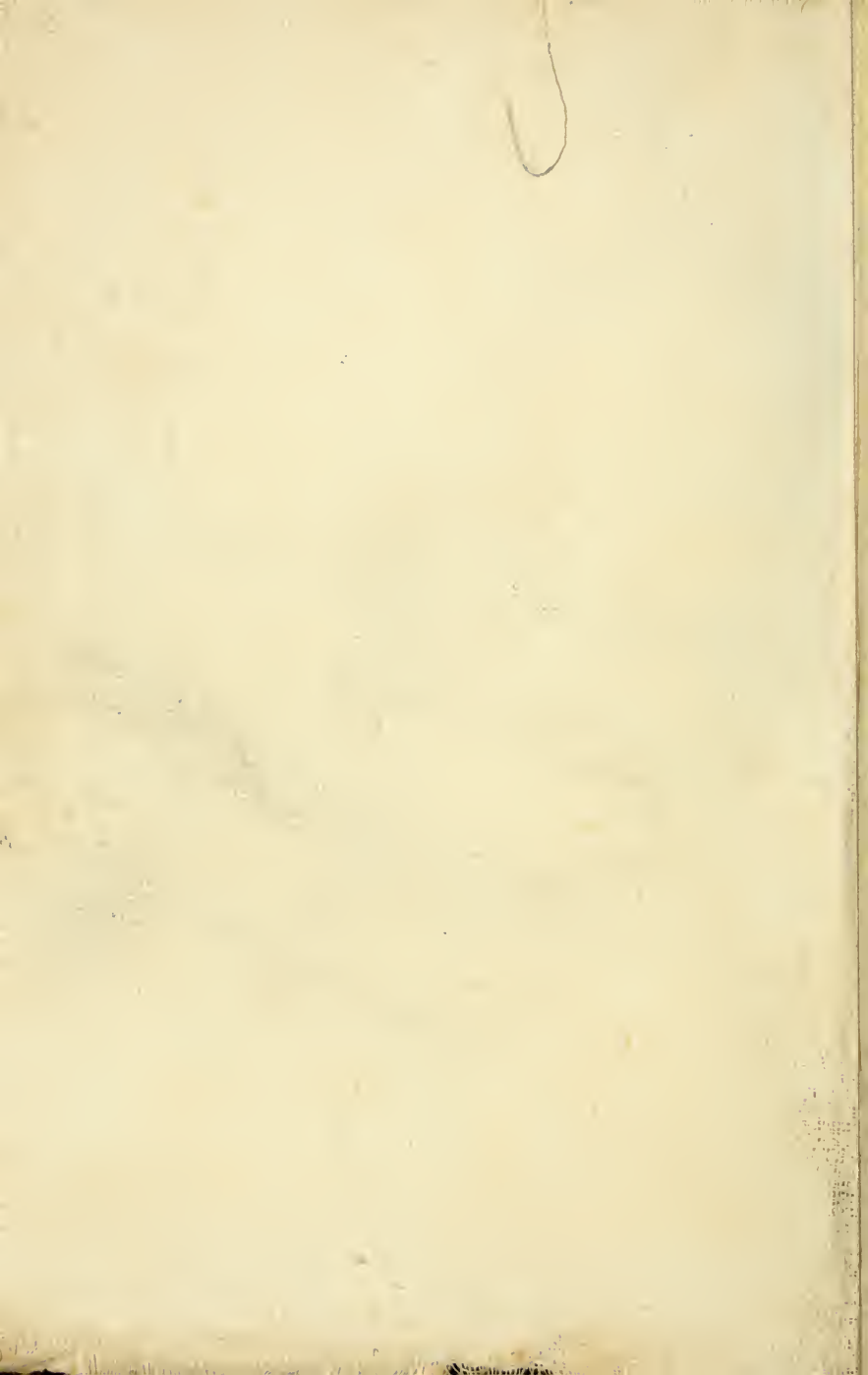
JOSHUA GILL.

GEO. A. McLAUGHLIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

MATTILL & LAMB,
CLEVELAND, O.



Gift of Margaret McGarvey Feb. 2007

THE VOICE OF TRIUMPH

Miss Emma Ruth

JOSHUA GILL.

GEO. A. McLAUGHLIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

NINETEENTH EDITION

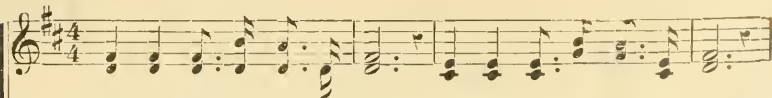
J. H. LAMB,
CLEVELAND, O.

2.

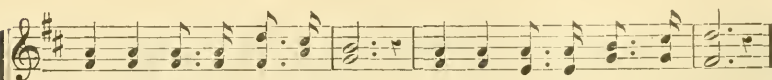
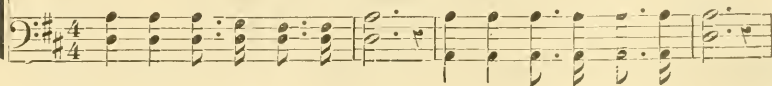
Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

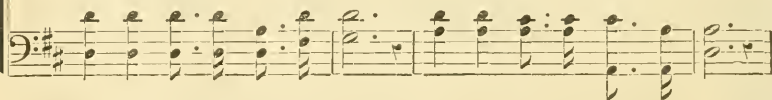
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



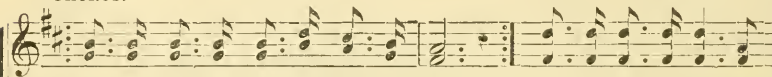
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted. Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine: It shall be no long - er mine;
 5. Take my love—my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure-store;



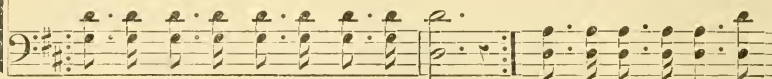
Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly for my King.
 Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my heart—it is thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 Take my-self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee!



CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, } Lord, I give to Thee my
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood; }



life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth, e - ter - nal - ly.



3.

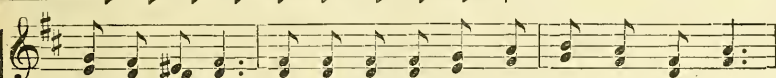
The Saviour is Calling.

JOSHUA GILL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



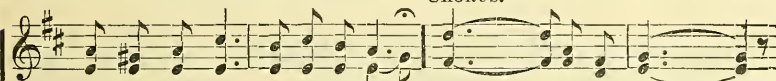
1. Sin-ner, the Sav-iour is call-ing to-day, Call-ing for thee,
2. Sin-ner, the Sav-iour is pray-ing to-day, Pray-ing for thee,
3. Sin-ner, the Sav-iour is wait-ing to-day, Wait-ing for thee,
4. Sin-ner, the Sav-iour is weep-ing to-day, Weep-ing for thee,
5. Je-sus is call-ing and pray-ing to-day, Wait-ing for thee,



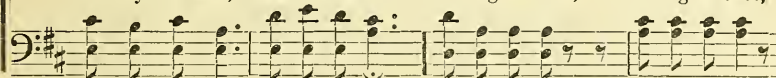
call-ing for thee, Why in the des-ert of sin wilt thou stay?
 pray-ing for thee, Why wilt thou, turn from His plead-ing a-way?
 wait-ing for thee, Why wilt thou, keep Him in wait-ing al-way?
 weep-ing for thee, Lin-ger no long-er, but come while you may,
 weep-ing for thee, Je-sus is call-ing thee, make no de-lay,



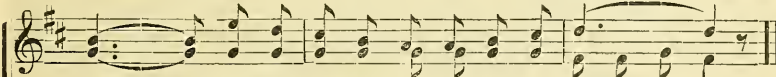
CHORUS.



Par-don a-waits, mercy is free. Call-ing for thee,.....
 Gen-tly He bids, "Look unto Me."
 Hear Him re-peat, "Come unto Me."
 Kind-ly He pleads, "Trust thou in Me."
 Sweetly He calls, "Rest now on Me." Calling for thee, calling for thee,



call-ing for thee,..... Je-sus is
 call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee, Je-sus is waiting and

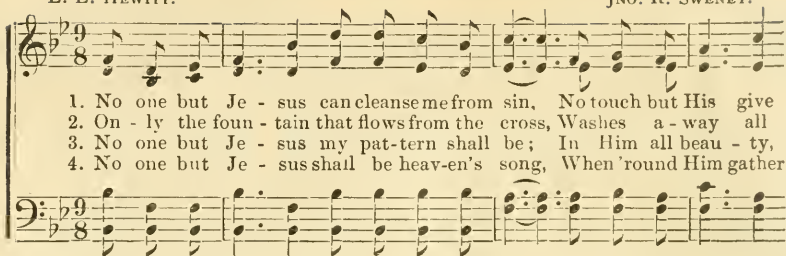


wait-ing and weeping and call-ing for thee.....
 weeping and calling, He's weeping and calling, is call-ing for thee.

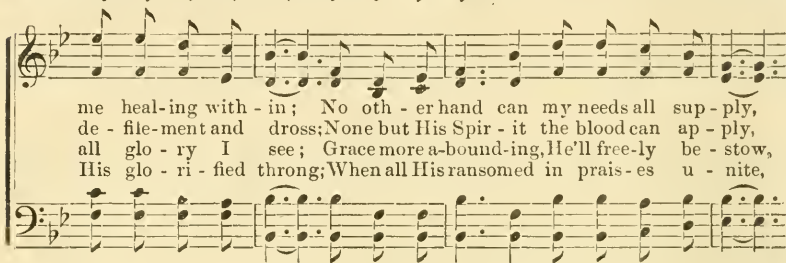


E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

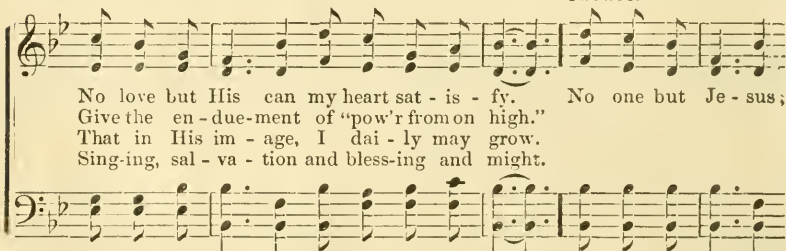


1. No one but Je - sus can cleanse me from sin, No touch but His give
 2. On - ly the foun - tain that flows from the cross, Washes a - way all
 3. No one but Je - sus my pat - tern shall be; In Him all beau - ty,
 4. No one but Je - sus shall be heav - en's song, When 'round Him gather

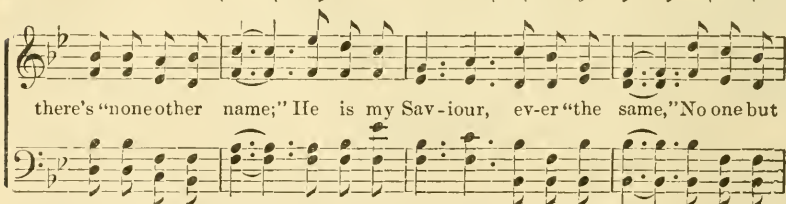


me heal - ing with - in; No oth - er hand can my needs all sup - ply,
 de - file - ment and dross; None but His Spir - it the blood can ap - ply,
 all glo - ry I see; Grace more a - bound - ing, He'll free - ly be - stow,
 His glo - ri - fied throng; When all His ransomed in prais - es u - nite,

CHORUS.



No love but His can my heart sat - is - fy. No one but Je - sus;
 Give the en - due - ment of "pow'r from on high."
 That in His im - age, I dai - ly may grow.
 Sing - ing, sal - va - tion and bless - ing and might.



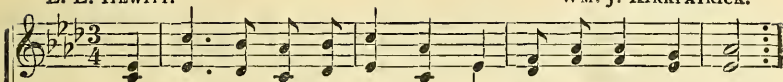
there's "none other name;" He is my Sav - iour, ev - er "the same," No one but



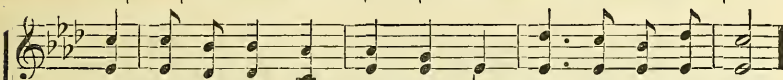
Je - sus shall be my best Friend, Loving me, keeping me, till life shall end.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



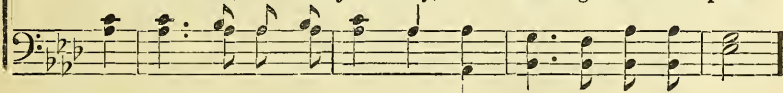
1. { I turned from brok-en cis - terns, To seek a heavenly spring; }
 { I found a roy-al foun - tain, Once opened by the King: }
 2. { Dis - heart-ened by my failures, And wounded by the foe, }
 { I come to my dear Saviour, No "oth-er name" I know; }
 3. { The fu-ture's veiled be - fore me, One step is all I see; }
 { I know not now what dangers, May be sur-round-ing me: }



I stepped out on His prom-ise, "Come, who - so - ev - er will,"
 I step out on His prom-ise, Faith shall the vict'ry win,
 I'll step out on His prom-ise, "I'm with Thee all the days;"



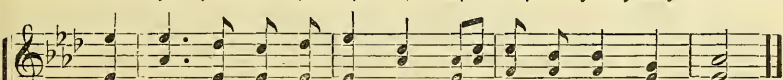
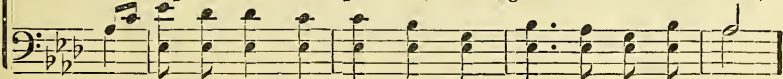
And from these liv - ing wa - ters, My soul is drinking still.
 The pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Is cleans-ing me from sin.
 With Je - sus, let me jour - ney, To His bright home of praise.



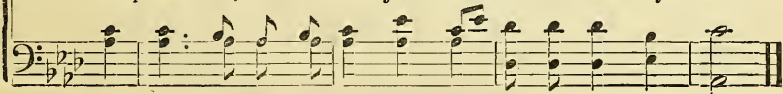
CHORUS.



I'll step out on His prom-ise, His great sal - va - tion meet;



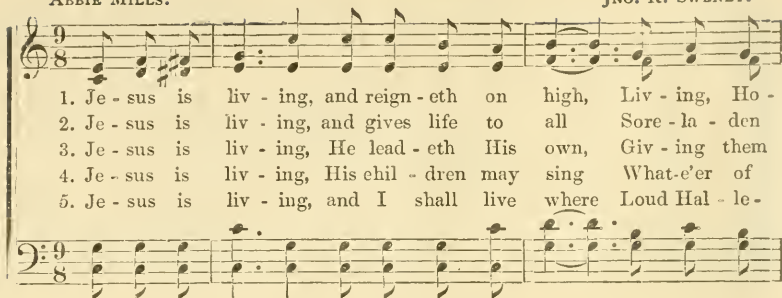
I'll praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah! The Rock's be-neath my feet.



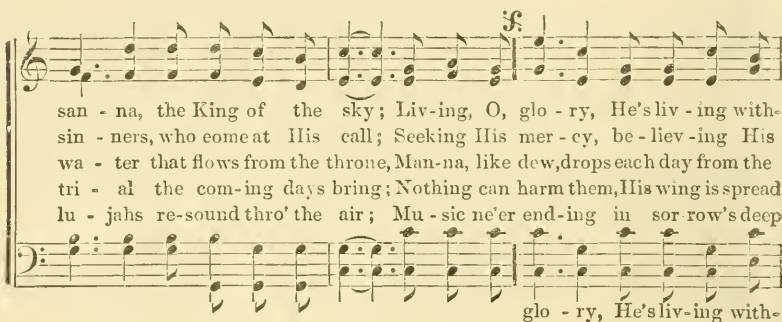
Jesus is Living.

ABBIE MILLS.

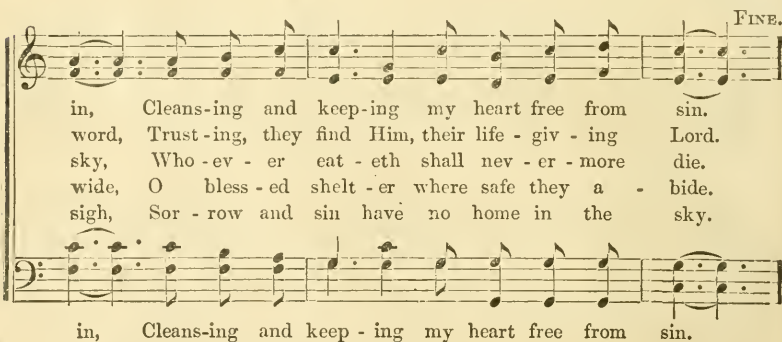
JNO. R. SWENEY.



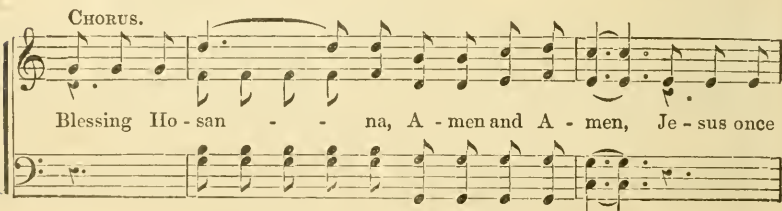
1. Je - sus is liv - ing, and reign - eth on high, Liv - ing, Ho -
 2. Je - sus is liv - ing, and gives life to all Sore - la - den
 3. Je - sus is liv - ing, He lead - eth His own, Giv - ing them
 4. Je - sus is liv - ing, His chil - dren may sing What - e'er of
 5. Je - sus is liv - ing, and I shall live where Loud Hal - le -



san - na, the King of the sky; Liv - ing, O, glo - ry, He's liv - ing with -
 sin - ners, who come at His call; Seeking His mer - cy, be - liev - ing His
 wa - ter that flows from the throne, Man - na, like dew, drops each day from the
 tri - al the com - ing days bring; Nothing can harm them, His wing is spread
 lu - jahs re - sound thro' the air; Mu - sic ne'er end - ing in sor - row's deep
 glo - ry, He's liv - ing with -



in, Cleans - ing and keep - ing my heart free from sin.
 word, Trust - ing, they find Him, their life - giv - ing Lord.
 sky, Who - ev - er eat - eth shall nev - er - more die.
 wide, O bless - ed shelt - er where safe they a - bide.
 sigh, Sor - row and sin have no home in the sky.
 in, Cleans - ing and keep - ing my heart free from sin.



CHORUS.
 Blessing Ho - san - - na, A - men and A - men, Je - sus once

Jesus is Living. Concluded.

D.S.

dy - ing is liv - ing a - gain; Liv - ing, oh,

7

I am Saved.

Mrs. S. B. OBERHOLTZER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
 2. Loud I sing my ex - ul - ta - tion, Hop - ing it will reach the skies;
 3. Free sal - va - tion! glad sal - va - tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
 4. When at last the days are gathered In - to Thy great judgment one,

I have tast - ed God's sal - va - tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul for - ev - er Un - der Thy pro - tect - ing eyes.
 Un - til each dis - eas - ed na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
 May I find my name deep writ - ten In the re - cords of Thy Son.

CHORUS.

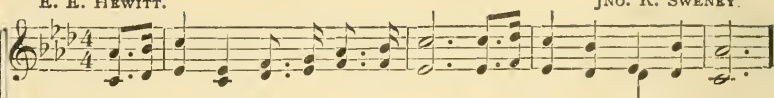
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I re - joice sal - va - tion came;

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am' sav'd in Je - sus' name.

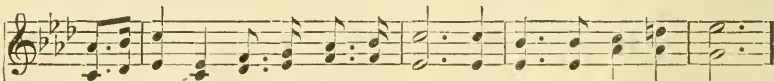
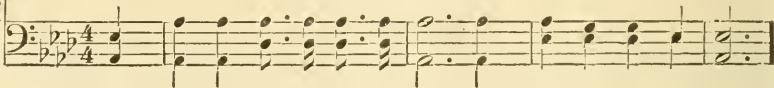
By Permission.

E. E. HEWITT.

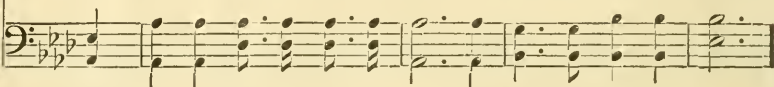
JNO. R. SWENEY.



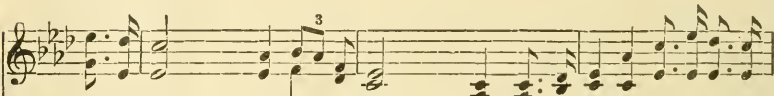
1. There's sunshine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King
3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,



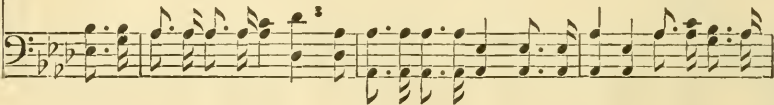
Than glows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



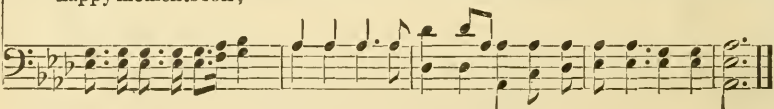
REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
 sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul



roll ; When Jesus shows His smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
 happy moments roll ;



FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem'd how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
 2. Redeem'd and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell;
 3. I think of my blessed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
 4. I know I shall see in His beaut-y, The King in whose law I de-light;
 5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;

Redeem'd thro' His in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 I know that the light of His presence With me doth continually dwell.
 I sing, for I cannot be si-lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
 And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

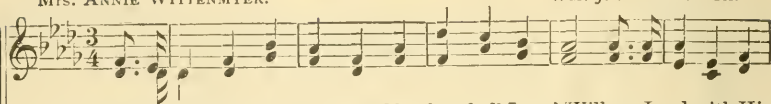
Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

Re-deem'd, Re-deem'd, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

10. When the Curtains are Lifted.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

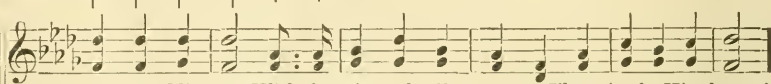
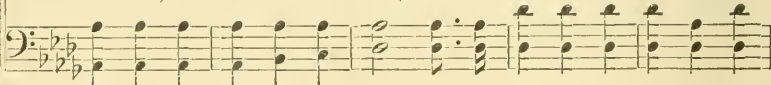
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When the curtains are lift - ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my Lord with His
2. Will the heav - en - ly cit - y burst full on my sight; And the throne of His
3. Now the fu - ture is hid - den, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm
4. When His glorified presence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be



an - gels Be wait - ing for me? Will He wel - come my com - ing, And
glo - ry, That giv - eth it light: Will the feet torn and wea - ry Reach
near - ing The end of the race; It will mat - ter but lit - tle What
like Him, And with Him a - rise; And the hands hard with la - bor A



crown me His own, With the saints of all a - ges, That cir - cle His throne?
pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Saviour be - hold?
chang - es may come, If my Lord with His an - gels Shall welcome me home.
vic - tor's palm raise; And the lips tuned to sor - row Sing anthems of praise.



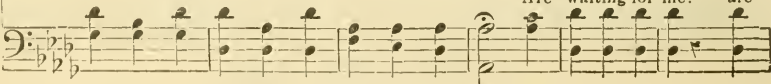
CHORUS.



- (1, 2, 3.) When the cur - tains are lift - ed, Oh, what shall I see? Will my
(4.) When the cur - tains are lift - ed, Oh, this shall I see, That my



Lord and His an - gels be wait - ing for me, Be wait - ing, be
Lord and His an - gels are wait - ing for me, Are wait - ing, are
Be waiting for me? be
Are waiting for me? are



When the Curtains are Lifted. Concluded.

ad lib.

wait - ing, Will my Lord and His an - gels be wait - ing for me!
 wait - ing, That my Lord and His an - gels are wait - ing for me!
 waiting for me?
 waiting for me?

11. Make Me Thine.

J. B. MAC KAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sav - iour come and dwell in me, Let my soul be filled with Thee;
 2. Cleanse my heart from ev - 'ry stain, Let no sin in me re - main;
 3. Sanc - ti - fy me thro' and thro', Show me, Lord, what I should do;
 4. Sav - iour help me here be - low, Dai - ly in Thy grace to grow;

Here I now my all re - sign, Make, O make me ful - ly Thine.
 Fit me for Thy ser - vice now, While be - fore Thy throne I bow.
 Make my tongue, my feet, my hands, Swift to do Thy blest commands.
 Then at last be - yond life's sea, Take me home to dwell with Thee.

CHORUS.

Make me Thine, make me Thine O, be - stow Thy pow'r on me;

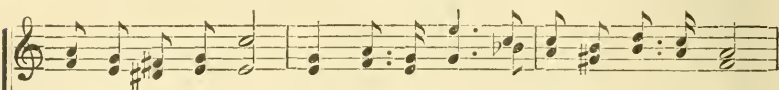
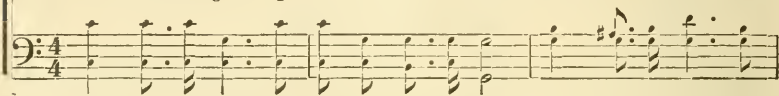
Precious Sav - iour Make me wholly Thine, I would con - se - cra - ted be.

H. BONAR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

May be sung as duet.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawning
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my eag - er
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with

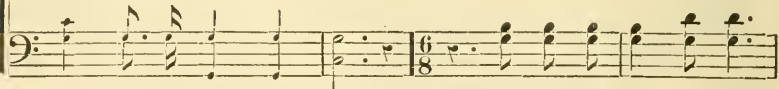


nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,
 wilt Thy child em - brace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace,
 arms the long re - moved And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved,
 eye no long - er dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn,



I shall be sat - is - fied.
 I shall be sat - is - fied.
 I shall be sat - is - fied.
 I shall be sat - is - fied.

I..... shall be sat - is - fied,



I shall be sat-is-fied I shall be sat-is-fied By.... and by....
 I shall be I shall be By and by, yes, by and by.

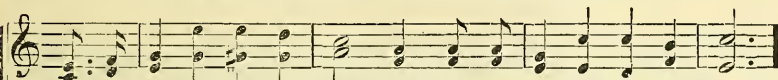
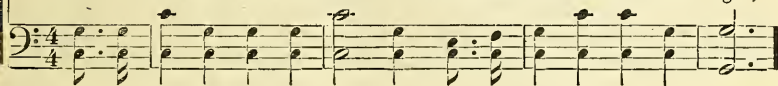


SALLIE M. SMITH.

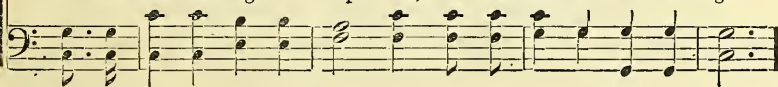
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Borne a - loft by faith we stand.
2. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where so oft 'tis ours to be,
3. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where he bids me come and rest,
4. If on earth our souls are hon - or'd With such vis - ions of de - light,



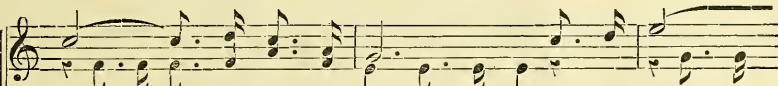
While we drink the crys - tal wa - ters Flow - ing down from E - den's land.
 In the brightness of His pres - ence, Christ, our Lord, reveal'd we see.
 Je - sus spreads a feast be - fore us, Mak - ing each a wel - come guest.
 Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight.



CHORUS.



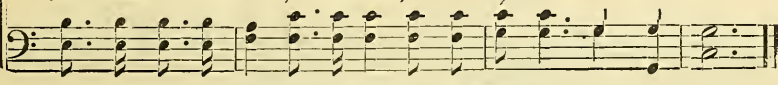
How the Heart..... its toil for - gets, In the
 How the heart, its toil for - gets,



joy..... we there be - hold; In the ful -
 In the joy we there be - hold, there be - hold,



- ness of His love, That is bet - ter felt than told.
 ful - ness of His love, of His love,



J. B. MacKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. In this vale of mists and shadows, These poor eyes at best are dim;
2. Tho' I now be - hold Him dimly, Praise His name! I know I'm His;
3. What I'll be in that bright kingdom, Doth not yet to me ap - pear;
4. Then I'll keep my faith in Je - sus, Trusting His re - deem - ing grace,



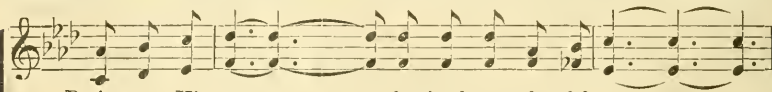
But I know when safe with Jesus, Thro' His grace, I'll be like Him.
 And I'll shout His praise in glo - ry, When I see Him as He is.
 But His word says I'll be like Him, If I on - ly trust Him here.
 Till be - yond the mists and shadows I be - hold Him face to face.



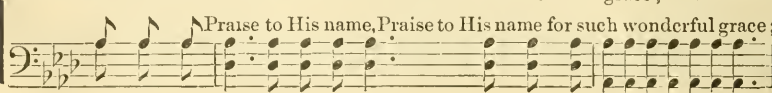
CHORUS.



I shall be like..... Him, I shall be like..... Him,
 I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him,



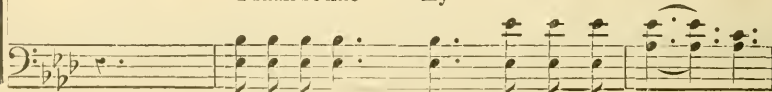
Praise to His name..... for 'such won - der - ful grace;.....



Praise to His name, Praise to His name for such wonderful grace;



I shall be like..... my blessed re - deem - er,
 I shall be like my



Copyright, 1894, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

I Shall be Like Him. Concluded.

When I be - hold..... Him face to face.....
When I be - hold Him

15 Great is the Love of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Great is the love that brought me, Out of the path of sin;
2. Great is the love that draws me, Near to my heav'nly Guide;
3. Great is the love that leads me, Safe - ly where'er I go;
4. Great is the love pre - par - ing, Mansions of rest a - bove;

Great is the love that gave me, Par - don and peace with-in.
Great is the love that keeps me, Close to His bleed-ing side.
More of its power and great-ness, Teach me, O Lord, to know.
There shall I know its full - ness, Won - der - ful, boundless love.

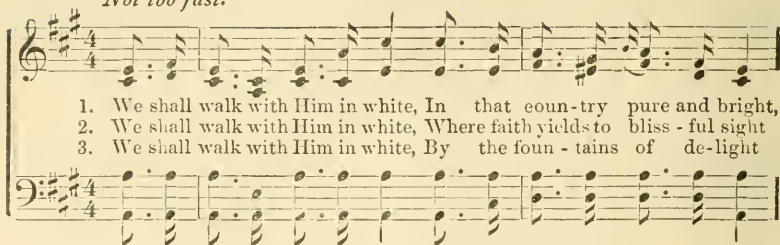
CHORUS.

Great is the love that saves me, Saves me hour by hour;
Won - der - ful love of Je - sus, Who can ré - sist its power.

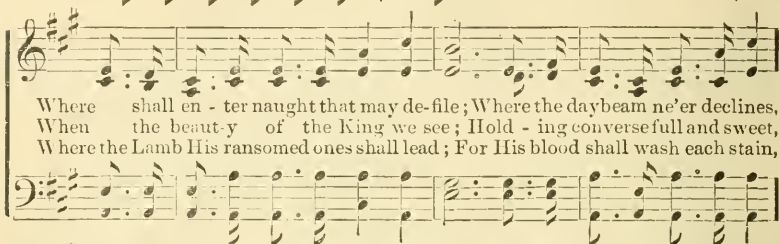
Copyright, 1894, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

E. E. HEWITT.

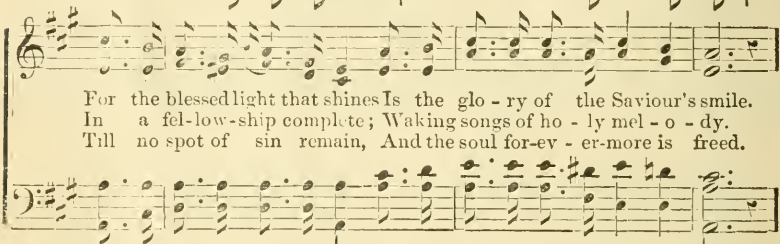
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.


1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright,
 2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight
 3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the foun-tains of de-light



Where shall en-ter naught that may de-file; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
 When the beauty of the King we see; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,
 Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

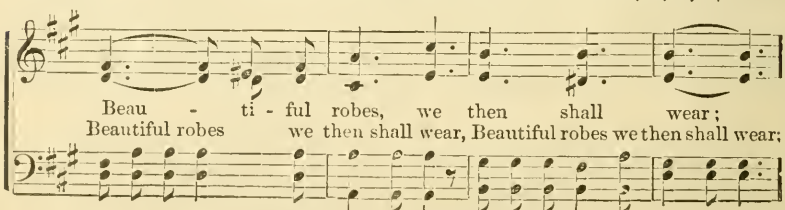


For the blessed light that shines Is the glo-ry of the Saviour's smile.
 In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho-ly mel-o-dy.
 Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul for-ev-er more is freed.

CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful robes,.... Beau - ti - ful robes,....
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,



Beau - ti - ful robes, we then shall wear;
 Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beautiful robes we then shall wear;

Beautiful Robes. Concluded.

Gar - ments of light, Love - ly and bright,
 Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

17

Hallelujah ! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho - ly converse With Christ, my Lord alone, I seem to hear the
 2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's
 3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with
 4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high ; And thro' eternal

CHORUS.

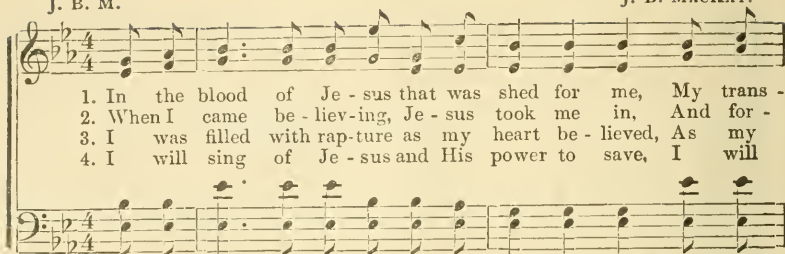
mil - lions That sing around His throne :— Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le -
 conquest, And sing the vic - tor's song.
 Je - sus, I sing from day to day.
 a - ges I'll shout be - yond the sky.

poco ritard.

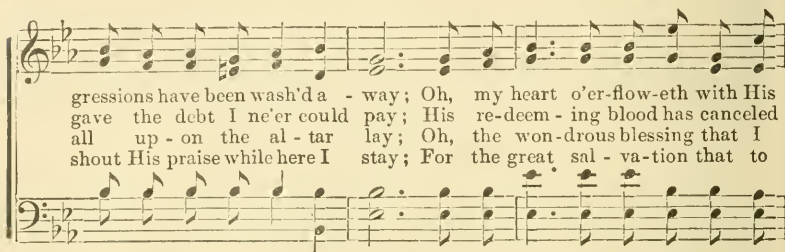
lu - jah, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men, A - men.

J. B. M.

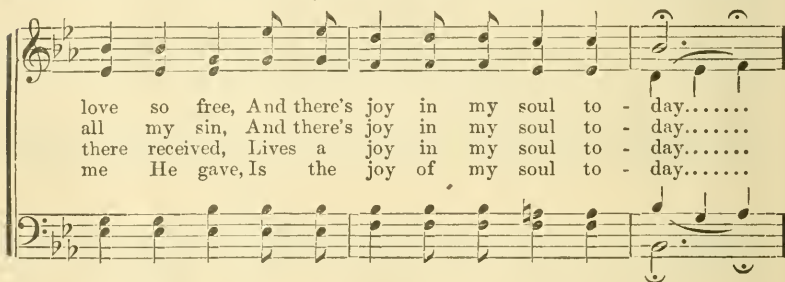
J. B. MacKAY.



1. In the blood of Je - sus that was shed for me, My trans -
 2. When I came be - liev - ing, Je - sus took me in, And for -
 3. I was filled with rap - ture as my heart be - lieved, As my
 4. I will sing of Je - sus and His power to save, I will

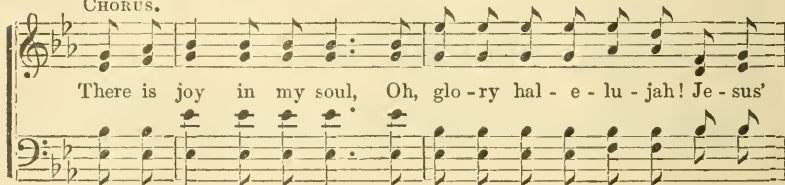


gressions have been wash'd a - way; Oh, my heart o'er-flow-eth with His
 gave the debt I ne'er could pay; His re-deem - ing blood has canceled
 all up - on the al - tar lay; Oh, the won - drous blessing that I
 shout His praise while here I stay; For the great sal - va - tion that to

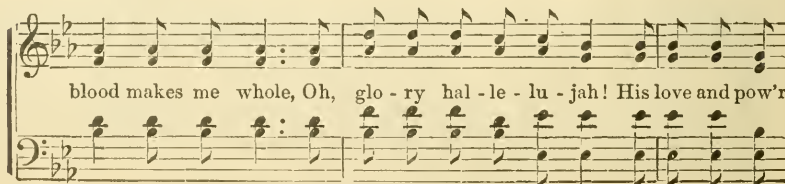


love so free, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....
 all my sin, And there's joy in my soul to - day.....
 there received, Lives a joy in my soul to - day.....
 me He gave, Is the joy of my soul to - day.....

CHORUS.

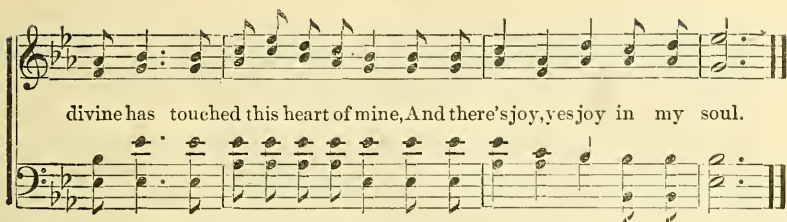


There is joy in my soul, Oh, glo - ry hal - e - lu - jah! Je - sus'



blood makes me whole, Oh, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His love and pow'r

Joy in My Soul. Concluded.



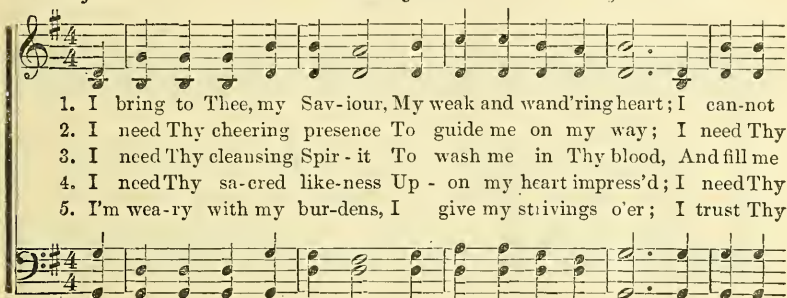
19

Now Bless Me.

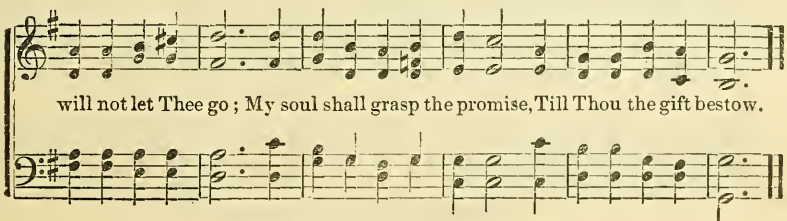
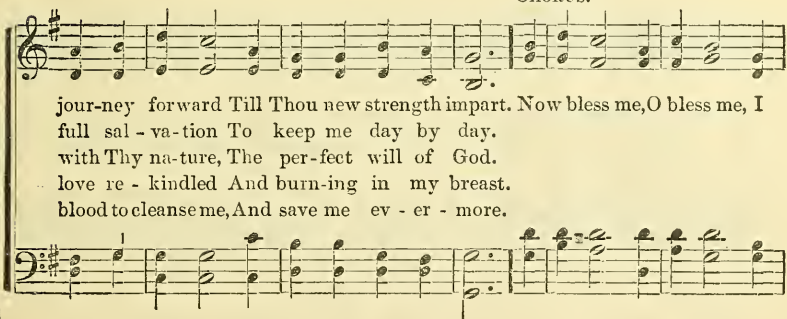
W. J. K.

Genesis 32: 26.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

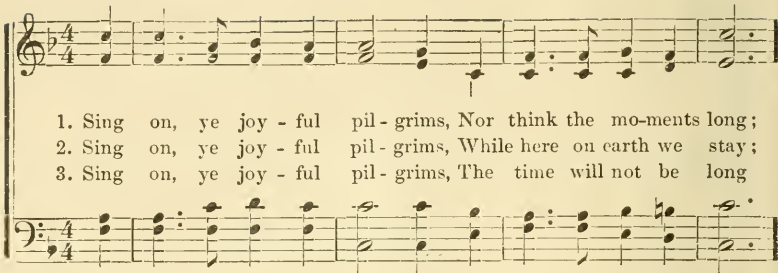


CHORUS.

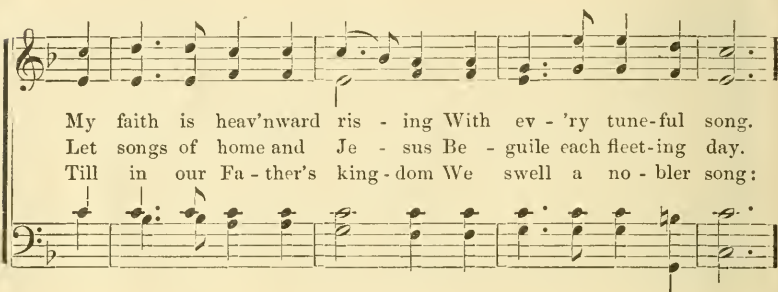


CARRIE M. WILSON.

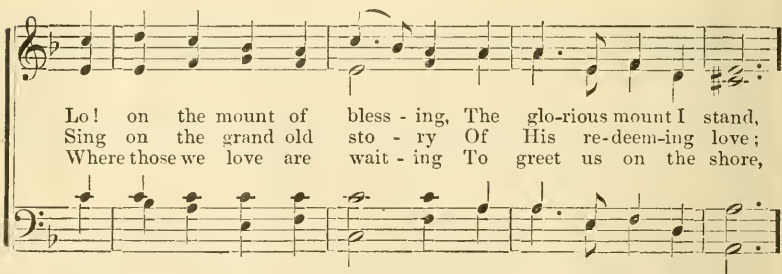
JNO. R. SWENEY.



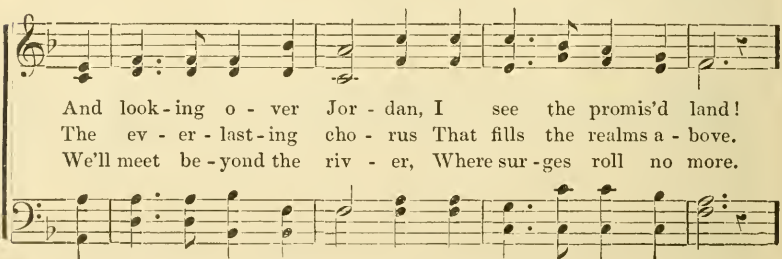
1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the mo - ments long;
 2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay;
 3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long



My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song.
 Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day.
 Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a no - bler song:



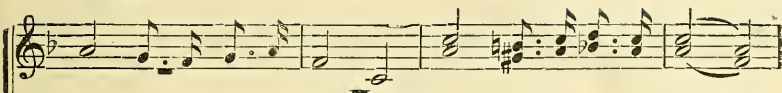
Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount I stand,
 Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of His re - deem - ing love;
 Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,



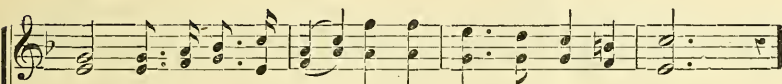
And look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promis'd land!
 The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
 We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where sur - ges roll no more.

Sing On. Concluded.

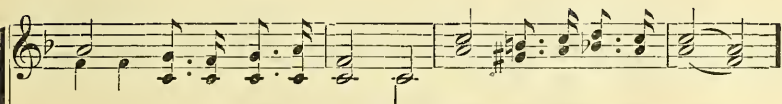
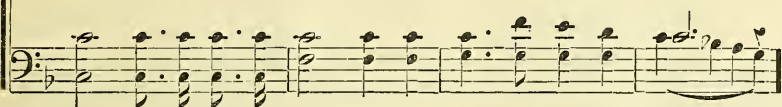
CHORUS.



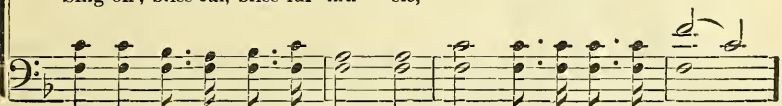
Sing on; O, bliss-ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,



My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.



Sing on; O, bliss-ful mu - sic, With ev - 'ry note you raise,
Sing on; bliss-ful, bliss-ful mu - sic,



My heart is fill'd with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.



H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap-py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
 2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
 3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there, Where the night dissolves away In - to
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there, By the river sparkling bright, In the
 pal-ace of the King, Meet me there, Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

D.S. storms of life are o'er, On the

pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 cit-y of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

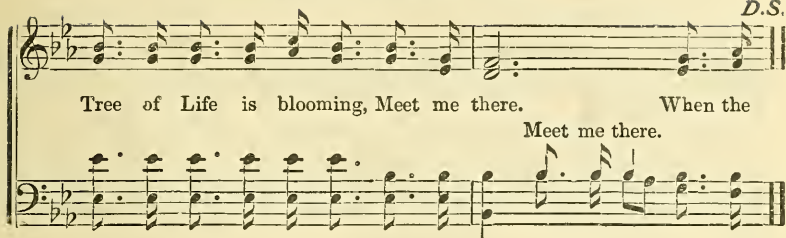
hap-py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
 Meet me there, Meet me there,

Meet Me There. Concluded.

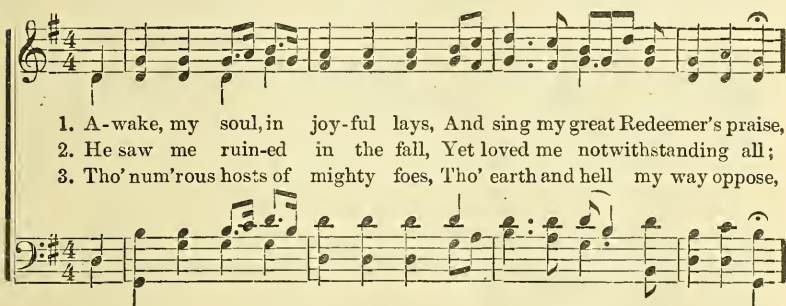
D.S.



Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there. When the
Meet me there.

22

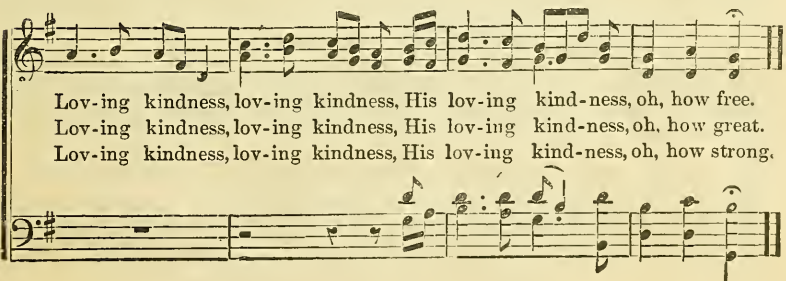
Loving Kindness.



1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing my great Redeemer's praise,
2. He saw me ruin-ed in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,



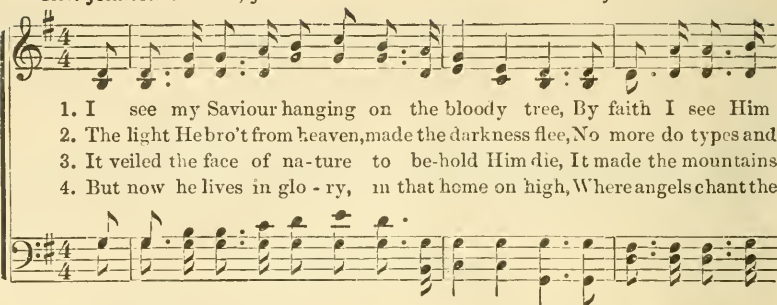
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how great!
He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how strong!



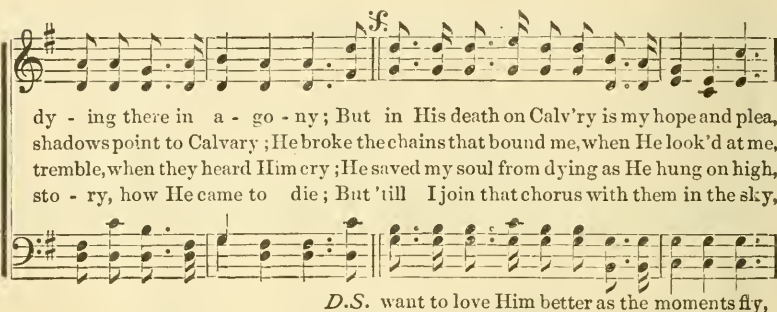
Lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free.
Lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how great.
Lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how strong.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM J KIRKPATRICK.



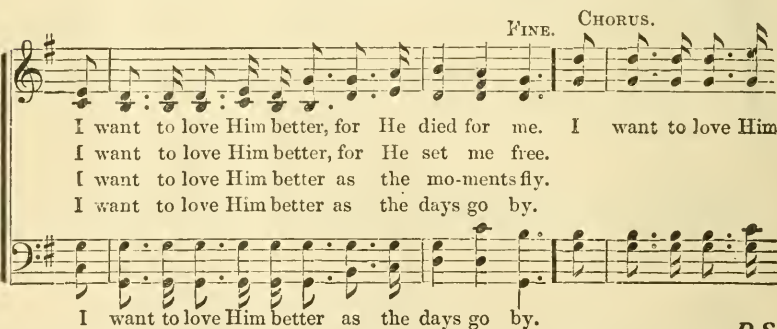
1. I see my Saviour hanging on the bloody tree, By faith I see Him
 2. The light He bro't from heaven, made the darkness flee, No more do types and
 3. It veiled the face of na-ture to be-hold Him die, It made the mountains
 4. But now he lives in glo - ry, in that home on high, Where angels chant the



dy - ing there in a - go - ny; But in His death on Calv'ry is my hope and plea,
 shadows point to Calvary; He broke the chains that bound me, when He look'd at me,
 tremble, when they heard Him cry; He saved my soul from dying as He hung on high,
 sto - ry, how He came to die; But 'till I join that chorus with them in the sky,

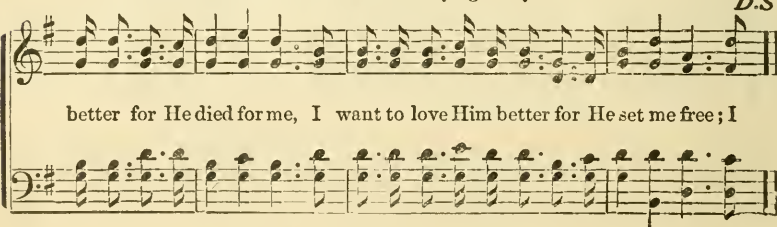
D.S. want to love Him better as the moments fly,

FINE. CHORUS.



I want to love Him better, for He died for me. I want to love Him
 I want to love Him better, for He set me free.
 I want to love Him better as the mo-ments fly.
 I want to love Him better as the days go by.

I want to love Him better as the days go by.



better for He died for me, I want to love Him better for He set me free; I

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. "Be not afraid, only believe." MARK 5:36. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. "Be not a - fraid, on - ly be - lieve," Will you the words of the
 2. "Be not a - fraid, on - ly be - lieve," If you re - fuse Him, the
 3. "Be not a - fraid, on - ly be - lieve," This is the Mighty King's

Mas - ter re - ceive? He, who has stilled the wild waves of the sea, Speaks this sweet
 Spir - it 'twill grieve. He, who did raise the dead daughter to life, Calls you from
 word of re - priev - e. He, who was crucified, scorned and re - viled, Has naught but

CHORUS.

message of comfort to thee: "Be not a - fraid,.... on - ly be -
 sor - row and suff'ring and strife.
 love for a pen - i - tent child.

lieve,".... Sin - ner, con - fess Him and par - don re - ceive; "Be not a -

fraid, on - ly be - lieve,".. Sinner, confess Him and pardon re - ceive.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



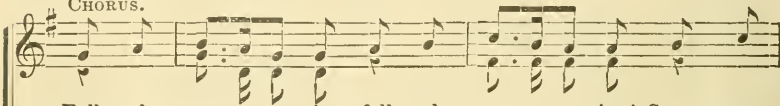
1. Full sal - va - tion! full sal - va - tion! Lo! the fount - ain o - pen'd wide
2. Oh, the glo - rious rev - e - la - tion! See the cleansing cur - rent flow,
3. Love's re - sist - less cur - rent sweeping All the re - gions deep within;
4. Life im - mor - tal, heaven de - scend - ing, Lo! my heart the Spir - it's shrine;
5. Care and doubting, gloom and sor - row, Fear and shame, are mine no more;



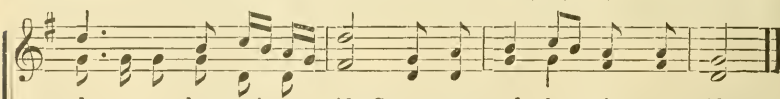
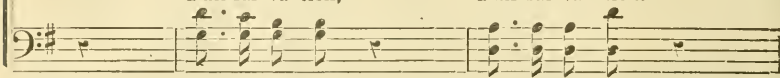
Streams thro' ev - 'ry land and na - tion From the Sav - iour's wounded side.
 Wash - ing stains of con - dem - na - tion Whi - ter than the driv - en snow.
 Thought and wish and sen - ses keeping! Now and ev - 'ry in - stant clean.
 God and man in one - ness blending—Oh, what fel - low - ship is mine!
 Faith knows naught of dark to - mor - row, For my Sav - iour goes be - fore.



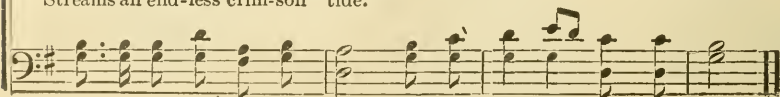
CHORUS.



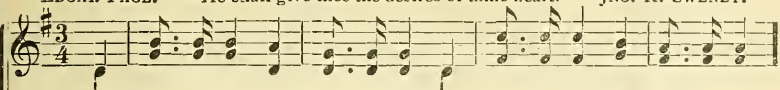
Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion! Streams an
 Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion! Oh, the
 Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion! From the
 Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion! Raised in
 Full sal - va - tion, full sal - va - tion! Full and
 Full sal - va - tion, Full sal - va - tion.



end - less crimson tide, Streams an end - less crim - son tide.
 rap - t'rous bliss to know, Oh, the rap - t'rous bliss to know!
 guilt and pow'r of sin, From the guilt and pow'r of sin.
 Christ to life di - vine, Raised in Christ to life di - vine.
 free for ev - er - more, Full and free for ev - er - more.
 Streams an end - less crim - son tide.



EDGAR PAGE. "He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." JNO. R. SWENEY.



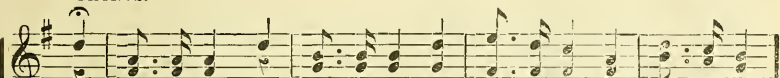
1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all it rich-es free-ly mine,
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up-on the breeze, is borne from ev-er ver-nal trees;
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o-dy,



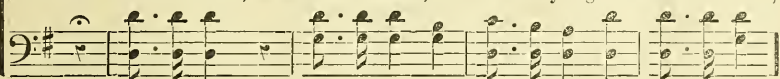
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a-way.
 He gen-tly leads me by His hand, For this is heaven's bor-der-land.
 And flow'rs that nev-er fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.
 As angels with the white-rob'd throng Join in the sweet redemption song.



CHORUS.



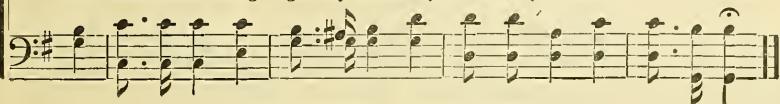
O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mount I stand,



I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,



And view the shining glo-ry shore, My heav'n, my home, for ev-er-more!



By permission of JOHN J. HOOD.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O sin - ner are you seeking that coun - try in the sky?
 2. That coun - try is so ho - ly no sin can en - ter there,
 3. So now the world may en - ter, and live for - ev - er there,
 4. O come and go to heaven, that coun - try of the blest,

Where all the saints in glo - ry, will gath - er by and by?
 By na - ture none are wor - thy to see that land so fair;
 And e'en the vil - est sin - ner, no long - er need de - spair;
 Where you may see the Sav - iour, and in His bo - som rest;

And you've an in - vi - ta - tion to come there and a - bide,
 But Je - sus Christ on Cal - v'ry, points to His wounded side,
 It was to ran - som sin - ners that our Re - deem - er died,
 Your troubles will be o - ver, when you are once in - side,

For all who love the Sav - iour, the door is o - pen wide,
 And cried out "it is finished," the door is o - pen wide.
 And now be - cause He loves us, the door is o - pen wide.
 O then make sure of heav - en, the door is o - pen wide.

CHORUS.
 O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! the door is o - pen wide, For all who have been

The Door is Open Wide. Concluded.

washed in the blood of Calv'ry's tide; For all who look to Je - sus, and

feel the blood applied, Can have a home in heaven, the door is o - pen wide.

28

Everlasting Kindness.

ABBIE MILLS.

ISA. 54: 8.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. Lov - ing kind-ness ev - er - last-ing Tunes my heart to joy - ful praise;
 2. More than life to me His kindness, Mar-row sat - is - fies my soul;
 3. O the kind-ness of sal - va-tion, Ev - er - last - ing, full and free,
 4. Faith and hope and love are sing-ing In my soul a song of peace,

FINE.

'Tis the wondrous joy of Je - sus That now gladdens all my days.
 And the riv - er of His pleasure Winds its cur - rent thro' my soul.
 Mountains melt, but love a - bid - eth, Fill - ing and en - cir - cling me.
 Three-fold cord un-bro - en ev - er, Till is signed my full re - lease.

D.S. Plung-ing 'neath the cleansing fountain, Glo - ry I am sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

D.S.

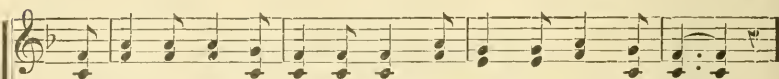
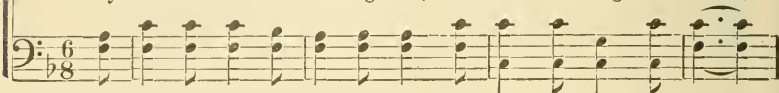
Kind-ness, ev - er - last - ing kindness, Opened Calv'ry's flow-ing tide;

CHARLES WESLEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Je - sus, Thine all vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a - broad :
2. Oh, that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be - gin to glow ;
3. Oh, that it now from heav'n might fall, And all my sins con - sume :
4. Re - fin - ing fire, go thro' my heart : Il - lum - i - nate my soul ;
5. My stead - fast soul from fall - ing free, Shall then no long - er move ;



Then shall my feet no long - er rove, Root - ed and fixed in God.
 Burn up the dross of base de - sire, And make the mountains flow.
 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for Thee I call ; Spir - it of burn - ing, come.
 Scat - ter Thy life thro' ev - 'ry part ; And sanc - ti - fy the whole.
 While Christ is all the world to me, And all my heart is love.



CHORUS.



O Spir - it of Faith and Love, Come in our midst to - day,



And pur - i - fy each wait - ing heart ; Baptize us with fire we pray.



WM. STEVENSON.

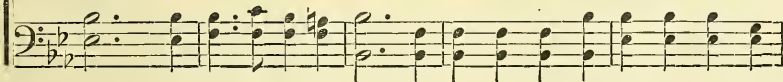
JNO. R. SWENEY.



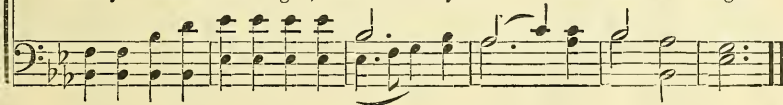
1. Come, mourner, dry thy tears, Bid un-belief be gone; Christ will dispel thy
2. How precious are His words, "Come unto me and rest;" What pleasure it af-
3. Our Cap-tain in the skies Is watching ev'ry saint; Press for-ward for the



fears, His Spir - it lead thee on; Re-store thee from thy lost es-tate; In
folds To be Messiah's guest; Who dwell on earth in His em-brace Shall
prize And nev - er stop or faint; Who trusts in God's eternal strength Will



righteousness a - new create, In right - eous-ness a - new cre - ate.
find in heaven a resting place, Shall find in heaven a rest-ing place.
sure-ly overcome at length, Will sure - ly o - ver-come at length.



31

Second Hymn.

- 1 Lord, open Thou mine eyes,
Reveal Thyself to me;
My soul before Thee lies,
Thy glory waits to see;

O smile upon me from above
Bring forth in me the fruits of love.

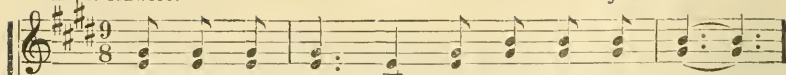
- 2 Thy mercy-seat to me
The dearest spot on earth;
There captive souls are free,
And precious hopes have birth;

Ne'er falls in vain the contrite tear,
The God who answers prayer is near.

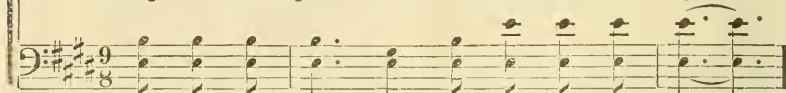
- 3 My trust is in Thy word,
Thy promises are sure;
And all who serve Thee, Lord,
Shall ever dwell secure;
O Lord of lords and Kings of kings,
What peace, what joy Thy presence brings.

WM. STEVENSON.

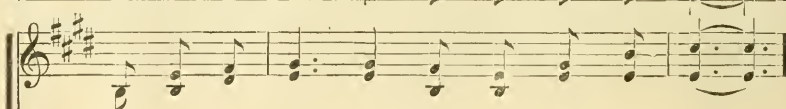
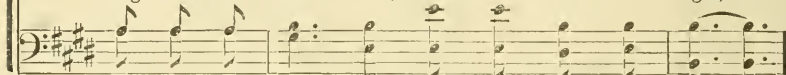
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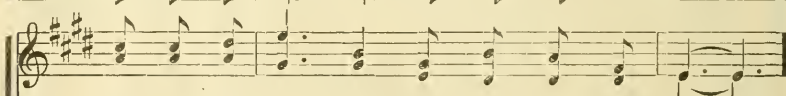
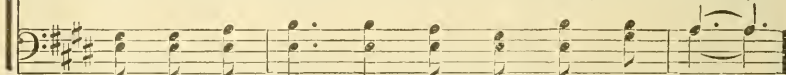
1. Come with a prom - ise to Je - sus your Lord;
 2. Have you now en - tered the new, liv - ing way?
 3. Ev - 'ry flesh need will your Sav - iour sup - ply,
 4. Cling to His prom - ise, but oh, sweet - er yet,



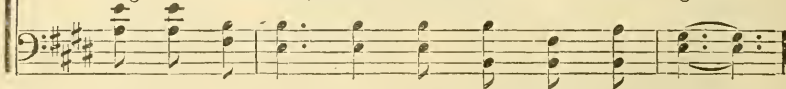
Come to Him, trust - ing His own pre - cious word;
 Ask that His arm may up - hold you each day;
 Bless - ed en - due - ments of pow'r from on high;
 Cling to the Sav - iour, who'll nev - er for - get,



Come to the foun - tain that makes white as snow,
 "A - ble to keep you;" He says it, we know;
 Un - der the cleans - ing of Cal - va - ry's flow,
 Nev - er for - sake us one mo - ment, we know;



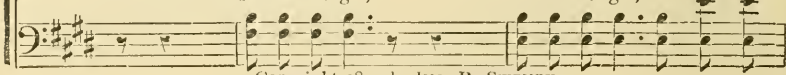
Cling to His prom - ise, and nev - er let go.
 Cling to His prom - i - e, and nev - er let go.
 Cling to His prom - ise, and nev - er let go.
 Cling to His hand, for He nev - er lets go.



CHORUS.



Nev - er let go;..... nev - er let go;..... Won - der - ful
 Never let go; Never let go;



Never Let Go. Concluded.

Blessing He'll free-ly be-stow; Never let go;..... O never let
O never, O never, O

go;..... Cling to His prom-ise, and nev-er let go.
never let go;

33

Saviour we Come to Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sav - iour, we come to Thee, In low-ly pray'r, Here, at Thy
2. Sav - iour, we come to Thee, With grateful praise, Thanks for the
3. Sav - iour, we come to Thee, Drawn by Thy love; Help us to

mer - cy-seat, Leav-ing our care. Thou wilt for - give our sin,
bless-ings sweet, Crowning our days. Praise for Thy boundless grace,
love Thee more, All friends a - bove. O, bind our hearts to Thee

Kind - ly re-ceive; Speak Thou in ten - der tones; Lord, we believe.
Un - fail - ing might, Thanks that Thy smile can cheer Sorrow's dark night.
Teach us Thy will; Now may Thy precious word, Like dews distill.

REV. ISAAC N. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { While we bow in Thy name, O meet us a - gain;
 2. { May the Spir - it of grace, and the smiles of Thy face,
 3. { Our souls long for Thee; O may we now see
 { And feel as it rolls in pow'r o'er our souls,
 { Thou art with us, we know; we feel the sweet flow
 { We are wash'd from our sin, made all ho - ly with - in,

D.S. light streaming down makes the path - way all clear:

FINE. REFRAIN.

Fill our hearts with the light of Thy love. } It is good to be here,
 Gent - ly fall on us now from a - bove. }
 A sin - cleans - ing blood wave ap - pear; }
 It is good for us, Lord, to be here. }
 Of the sin - cleans - ing wave's gladd'ning tide; }
 And in Je - sus we sweet - ly a - bide. }

D.S.

It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

It is good to be here; Thy perfect love now drives a - way all our fear, And

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O How Happy Are They.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 O how happy are they
 Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above;
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.</p> | <p>3 'Twas a heaven below
 My Redeemer to know;
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at His feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.</p> |
| <p>2 That sweet comfort was mine,
 When the favor divine
 I received through the blood of the Lamb; O,
 When my heart first believed,
 What a joy I received —
 What a heaven in Jesus' name!</p> | <p>4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song;
 O, that all His salvation might see:
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem even rebels like me.</p> |

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your an-chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their
 2. It is safely moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the
 3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
 4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
 5. When our eyes be-hold thro' the gath'ring night The cit-y of gold, our

wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your
 Saviour's hand; And the ca-bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de -
 reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an
 lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our
 har - bor bright, We shall an-chor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the

REFRAIN.

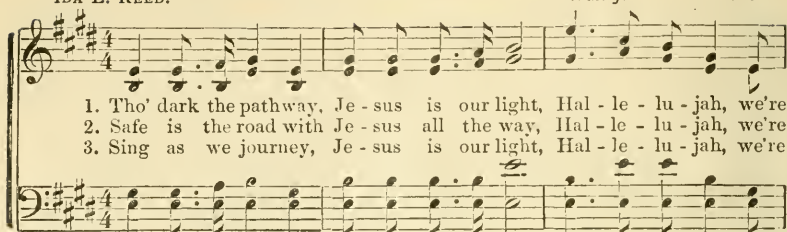
an - chor drift, or firm re - main? We have an anchor that keeps the soul
 fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
 an-gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
 hopes a - bide with-in the veil.
 storms all past for - ev - er-more.

Stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fasten'd to the Rock which

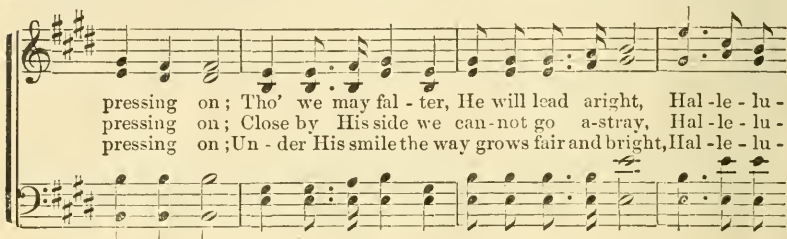
can - not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav - iour's love.

IDA L. REED.

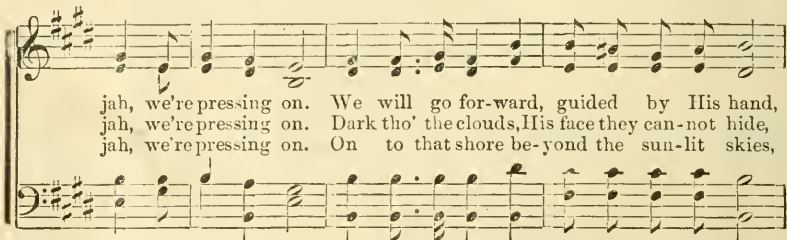
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



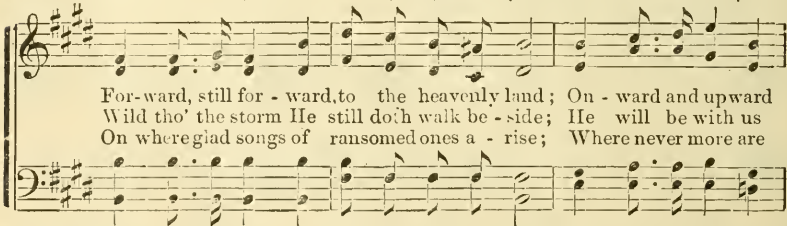
1. Tho' dark the pathway, Je - sus is our light, Hal - le - lu - jah, we're
 2. Safe is the road with Je - sus all the way, Hal - le - lu - jah, we're
 3. Sing as we journey, Je - sus is our light, Hal - le - lu - jah, we're




pressing on; Tho' we may fal - ter, He will lead aright, Hal - le - lu -
 pressing on; Close by His side we can - not go a - stray, Hal - le - lu -
 pressing on; Un - der His smile the way grows fair and bright, Hal - le - lu -



jah, we're pressing on. We will go for - ward, guided by His hand,
 jah, we're pressing on. Dark tho' the clouds, His face they can - not hide,
 jah, we're pressing on. On to that shore be - yond the sun - lit skies,



For - ward, still for - ward, to the heavenly land; On - ward and upward
 Wild tho' the storm He still doth walk be - side; He will be with us
 On where glad songs of ransomed ones a - rise; Where never more are



'neath our Lord's command, Hal - le - lu - jah, we're press - ing on.
 what - so - e'er be - tide, Hal - le - lu - jah, we're press - ing on.
 sev - ered love's sweet ties, Hal - le - lu - jah, we're press - ing on.

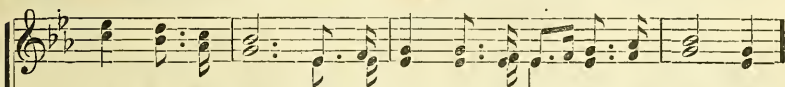
37 When We Reach the Bright Mansions.

MARY BATCHELDER.

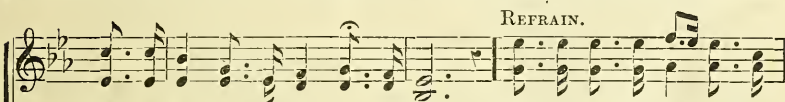
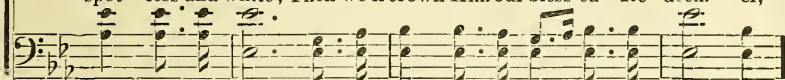
D. C. WRIGHT.



1. When we reach those bright mansions in glo - ry, And the King in His
2. Though we pass thro' the "swellings of Jor - dan," We shall sing the new
3. Yes, we'll sing the "new song of Re - demp - tion," With our garments all



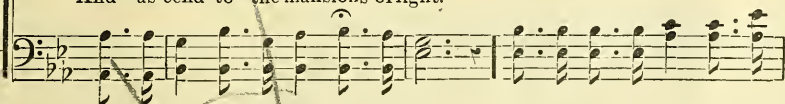
beau - ty we see; When we drink of the life giv - ing foun - tain,
song of the blest; With the blood bought, the pure, and the ho - ly,
spot - less and white; Then we'll crown Him our bless - ed Re - deem - er,



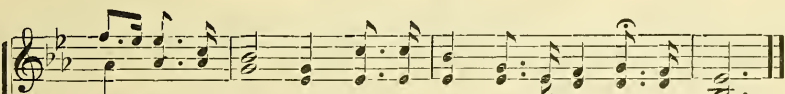
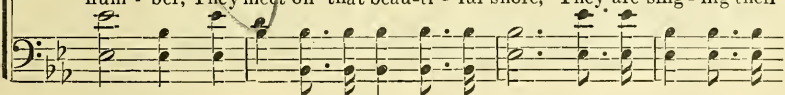
REFRAIN.

What a joy, what a rap - ture 'twill be.
We shall dwell in that cit - y of rest.
And as - cend to the mansions of light.

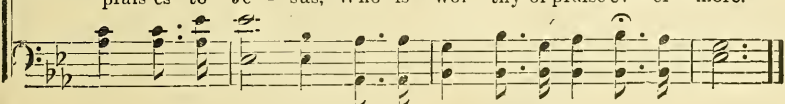
Mul - ti - tudes that no man can



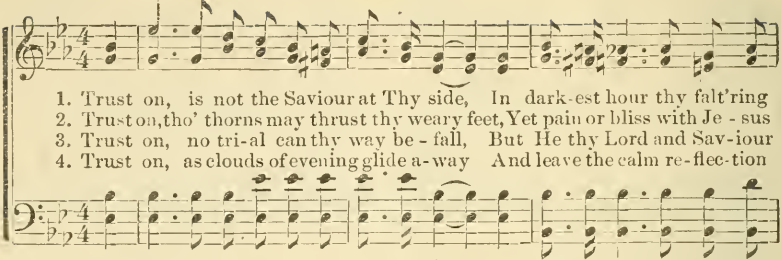
num - ber, They meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, They are sing - ing their

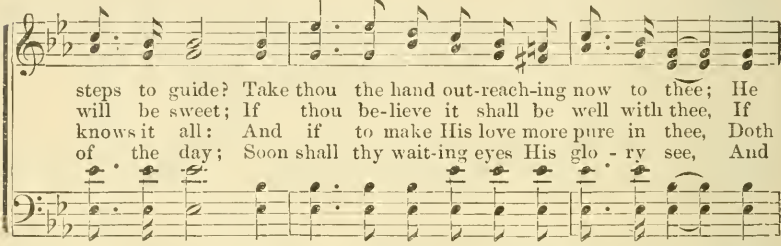


prais es to Je - sus, Who is wor - thy of praise ev - er - more.



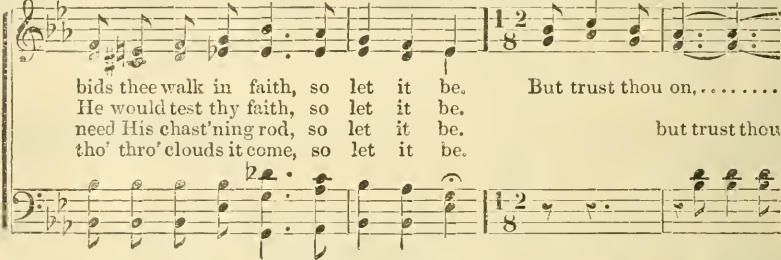
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- 
1. Trust on, is not the Saviour at Thy side, In dark-est hour thy falt'ring
 2. Trust on, tho' thorns may thrust thy weary feet, Yet pain or bliss with Je - sus
 3. Trust on, no tri-al can thy way be - fall, But He thy Lord and Sav-iour
 4. Trust on, as clouds of evening glide a-way And leave the calm re-flec-tion

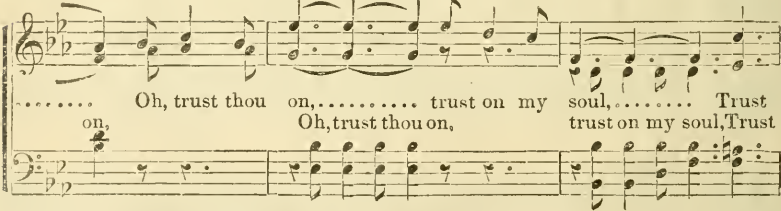


steps to guide? Take thou the hand out-reach-ing now to thee; He will be sweet; If thou be-lieve it shall be well with thee, If knows it all: And if to make His love more pure in thee, Doth of the day; Soon shall thy wait-ing eyes His glo - ry see, And

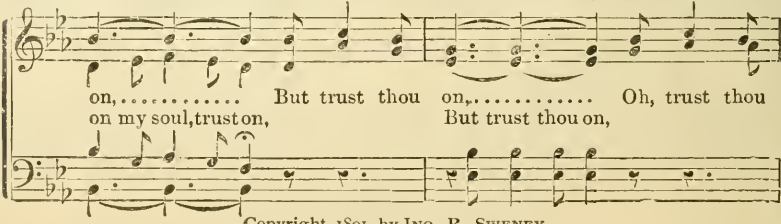
CHORUS.



bids thee walk in faith, so let it be. But trust thou on,.....
He would test thy faith, so let it be.
need His chas't'ning rod, so let it be. but trust thou
tho' thro' clouds it come, so let it be.



..... Oh, trust thou on,..... trust on my soul,..... Trust
on, Oh, trust thou on, trust on my soul, Trust



on,..... But trust thou on,..... Oh, trust thou
on my soul, trust on, But trust thou on,

Trust On. Concluded.

on,..... trust on, my soul,..... trust on.....
 Oh, trust thou on, trust on, my soul.

39

Jesus Saves Me.

MANIE PAYNE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Je - sus saves me, this I know, Un - der - neath the crimson flow;
 2. Sin - ful tho' my na - ture be, Je - sus died to set me free;
 3. Failures, Je - sus nev - er knew; What He promis'd He can do;
 4. In the twinkling of an eye, Je - sus' blood can sanc - ti - fy;

He has wash'd a - way my sin, Made me white and pure with - in.
 Died that sin might be destroy'd, Died, that love might fill the void.
 And the al - tar sanc - ti - fies Me, a liv - ing sac - ri - fice.
 Trust - ing - ly my all I give, Per - fect cleans - ing I re - ceive.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus saves me, Yes, Jesus saves me, Yes, Jesus saves me, And cleanses me from sin.

1. Beau-ti-ful cit - y be-yond the tide, Bless-ed a - bode of the
 - 2. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, by faith I see Glis-ten-ing por-tals a -
 3. Beau-ti-ful cit - y, thy tran-quil stream Ev - er shall glide on with
 4. Beau-ti-ful cit - y where shines God's throne, There I shall know as I

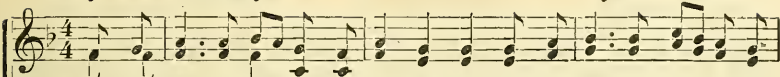
glo - ri-fied, Though in time's valley awhile I roam, Beau - ti-ful
 jar for me, Gem-garnished walls and bright streets of gold Beck-on me
 crys-tal gleam, While on its mar-gin with spir - its blest, Af-ter life's
 now am known, When with the fol-low-ers of the Lamb, Glad - ly I

CHORUS.

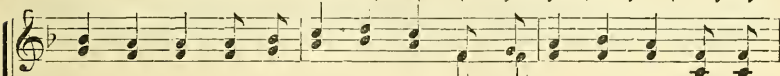
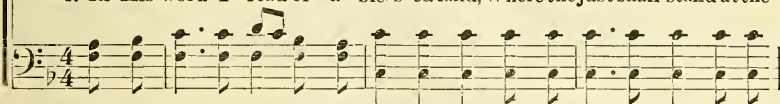
cit - y, thou art my home. Beau - - ti - ful cit - y of peace,
 homeward to bliss un-told.
 jour-ney my soul finds rest.
 sing their triumph-al psalm. Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful

Cit - - - y where sor - row shall cease, There I shall
 Beau - ti-ful cit - y where

dwel when time's pathway is trod, Safe with my Saviour, at home with God.



1. I was far a - way in the paths of sin, But the Sav-iour called and I
2. I am hap - py now as a bird on wing, At my dai - ly toil I can
3. I can read His name in the stars a - bove, In the flowers that bloom I be-
4. In His word I read of a ble-s-ed land, Where the just shall stand at the



came to Him; At His feet I fell with a sin - sick soul, But my shout and sing; While He gives me breath I will Him ex - tol, For I hold His love; And the wind as it blows from pole to pole, Seems to Lord's right hand; In that land so fair while the a - ges roll, I can



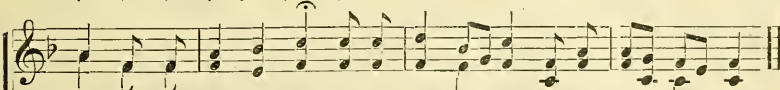
CHORUS.



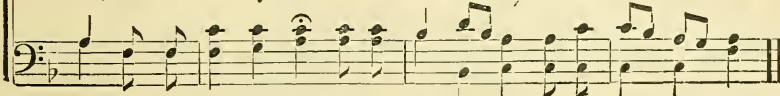
load fell off when He made me whole. He a - bides in me, I a - have great peace since He made me whole. sing of Him since He made me whole. live with Him since He made me whole.



bide in Him; I am hap - py now, I have peace within; O glo - ry to



God, He has saved my soul, And He lives with me since He made me whole.



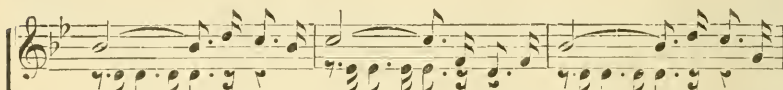
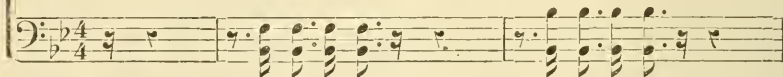
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

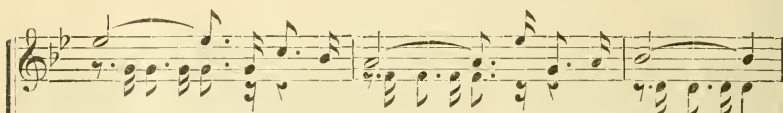
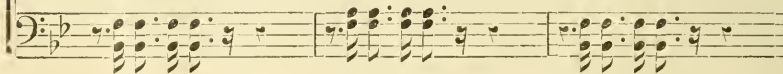


We walk by faith, etc.

1. We walk by faith,..... and O how sweet..... The flow'rs that
2. We walk by faith,..... He wills it so,..... And marks the
3. We walk by faith,..... di vine-ly blest,..... On Him we
4. And thus by faith,..... till life shall end,..... We'll walk with



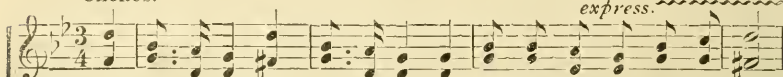
grow..... beneath our feet,..... And fragrance breathe.. a-long the
 path..... that we should go;..... And when, at times..... our sky is
 lean,..... in Him we rest;..... The more we trust.... our Shepherd's
 Him,..... our dearest Friend,.... Till safe we tread..... the fields of



way.... . That leads the soul..... to end-less day.....
 dim,..... He gent-ly draws..... us close to Him.....
 care,..... The more His love..... 'tis ours to share.....
 light,..... Where faith is lost..... in per-feet sight.....



CHORUS.



We walk by faith, but not alone, Our Shepherd's tender voice we hear,



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We Walk by Faith. Concluded.

And feel His hand within our own, And know that He is al-ways near.

43 Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To Thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging, All my ref-uge and my plea;
2. Long my heart hath heard Thee calling, But I thrust a-side Thy grace;
3. Love e-ter-nal, light e-ter-nal, Close me safe-ly, sweet-ly in;

Matchless is Thy lov-ing kind-ness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
Yet, O bound-less con-de-scen-sion, Love is shin-ing from Thy face.
Sav-iour, let Thy balm of heal-ing Ev-er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.

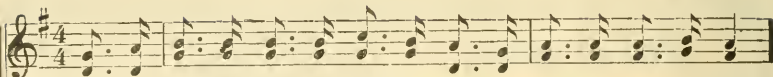
Oh, 'tis glo-ry! oh, 'tis glo-ry! Oh, 'tis glo-ry in my soul,

For I've touch'd the hem of His garment, And His pow'r doth make me whole.

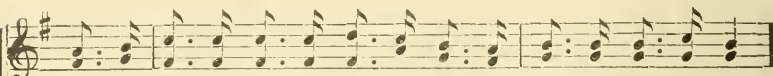
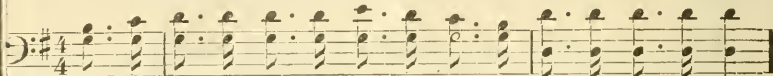
By permission.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



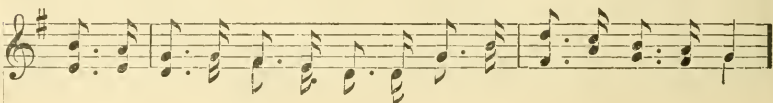
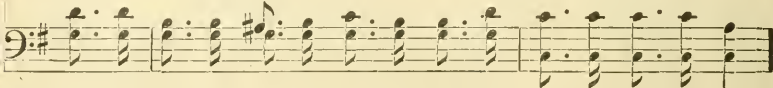
1. Are we walk-ing, dai - ly walk - ing, as the chil - dren of the light,
2. Are we walk-ing, hum-bly walk - ing, as the chil - dren of the light,
3. Let our songs ring out in glad-ness, as the chil - dren of the light,



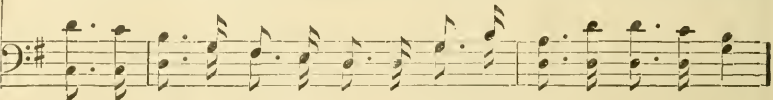
Cast - ing off the works of dark-ness, and the shadows of the night?
 In a world of pain and sor - row, where the pow'rs of sin u - nite?
 Let the joy of His sal - va - tion make our hearts and fa - ces bright;



Have we left them for the sun-shine free - ly stream-ing from a - bove,
 Are we seek - ing souls that wan - der in the dark and downward way?
 Then, O then, will sin - ners lis - ten to the mes - sage that we bring,

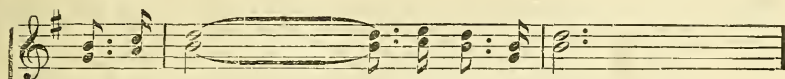


For the clear and bless - ed sun-shine of the Sav-iour's wondrous love?
 Do we win them to the ra-diance of the ev - er - last - ing day?
 And with us, will fol - low Je - sus to the ci - ty of the King.

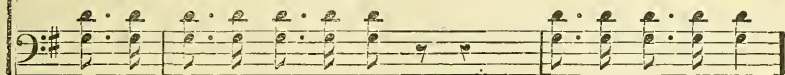


Children of the Light. Concluded.

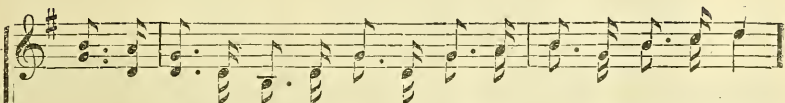
CHORUS.



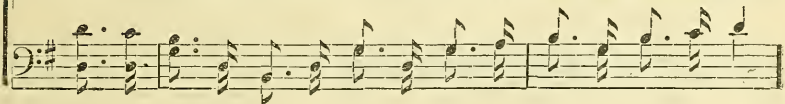
Are we walk - - - - - ing in His sight,
Are we walk - ing in His sight? walk-ing in His sight



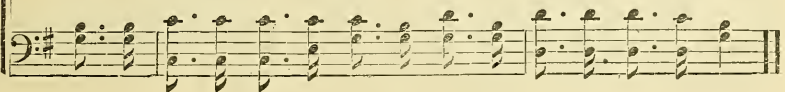
as the chil - - - - - dren of the light?
as the chil-dren of the light? chil - dren of the light?



In the pre-cious blood of Je - sus, have we made our gar-ments white?



Are we march-ing on to glo - ry as the chil-dren of the light?

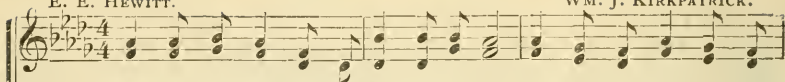


He's Mighty to Save!

"Mighty to save."—Isa. lxiii. 1.

E. E. HEWITT.

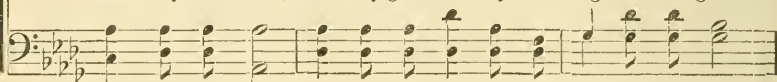
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



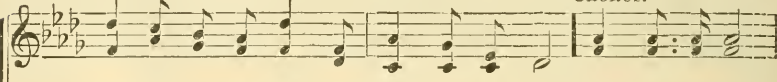
1. Je - sus is wait-ing His grace to be-stow, Sin "red like crim-son" He
2. Standing a - lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Lead - er His
3. Take Him the bur-den that weighs on your heart, Take Him the trouble, He'll
4. Up from the val-ley the dark-ness is gone, When Je-sus brings there the



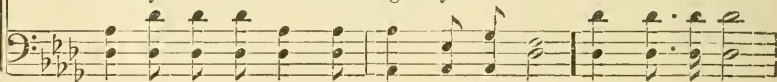
makes white as snow; Lov - ing us free - ly, His life-blood He gave;
 might will pre - vail; Or if a bless-ing for oth - ers we crave,
 com - fort im - part; Held by His hand we can walk on the wave;
 beau - ty of dawn; Vic - t'ry, glad Vic - t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!



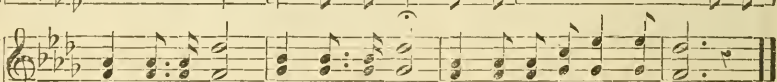
CHORUS.



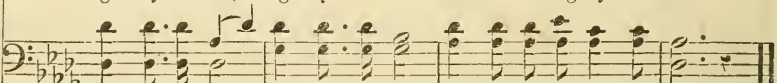
Bless-ed Re-deem-er—He's might - y to save! Might-y to save,
 Pray on, be-liev-ing—He's might - y to save!
 Look up to Je - sus—He's might - y to save!
 Glo - ry to Je - sus—He's might - y to save!



might - y to save—Je - sus is might - y to save!
 is might - y to save, He is



might - y to save, might - y to save—Je - sus is mighty to save!

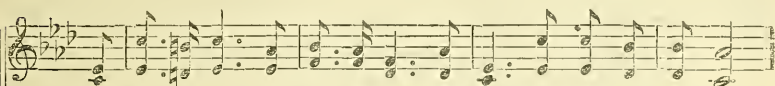


E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O bless the Lord, He cleansed my soul, And filled my lips with singing ;
2. He placed my feet up - on the Rock, The on - ly sure foun-da-tion ;
3. His promise is for "all the days," His love for me is car - ing ;
4. Then let me tell the hap-py news To oth - er souls a-round me ;
5. His love is call - ing, seek-ing still, Come, ev - 'ry bur-den bringing ;



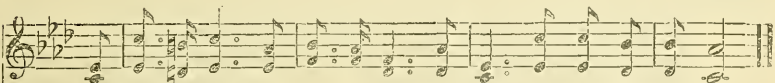
He came in my poor sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ring-ing.
 He shows me won-ders of His grace, The bless-ings of sal - va - tion.
 While in the "Father's House" above, A man - sion He's pre-par - ing.
 I'm safe with-in the bless-ed fold, For Je - sus came and found me.
 The touch of Christ with-in your heart, Will set the joy-bells ring - ing.



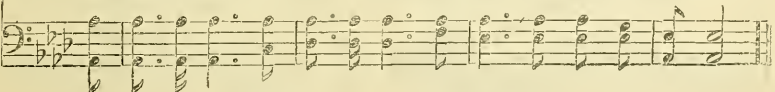
CHORUS.



Oh, praise the Lord, He first loved me, I feel new life up-spring-ing ;



He came in my poor sin - ful heart, And set the joy-bells ring-ing.



F. G. BURROUGHS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Since I came at Je-sus' bid-ding, And received the promised rest,
 2. On His love my rest is founded, And no storms that Rock can shake,
 3. Oh, this rest the Saviour gives me, Is the pearl of greatest worth,

I have found His ways most pleasant, And His paths se - rene and blest;
 Tho' the winds may blow a - bout it, And the waves a - gainst it break;
 In its pre - cious-ness and com-fort, Far sur-pass-ing gems of earth!

Tri-als have been changed to conquests, Sighs are lost in songs of praise;
 Not a doubt can mar this tryst-ing, Not a fear dis - turb my calm,
 Moth and rust can - not cor-rupt it, Naught shall rob this treas-ure mine,

And all tur-moil, care and conflict Are transformed by hope's bright rays.
 Nor a weapon formed a-against me, Do my peace-ful spir-it harm.
 For the rest is His who gave it, And is kept by grace di - vine.

I Have Found It. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I have found it, I have found it, That for which I've been in quest,
Sat - is - fied are all my longings, Now I've found His promised rest.

ad lib.

48 I'm Kneeling at the Mercy-seat.

(Use any Common Metre Hymn with this Chorus.)

I'm kneeling at the mer-cy - seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy - seat,
I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
I'm kneeling at the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je - sus saves me now.

The Refining Power of the Holy Spirit.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.</p> <p>2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.</p> | <p>3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.</p> <p>4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul:
Scatter Thy life through every part
And sanctify the whole.</p> |
|--|--|

1. Be careful, O be careful, While trav'ling here below, Hold fast the hand of
 2. Be careful, O be careful, Lest what we do or say, Perchance should throw a
 3. Be careful, O be careful, The world is on our track, And ev-ery charm is

Je-sus, And do not let it go. 'T will keep our feet from falling, And
 shadow, A - cross an-oth-er's way. That ev-'ry word and action, Our
 weaving, To lure and draw us back. But let us all remember, If

D. S. smooth our path before us, tho'

FINE.

guard our steps from ill, Then trust the hand of Jesus, To lead where'er it will.
 faith and love may show, Hold fast the hand of Jesus, And do not let it go.
 we in grace would grow, Hold fast the hand of Jesus, And do not let it go.

hedged on ev-ery side, Hold fast the hand of Jesus, what - ev-er may be-tide.

CHORUS.

Hold fast His hand, while trav'ling here be - low, Hold
 Hold fast His hand,

D. S.
 fast His hand, and do not let it go; 'T will
 Hold fast His hand,

E. E. H.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. In that fair land where no shadows fall, What a hap-py, hap-py
 2. O, there we'll see our ex-alt-ed King, What a hap-py, hap-py
 3. With this bright hope, let us wait a-while, What a hap-py, hap-py
 4. O wondrous joy, lov-ing friends to greet, What a hap-py, hap-py

meet-ing there; For Je-sus there shall be "all in all," What a
 meet-ing there; Our gold-en harps to His praise shall sing, What a
 meet-ing there; All clouds will flee at the Sav-iour's smile, What a
 meet-ing there; We'll blend our songs at the Sav-iour's feet, What a

CHORUS.

hap-py, hap-py meet-ing there. In the light of that e-ter-nal

mor-row, Where there nev-er-more shall be a sor-row, Safe at

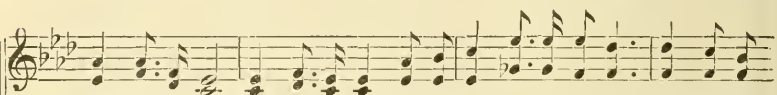
home at last, Ev-'ry tri-al past, What a hap-py, hap-py meeting there.

CHARLES H. ELLIOT.

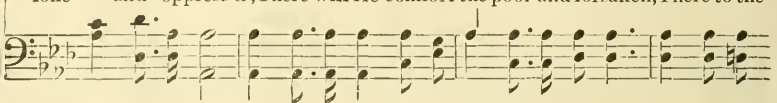
JNO. R. SWENEY.



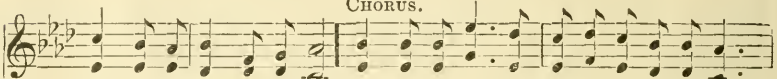
1. Room for the world at the cross of the Sav-iour, Room where forgiveness He
2. Room for the world in the fold of the Sav-iour, Room at the feast by His
3. Room for the world in the ark of the Sav-iour, Yon-der the tempest is
4. Room for the world in the arms of the Sav-iour, Room for the friendless, the



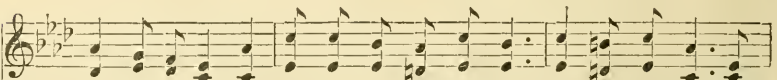
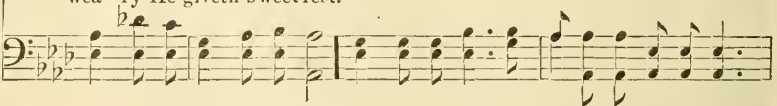
waits to bestow; Room where so many have laid down their burdens, Room at the
mer - cy prepar'd; Come ye that hunger, his bounty receiving, feed on the
sweep - ing a-pace; No one but Jesus can shield and defend you, Haste to the
lone and oppress'd; There will He comfort the poor and forsaken, There to the



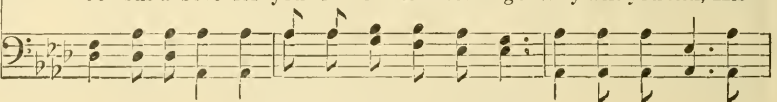
CHORUS.



waters of cleansing that flow. Say, will you come, the Spirit now is pleading;
blessings that millions have shar'd.
shel - ter and re-fuge of Grace.
wea - ry He giveth sweet rest.



Je - sus a-bove for you is in - ter - ced - ing: Why will you still, His



Room for the World. Concluded.

ten-der love un-heed-ing, Per-ish for-ev-er in sight of the cross?

52 Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER.

E. F. MILLER.

1. O mourn-er in Zi-on, how bless ed art thou, For Je-sus is
2. O ye that are hun-gry and thirst-y, re-joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in-iq-ui-ty free? O poor troubled
4. The promise don't save, tho' the promise is true; 'Tis the blood we get

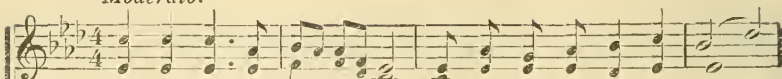
wait-ing to com-fort thee now; Fear not to re-ly on the
 fill'd; do you hear that sweet voice In-vit-ing you now to the
 soul! there's a prom-ise for thee; There's rest, wea-ry one, in the
 un-der, that cleanses us through: It cleans-es me now, hal-le-

word of thy God, Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
 ban-quet of God? Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
 bo-som of God; Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.
 lu-jah to God! I rest on the promise,—I'm under the blood.

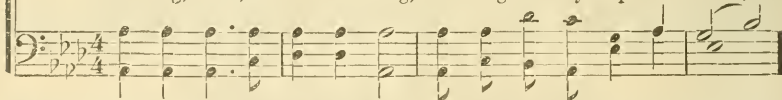
From "Shout of Victory," by permission. Copyright, 1834, by E. F. MILLER.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

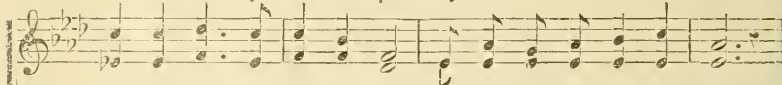
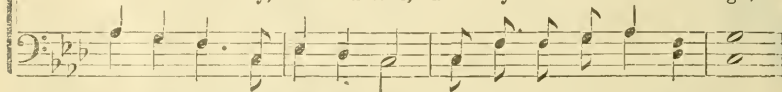
1. Pass not by O Saviour mine, Oth - er hearts by Thee are blest ;
2. Like the mul - ti - tudes that came To re - ceive Thy blessing sweet,
3. Nothing, Lord, have I to bring, Lean - ing all my hope on Thee ;



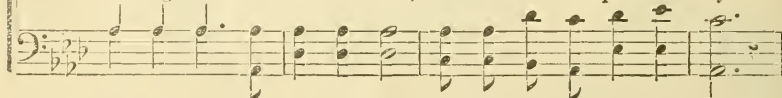
Grant to me Thy grace di - vine, Lead me to the fount of rest.
I am plead - ing in Thy name, Plead - ing at the mer - cy - seat.
To the cross a - lone I cling, Weak as help less in - fan - cy ;



Pre - cious Heal - er of the soul, From the deep O hear my cry ;
Sure - ly Thou art draw - ing near, Joy - ful now to Thee I fly ;
God of mer - cy, truth and love, Thou my Ad - vo - cate on high,



Tho' my sins like bil - lows roll, Sav - iour do not pass me by.
Let Thy word dis - pel my fear, Sav - iour do not pass me by.
Look - ing down - ward from a - bove, Sav - iour do not pass me by.



CHORUS.



Sav - iour do not pass me by, Wait - ing, wait - ing still am I ;



Saviour Do Not Pass Me By. Concluded.

Hear my earn - est, humble cry, Do not pass me by.

54 Do You Really Love Him?

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do you love the bless-ed Sav-iour Well enough to say you do?
 2. Have you come to Him for par-dou? Do you trust His sav-ing grace?
 3. He is not ashamed to own us; In the gos-pel, line by line,
 4. Do you love the bless-ed Sav-iour With a loy-al, child-like heart?

Can you do this much for Je - sus, Who has done so much for you?
 Look to Him for ev - 'ry bless-ing, Needful strength to "run the race."
 Je - sus tells us that He loves us, O, the wealth of love di - vine!
 Let the world around you know it, Free - ly choose the bet - ter part.

CHORUS.

Do you love Him? Real-ly love Him? Precious Friend, so good, so true;

Do you love the bless-ed Sav-iour An-swer glad-ly, "Yes, I do."

CARRIE M. WILSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a mes-sage from the Lord, Will you come? Hear it sounding from His
2. He has tar-ried long for you, Will you come? See, His locks are wet with
3. Will you heed the Saviour's call? Will you come? To the feast prepar'd for



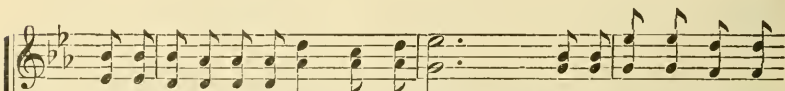
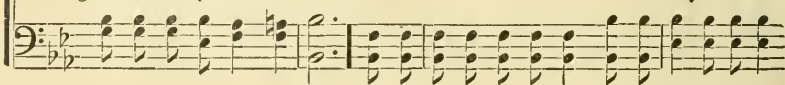
Word, Will you come? Whoso-ev - er on His name will be-lieve, Life e-
 dew, Will you come? He a-lone your many sins can for-give, Will you
 all, Will you come? You will find Him at the cross, wait-ing there, With the



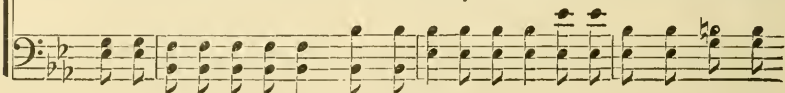
CHORUS.

ter-nal shall from Him receive. He is call-ing you to-day, will you come?
 look to Him by faith and live?
 garment that your soul must wear.

will you come?



To the on-ly liv-ing way, will you come? Will you plunge beneath the
 will you come?



By permission.

Will You Come? Concluded.

flood Of His all - atoning blood? Will you be a child of God? Will you come?

56

Satisfied.

MISS CLARA TEARE.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. All my life long I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool spring,
2. Feeding on the husks a-round me, Till my strength was al-most gone,
3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would sat - is - fy,
4. Well of wa - ter, ev - er springing, Bread of life, so rich and free,

That I hop'd would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with - in.
Long'd my soul for something bet-ter, On - ly still to hun - ger on.
But the dust I gathered round me On - ly mock'd my soul's sad cry.
Un - told wealth that nev - er fail - eth, My Re-deem - er is to me.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! I have found Him—Whom my soul so long has crav'd!

Je - sus sat - is - fies my long-ings; Thro' His blood I now am sav'd.

From "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONGS," by per.



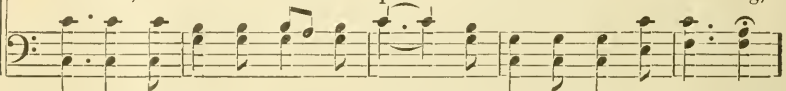
1. I was once out of Je - sus, I knocked, He let me in; He knew that
 2. But O, the love of Je - sus, He knew my grief and pain, And sent a
 3. How can I tell for Je - sus, His wondrous love to me, That saved me



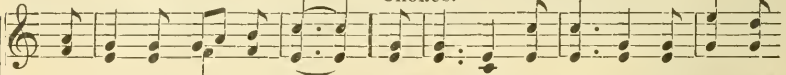
I was hun - gry, And sick with in - ward sin. To me He of - fered
 blessed an - gel To turn me back a - gain; And now I'm feast - ing
 from destruction, And set my na - ture free; Theselips of mine are



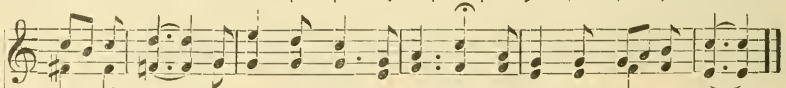
plen - ty, I cold - ly turned a - way, I thought 'twas all "for - give - ness,"
 with Him, My Sav - iour and my King, And filled with ho - ly rap - ture,
 hu - man, And can - not half ex - press His ten - der love and lead - ing,



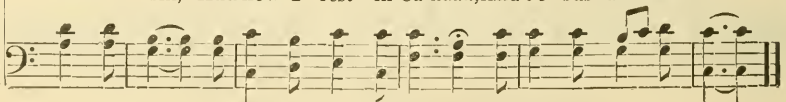
CHORUS.



O then I could not say:— He saves me, He saves me, From ev - ery
 I love to shout and sing:—
 But glad - ly I con - fess:—



stain of sin, And now I rest in Ca - naan, And Je - sus dwells with - in.



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'll work for Je - sus, for He saves my soul, His blood re-
 2. I'll work for Je - sus, though so weak am I, Rich stores of
 3. I'll work for Je - sus, while the day is bright, The way is
 4. I'll work for Je - sus, till the glad "well done," When palms are

deemed me, and His touch made whole, He took my bur - den, and my
 mer - cy will my need sup - ply; O, for His Spir - it in a -
 o - pen, fields al - read - y white; The sow - ers min - gle hap - py
 giv - en, and the crown is won; Then high - er ser - vice be it

heart is free, To serve the Mas - ter who will care for me.
 bun - dant power, To strengthen, help me, ev - 'ry pass - ing hour.
 songs of praise, With shouts of rap - ture which the reap - ers raise.
 mine to know, Where streams of pleas - ure ev - er - more shall flow.

CHORUS.

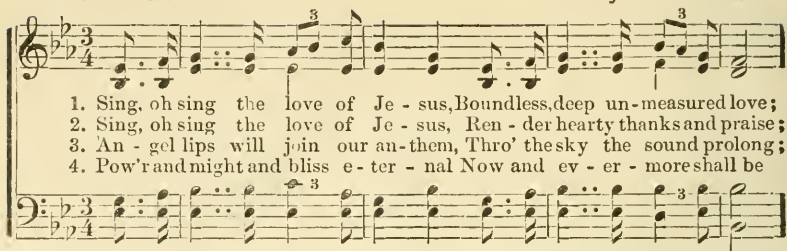
I will work till the shadows fall, Work till I hear His call, To
 for Je - sus for Je - sus

man - sions waiting, ev - er bright and fair, Then hai - le - lu - jah, I shall see Him there.

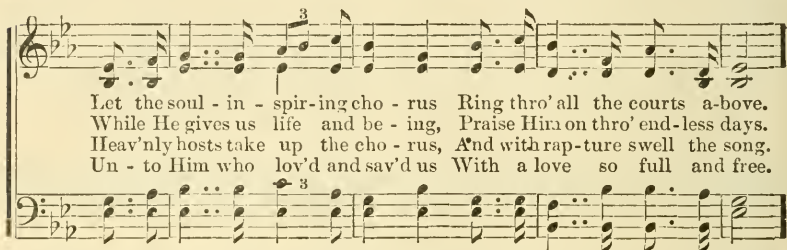
59 Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus.

MAY CLIFTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sing, oh sing the love of Je - sus, Boundless, deep un-measured love;
 2. Sing, oh sing the love of Je - sus, Ren - der hearty thanks and praise;
 3. An - gel lips will join our an - them, Thro' the sky the sound prolong;
 4. Pow'r and might and bliss e - ter - nal Now and ev - er - more shall be

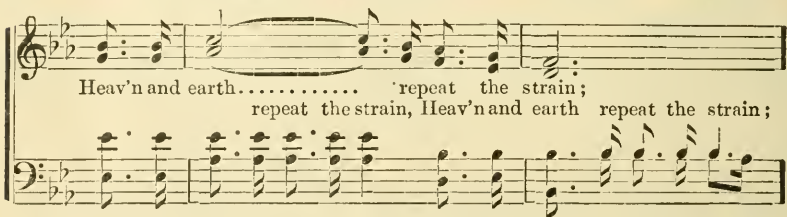


Let the soul - in - spir - ing cho - rus Ring thro' all the courts a - bove.
 While He gives us life and be - ing, Praise Him on thro' end - less days.
 Heav'nly hosts take up the cho - rus, And with rap - ture swell the song.
 Un - to Him who lov'd and sav'd us With a love so full and free.

CHORUS.



Sing, oh sing..... the love of Je - - - sus,
 the love of Je - sus, Sing, O sing the love of Je - sus,



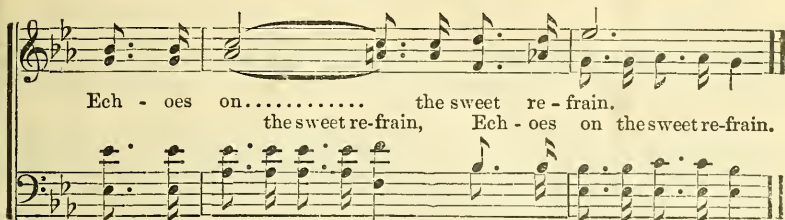
Heav'n and earth..... repeat the strain;
 repeat the strain, Heav'n and earth repeat the strain;



Sing, O sing..... till ev - 'ry na - - - tion
 till ev - 'ry na - tion, Sing, O sing, till ev - 'ry na - tion

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Sing, O Sing the Love of Jesus. Concluded.

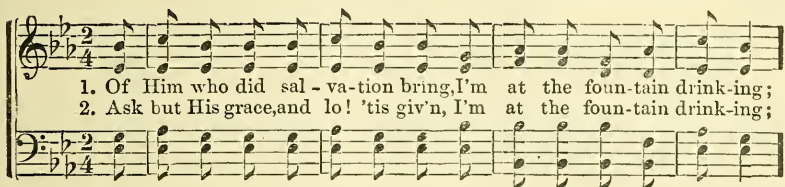


Ech - oes on..... the sweet re - frain.
the sweet re-frain, Ech - oes on the sweet re-frain.

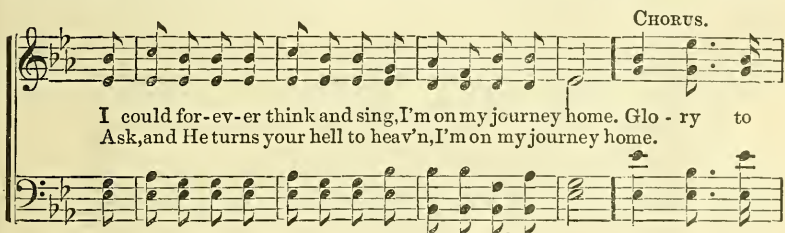
60

At the Fountain.

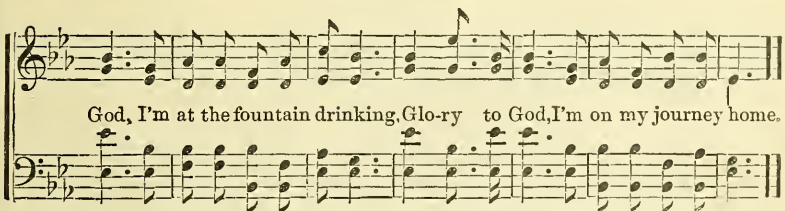
Arranged for this Work.



1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the foun - tain drink - ing;
2. Ask but His grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n, I'm at the foun - tain drink - ing;



CHORUS.
I could for - ev - er think and sing, I'm on my journey home. Glo - ry to
Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n, I'm on my journey home.



God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glo - ry to God, I'm on my journey home.

Last v.— My soul is sat - is - fied.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole,
I'm on my journey home.

4 Let all the world fall down and know
I'm at the fountain drinking;
That none but God such love can show,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

6 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There'll be mu - sic o - ver Jor - dan, Such as ear hath nev - er heard,
 2. There'll be beau - ty o - ver Jor - dan; Such as eye hath nev - er seen;
 3. There'll be gladness o - ver Jor - dan, Such as heart can ne'er con - ceive,

Like the "voice of ma - ny wa - ters," By ce - les - tial breez - es stirred:
 Where the flowers are al - ways blooming, And the fields are al - ways green.
 Where no pain nor sor - row en - ters, Where no sin the soul can grieve.

Harp, and song, and trum - pet blend - ing In e - ter - nal har - mo - ny,
 Where the star - ry crowns are sparkling; All the walls with jew - els bright,
 O the joy be - yond all men - tion, We shall be like Him we love!

Swell the hal - le - lu - jah eho - rus, Ring - ing by the jas - per sea.
 And the "ma - ny man - sions" shin - ing With an ev - er - last - ing light.
 We shall see Him in His beau - ty, In the bless - ed home a - bove.

CHORUS.

There'll be mu - sic o - ver Jor - dan; There'll be beau - ty, grand and fair;

Over Jordan. Concluded.

There'll be rap - - ture o-ver Jor-dan; We shall see our Sav-iour there.

62

Help Me, O Lord.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Help me to sing, O Lord! help me to sing
 2. Help me to pray, O Lord! help me to pray,
 3. Help me to speak, O Lord! help me to speak
 4. Help me to live, O Lord! help me to live,
 5. Help me to wait, O Lord! help me to wait
 6. Help me to trust, O Lord! help me to trust.

Thy praise ac - cept - a - bly, near - er be drawn to Thee,
 That I in grace might grow, and seek Thy will to know,
 Of Thy great love to man, re - demp-tion's won-drous plan,
 That those a - round might see, the life of God in me,
 With pa-tience at Thy feet, the on - ly safe re - treat,
 Trust Thee while here I stay, tho' dark or light the way,

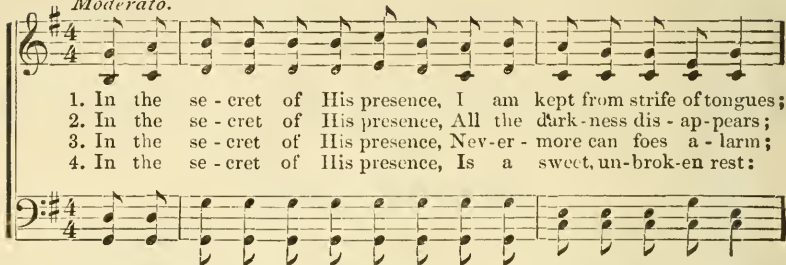
With deep sin - cer - i - ty, help me to sing.
 Walk - ing with God be - low, help me to pray.
 How in my soul be - gan, help me to speak.
 And whol - ly Christ's to be, help me to live.
 My will in Thine com - plete, help me to wait.
 Thro' all the night and day, help me to trust.

63 In the Secret of His Presence.

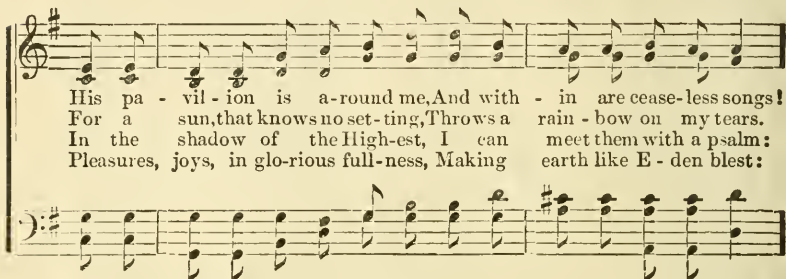
Rev. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

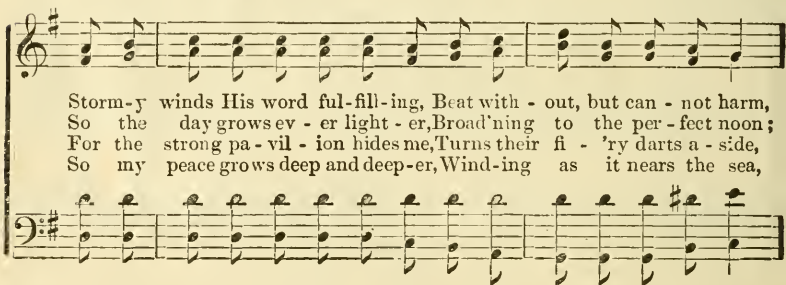
Moderato.



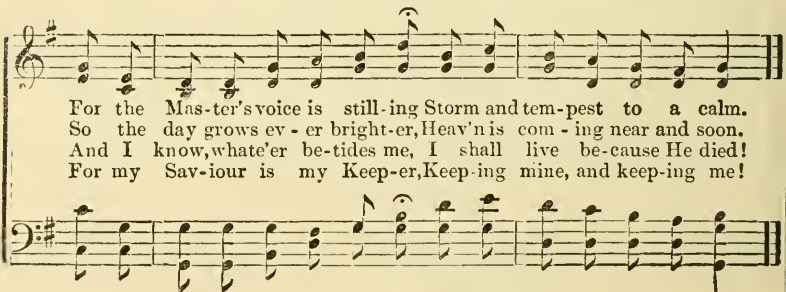
1. In the se - cret of His presence, I am kept from strife of tongues;
 2. In the se - cret of His presence, All the dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
 3. In the se - cret of His presence, Nev - er - more can foes a - larm;
 4. In the se - cret of His presence, Is a sweet, un - brok - en rest:



His pa - vil - ion is a - round me, And with - in are cease - less songs!
 For a sun, that knows no set - ting, Throws a rain - bow on my tears.
 In the shadow of the High - est, I can meet them with a psalm:
 Pleasures, joys, in glo - rious full - ness, Making earth like E - den blest:



Storm - y winds His word ful - fill - ing, Beat with - out, but can - not harm,
 So the day grows ev - er light - er, Broad - ning to the per - fect noon;
 For the strong pa - vil - ion hides me, Turns their fi - 'ry darts a - side,
 So my peace grows deep and deep - er, Wind - ing as it nears the sea,



For the Mas - ter's voice is still - ing Storm and tem - pest to a calm.
 So the day grows ev - er bright - er, Heav'n is com - ing near and soon.
 And I know, whate'er be - tides me, I shall live be - cause He died!
 For my Sav - iour is my Keep - er, Keep - ing mine, and keep - ing me!

In the Secret of His Presence. Concluded.

CHORUS.

In the se - - - - - cret of His pres-ence, Je - sus keeps,.....
 In the se - cret of His pres-ence, Je - sus

In the shad - - - - -

..... I know not how; In the shad - ow of the
 keeps I know not how; I know not how:

- - - ow of the high - est,

high-est, In the shad-ow of the Highest, I am rest-ing, hid - ing now.

64

Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now, Just
 now come to Je-sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.
 3 He is able, etc.
 4 He is willing, etc.
 5 He is waiting, etc.
 6 O believe Him, etc.
 7 He will bless you, etc.

Rev. JONATHAN DUNGAN, B. D. HEB. iv: 9.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

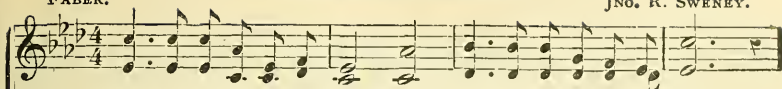
1. My Saviour with His blood hath bought, The rest for which I long have sought;
 2. No long - er filled with anxious care; The heavy bur - dens now I bear;
 3. With i - dols I for - ev - er part; 'Tis Christ's, my un - di - vi - ded heart;
 4. No more I sigh o'er in - bred sin; I'm washed and pu - ri - fied within;
 5. 'Tis all by faith, by faith alone; The cleansing blood the work hath done;
 6. God's prom - i - ses, firm as His throne, I claim as be - ing all my own;

And now my hap - py soul is blest, I've found the Ca - na - an of rest.
 With per - feet peace my soul is blest, I've found the Ca - na - an of rest.
 With per - feet love my soul is blest, I've found the Ca - na - an of rest.
 With pu - ri - ty my soul is blest, I've found the Ca - na - an of rest.
 With con - stant trust my soul is blest, I've found the Ca - na - an of rest.
 With glorious hope my soul is blest, I've found the Ca - na - an of rest.

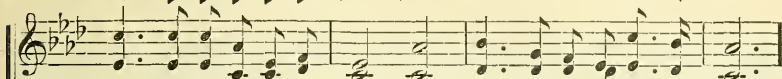
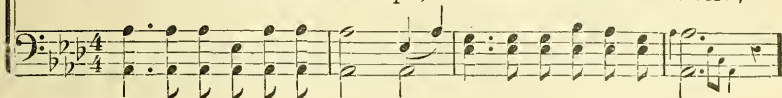
CHORUS.

'Tis found at last, to me 'tis given, The rest for which I long have striv'n;

Since Christ hath all my soul possessed, I've found the Ca - na - an of rest.



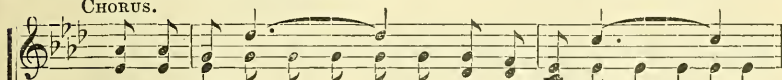
1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There's a welcome for the sin - ner, And more graces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er, Than the measure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We would take Him at His word;



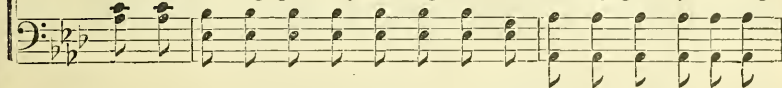
There's a kindness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav - iour, There is healing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal, Is most wonderful and kind.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine, In the sweetness of our Lord.



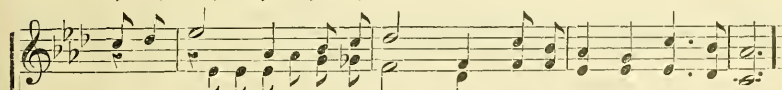
CHORUS.



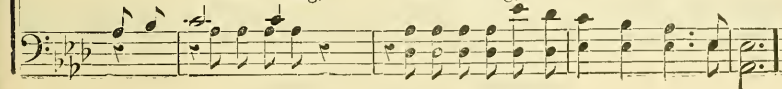
He is call-ing,..... He is call-ing,.....
 He is call-ing, gent - ly call-ing, He is call - ing, gent-ly call-ing,



I can hear Him gent - ly call - ing, Come to Me, come to Me,



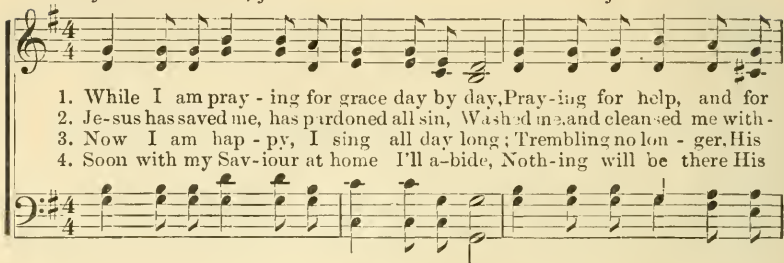
I am com - - ing, I am com - ing, Lord, I glad - ly come to Thee.
 I am coming, I am coming,



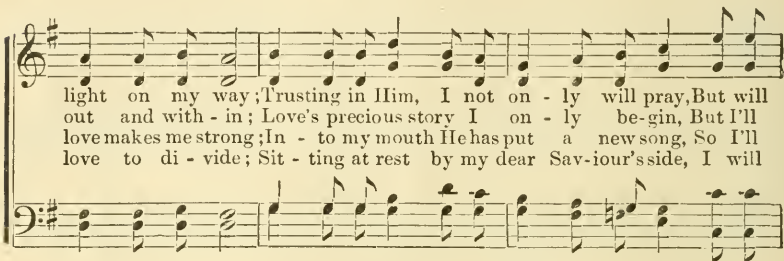
67 I'll Praise Him for What He has Done.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

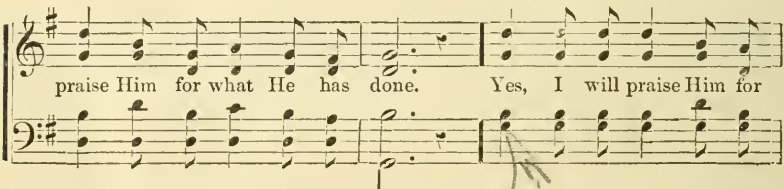


1. While I am pray - ing for grace day by day, Pray - ing for help, and for
 2. Je - sus has saved me, has pardoned all sin, Washed me, and cleansed me with -
 3. Now I am hap - py, I sing all day long; Trembling no lon - ger, His
 4. Soon with my Sav - iour at home I'll a - bide, Noth - ing will be there His

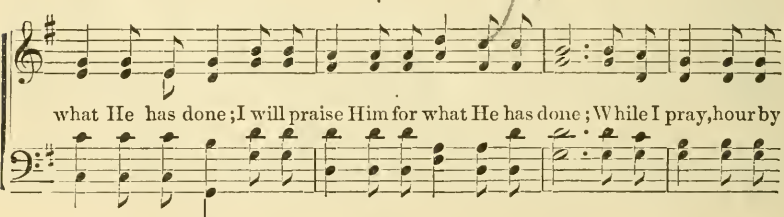


light on my way; Trusting in Him, I not on - ly will pray, But will
 out and with - in; Love's precious story I on - ly be - gin, But I'll
 love makes me strong; In - to my mouth He has put a new song, So I'll
 love to di - vide; Sit - ting at rest by my dear Sav - iour's side, I will

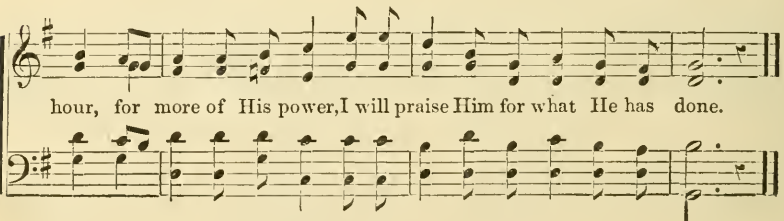
CHORUS.



praise Him for what He has done. Yes, I will praise Him for



what He has done; I will praise Him for what He has done; While I pray, hour by



hour, for more of His power, I will praise Him for what He has done.

Rev. CHAS. H. SPURGEON, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When once I mourned a load of sin ; When conscience felt a wound within,
 2. When storms of sorrow toss my soul ; When waves of care a-round me roll ;
 3. When down the hill of life I go ; When o'er my feet death's waters flow ;

When all my works were thrown away ; When on my knees I knelt to pray,
 When comforts sink, when joys shall flee ; When hopeless griefs shall gape for me,
 When in the deep-'ning flood I sink ; When friends stand weeping on the brink,

Then blissful hour, remembered well, I learned Thy love, Im-man-u - el.
 One word the tempest's rage shall quell—That word, Thy name Im man-u - el.
 I'll min-gle with my last fare-well Thy love - ly name, Im-man-u - el.

Then, bliss-ful hour, remembered well, I learned Thy love, Im-man-u - el.

1. In per-fect peace Thou keep-est him Whose mind is stayed on Thee;
 2. "Come un-to me," said Je-sus' voice, "And I will give you rest."
 3. "Be-hold I send," the Mas-ter said, "A prom-ise strong and true;"

Whose hands are cleansed from outward sins, Whose heart knows pu-ri-ty.
 Ye bur-den ed, heav-y - la - den souls, He knows and gives what's best;
 But tar - ry ye, and wait the power That cleans-es thro' and thro' ;

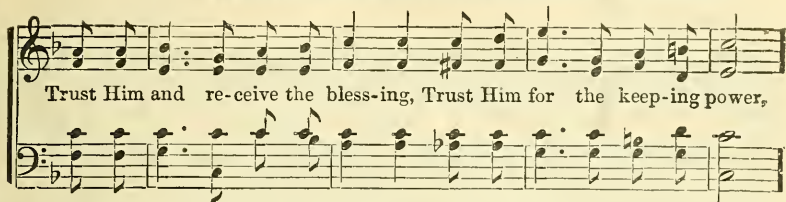
Who trust-ing in Thy faith-ful word, Finds ref-uge and re-treat.
 His eas-y yoke, and bur-den light, Your wea-ry heart may prove;
 Emp-tied of self, and filled with God, With cour-age face the foe;

A prom-ise true, a sure re-ward, A soul for heaven made meet.
 Bow down your neck, and learn of Him, The rest of per-fect love.
 In - to the world's broad field go forth, The seed of life to sow.

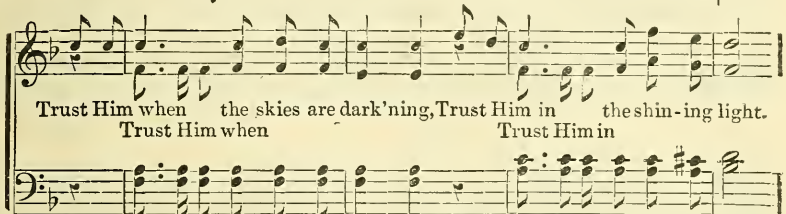
CHORUS.

Then I'll trust Him, ful-ly trust Him, Day by day, and hour by hour.

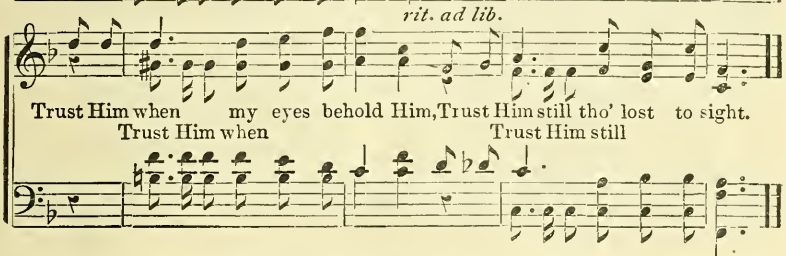
Peace, Rest and Power. Concluded.



Trust Him and re-ceive the bless-ing, Trust Him for the keep-ing power,



Trust Him when the skies are dark'ning, Trust Him in the shin-ing light.
Trust Him when Trust Him in

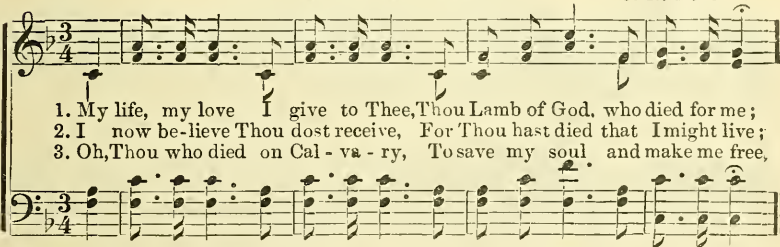


rit. ad lib.
Trust Him when my eyes behold Him, Trust Him still tho' lost to sight.
Trust Him when Trust Him still

70

I'll Live for Him.

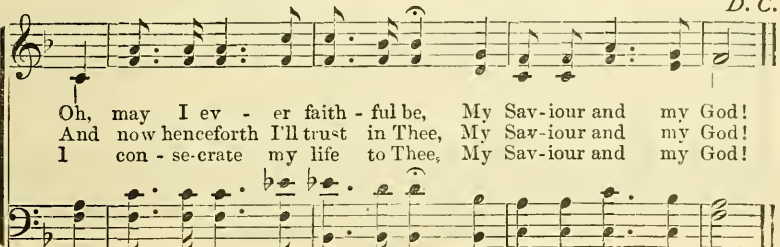
C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

D. C.



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

71 Wonderful Words of Blessing.

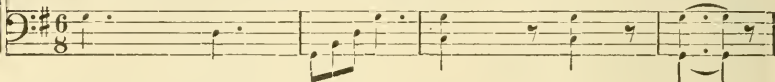
E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.



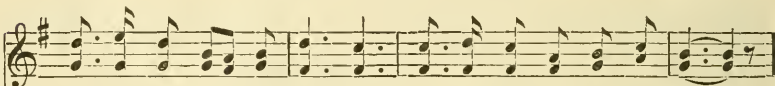
1. Won - der - ful words of bless - ing Breathe from the sa - cred page,
2. Words that are rich with mer - cy, Tell - ing of Cal - va - ry;
3. Words that are bright with prom - ise, Shin - ing like stars of light,
4. Words that are true and ten - der, Guid - ing the wea - ry feet,



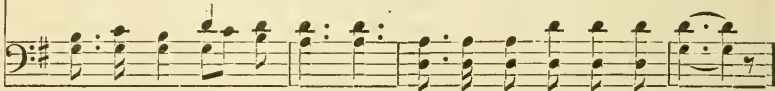
Bear - ing the Fa - ther's mes - sage Onward, from age to age.
 Je - sus, the King of glo - ry, Suffered for you and me.
 Breaking thro' clouds of sor - row, Cheering the dark - est night.
 Lead - ing to liv - ing wa - ters, Flowing thro' pas - tures sweet.



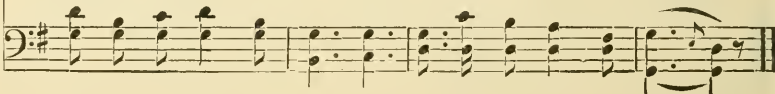
CHORUS.



Won - der - ful words of bless - ing! Nev - er from them will we part;

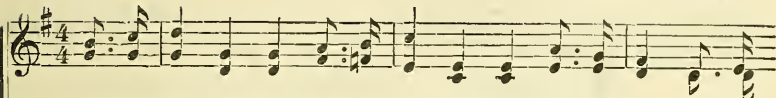


"Bind them up - on thy fin - gers," Write them up - on thy heart.



E. E. HEWITT.

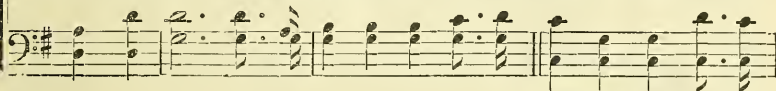
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a cleans-ing stream, and it flows for all Who will sink 'neath the
2. O this bless-ed stream is as full and free, As when o-pened so
3. Hear the win-ning tones of the Spir-it's voice, As He pleads with your
4. O that all the world would rejoice and sing, For this foun-tain so

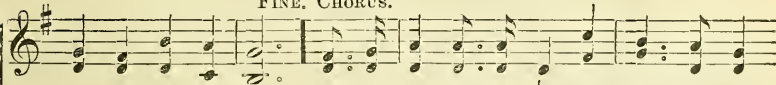


crim-son wave, From the bleeding side Of the Cru-ci-fied, Who is
long a-go By the Prince Divine Of the roy-al line, Still it
soul this hour; 'Tis the wondrous love Of the King a-bove, Bids you
deep and wide; O that all might say, I am saved to-day, I am



Sav-iour's side, Have you

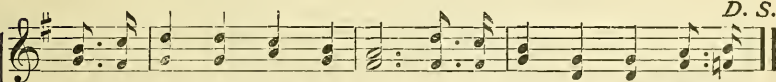
FINE. CHORUS.



might-y now to save. Are you un-der the cleansing stream to-day,
cleanseth white as snow.
seek His sav-ing power.
under the cleansing tide.

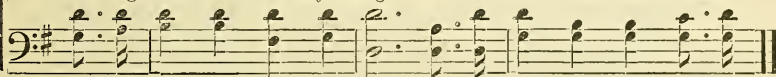


made your garments white?



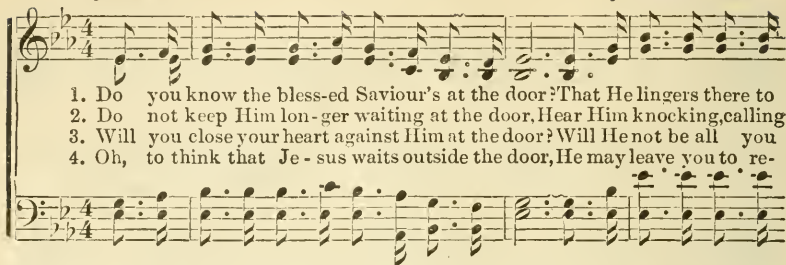
D. S.

Flow-ing down from Calvary's height? In the crim-son tide From the

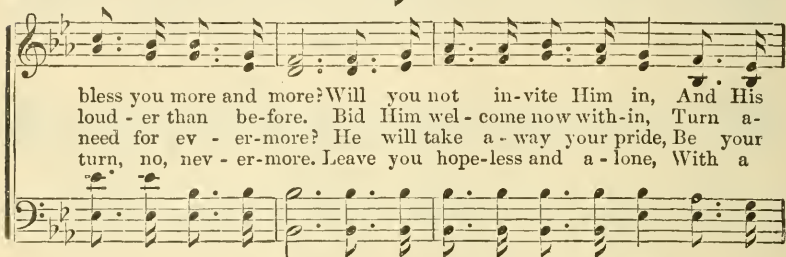


Rev. JOHN PARKER.

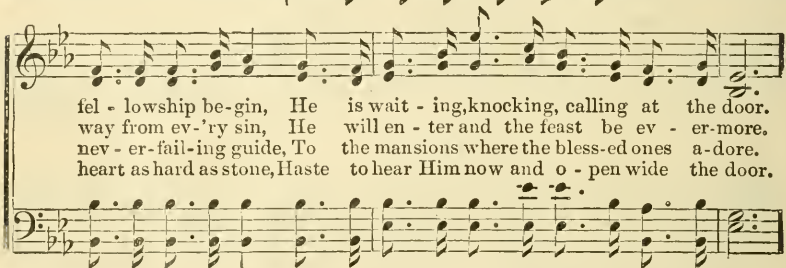
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Do you know the bless-ed Saviour's at the door? That He lingers there to
 2. Do not keep Him lon-ger waiting at the door, Hear Him knocking, calling
 3. Will you close your heart against Him at the door? Will He not be all you
 4. Oh, to think that Je-sus waits outside the door, He may leave you to re-

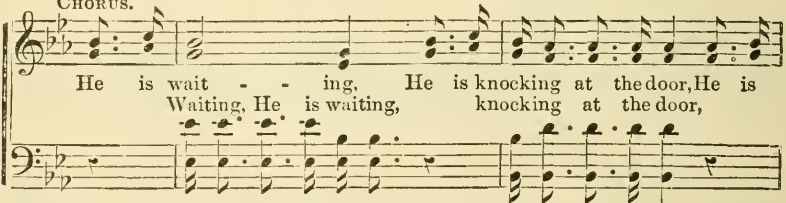


bless you more and more? Will you not in-vite Him in, And His
 loud-er than be-fore. Bid Him wel-come now with-in, Turn a-
 need for ev-er-more? He will take a-way your pride, Be your
 turn, no, nev-er-more. Leave you hope-less and a-lone, With a

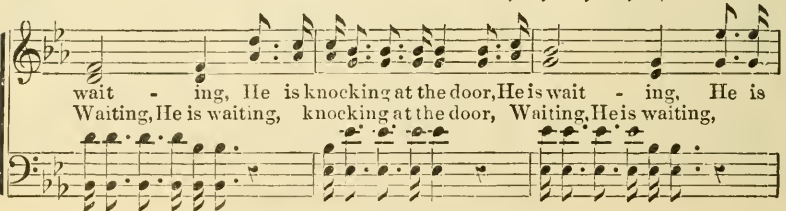


fel-lowship be-gin, He is wait-ing, knocking, calling at the door.
 way from ev-'ry sin, He will en-ter and the feast be ev-er-more.
 nev-er-fail-ing guide, To the mansions where the bless-ed ones a-dore.
 heart as hard as stone, Haste to hear Him now and o-pen wide the door.

CHORUS.



He is wait-ing, He is knocking at the door, He is
 Waiting, He is waiting, knocking at the door,



wait-ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait-ing, He is
 Waiting, He is waiting, knocking at the door, Waiting, He is waiting,

The Bolted Door. Concluded.

knocking at the door, He is waiting, He is knocking at the door.
He is knocking at the door.

rit.

74 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH.

Tune, MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright: }
 2. { On Thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth; }
 { On Thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depth of earth; }

On Thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
 On Thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heav'n;

Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
 And thus on Thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One,

Rev. R. L. BRUCE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. He sat by the well at the noon-tide, When all His dis-
 2. He spake, and the flush of re-sent-ment, Gave place to a
 3. And the heart of the hun-ger-ing wo-man, Felt a joy that no
 4. A - gain, at the noon-tide He wait-eth For one whom He

ci - ples were gone, And there came out a wo-man for wa - ter, And she
 gladsome sur-prise, While they talked, by the well curb of Sy - char, Of the
 language may tell, For she knew that for her this same Je - sus, Had
 knoweth, to - day Still thirsts for His life-giv - ing wa - ter; Will you

D. S. love He is ten-der-ly pleading, Will you

FINE. CHORUS.

saw but the stranger, a - lone. Oh, list - en, dear heart, while the
 wa - ter which Je - sus sup - plies.
 wait-ed that day at the well.
 turn Him in sor - row a - way?

turn Him in sor - row a - way!

D. S.

Sav - iour, Is talk - ing to you by the way; For your

Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. GAL. vi. 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near-er the cross !" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the
2. Near er the Christian's mer-cy scat, I am com-ing near-er, Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
love my soul desires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crimson tide, Near-er my Saviour's
clear I see Je - sus who gave Himself for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

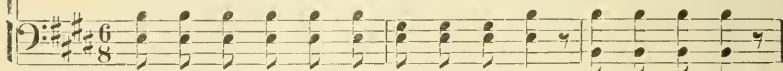
wounded side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com - ing near-er.
soon shall wear : I am com-ing near-er, I am com - ing near-er.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Thanks be to Je - sus His mer - cy is free; Mer - cy is free,
2. Why on the mountains of sin wilt thou roam? Mer - cy is free,
3. Think of His goodness, His pa - tience and love; Mer - cy is free,
4. Yes, there is par - don for all who be - lieve; Mer - cy is free,



REFRAIN.— Je - sus, the Sav - iour, is look - ing for thee, looking for thee,



mer - cy is free: Sin - ner, that mer - cy is flow - ing for thee,
 mer - cy is free: Gen - tly the Spir - it is call - ing, "Come home,"
 mer - cy is free: Pleading thy cause with His Father a - bove,
 mer - cy is free: Come and this mo - ment a bless - ing re - ceive,



look - ing for thee; Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing for thee,

FINE.



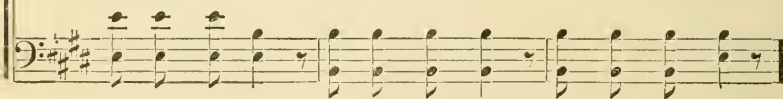
Mer - cy is boundless and free. If thou art will - ing on
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Thou art in darkness, O,
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Come and re - pent - ing, O,
 Mer - cy is boundless and free. Je - sus is waiting, O,



Call - ing and looking for thee.

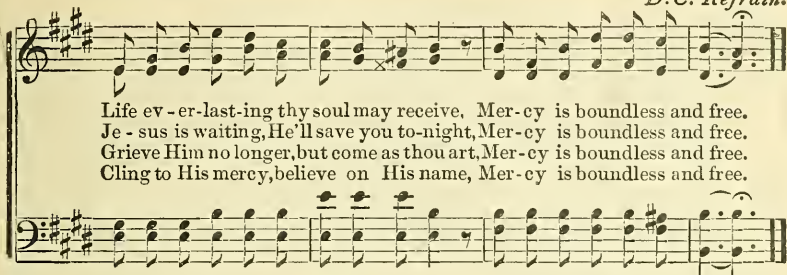


Him to be - lieve, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
 come to the light, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
 give Him thy heart, Mer - cy is free, mer - cy is free.
 hear Him pro - claim Mer - cy is free mer - cy is free.



Mercy is Boundless and Free. Concluded.

D. C. Refrain.

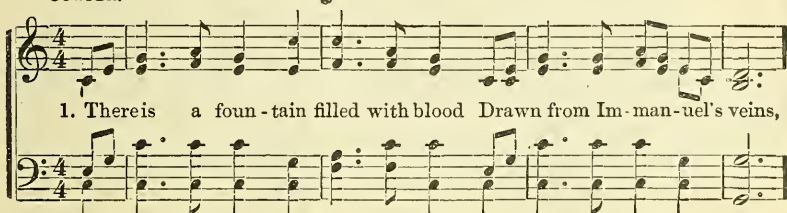


Life ev - er - last - ing thy soul may receive, Mer - cy is boundless and free.
Je - sus is waiting, He'll save you to - night, Mer - cy is boundless and free.
Grieve Him no longer, but come as thou art, Mer - cy is boundless and free.
Cling to His mercy, believe on His name, Mer - cy is boundless and free.

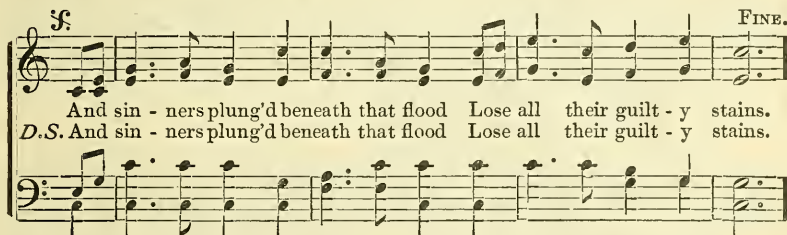
78

Cleansing Fountain. C. M.

COWPER.



1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,



And sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
D.S. And sin - ners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.



Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

S. J. H.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. What mer - cy at the cross we see, Sal - va - tion's full and free, sal -
 2. Come, rest be - neath the precious blood, Sal - va - tion's full and free, sal -
 3. We'll tell the joy - ful word to all, Sal - va - tion's full and free, sal -
 4. The bless - ed news thro' heav - en rings, Sal - va - tion's full and free, sal -
 5. To Je - sus, end - less song shall be, Sal - va - tion's full and free, sal -

va - tion's full and free; Rich streams of grace for you and me, In
 va - tion's full and free; And trust - ing, find sweet peace with God, O
 va - tion's full and free; There's glad - ness in the gos - pel call, And
 va - tion's full and free; New mus - ic thrills from gold - en strings, While
 va - tion's full and free; And stand - ing by the crys - tal sea, We'll

CHORUS.

Je - sus find, sal - va - tion's free. Glo - ry for - ev - er! sal -
 might - y gift - sal - va - tion's free.
 hope, and life, - sal - va - tion's free.
 saints give praise, sal - va - tion's free.
 shout for joy, sal - va - tion's free.

va - tion's full and free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, ev - er be! O bless the

Lord! O come, bless the Lord! Sal - va - tion's full, sal - va - tion's free.

"Wash, and be clean." 2 KINGS v. 13.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

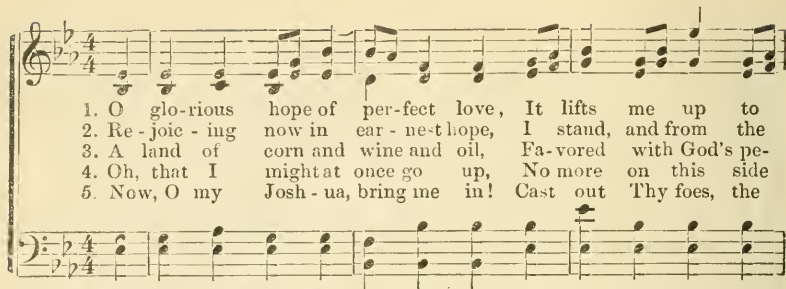
1. Bring all your sin to the Cru ci-fied One, Je-sus will wash it a - way;
 2. No oth-er fountain for sin can a-vail, Je-sus will wash it a - way;
 3. O, what an off-ring for sin He hath made, Je-sus will wash it a - way;
 4. Sing, all ye ransomed, ex-ult-ant o'er sin, Je-sus will wash it a - way;

Haste for your life! unto Cal-vary run, Je-sus will wash it a - way.
 No oth-er comfort when fears shall assail, Je-sus will wash it a - way.
 Come where the price of redemption was paid, Jesus will wash it away.
 This is the shout that will victory win, Je-sus will wash it a - way.

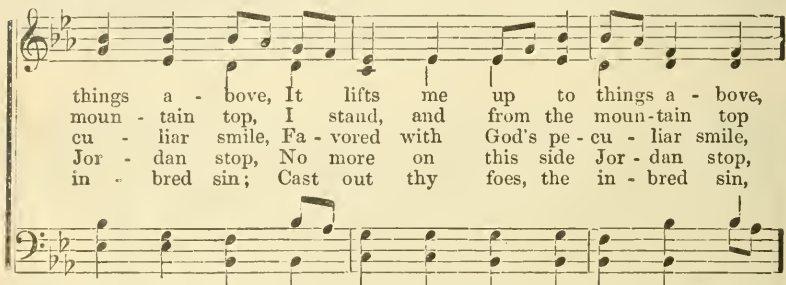
CHORUS.

Come, come, and His bidding obey, Come, come, and be-lieving you'll say,

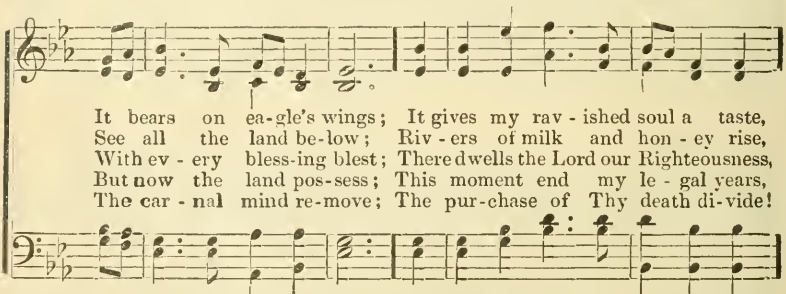
Je-sus hath saved me, praise Him to-day, Jesus hath washed my sin a-way.



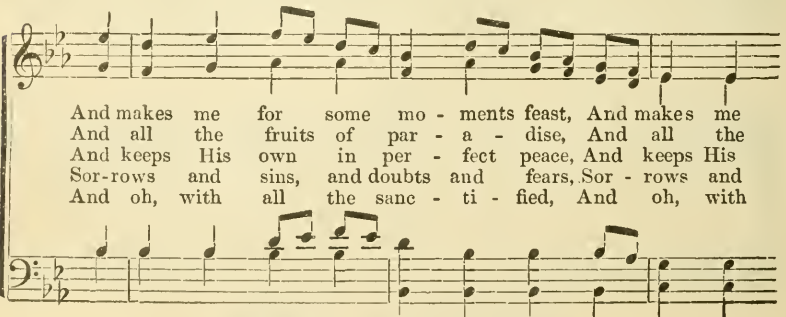
1. O glo-rious hope of per-fect love, It lifts me up to
 2. Re-joic-ing now in ear-nest hope, I stand, and from the
 3. A land of corn and wine and oil, Fa-vored with God's pe-
 4. Oh, that I might at once go up, No more on this side
 5. Now, O my Josh-ua, bring me in! Cast out Thy foes, the



things a - bove, It lifts me up to things a - bove,
 moun - tain top, I stand, and from the moun-tain top
 cu - liar smile, Fa - vored with God's pe - cu - liar smile,
 Jor - dan stop, No more on this side Jor - dan stop,
 in - bred sin; Cast out thy foes, the in - bred sin,

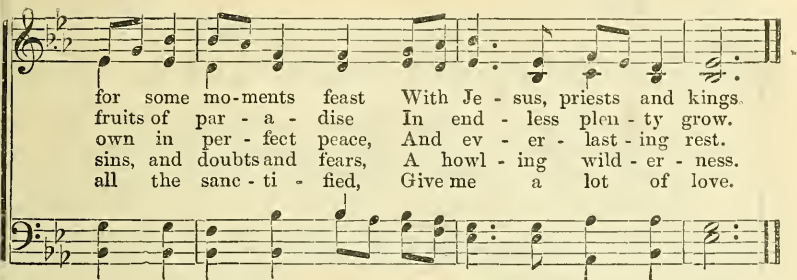


It bears on ea-gle's wings; It gives my rav - ished soul a taste,
 See all the land be-low; Riv - ers of milk and hon - ey rise,
 With ev - ery bless-ing blest; There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
 But now the land pos-sess; This moment end my le - gal years,
 The car - nal mind re-move; The pur-chase of Thy death di-vide!



And makes me for some mo - ments feast, And makes me
 And all the fruits of par - a - dise, And all the
 And keeps His own in per - fect peace, And keeps His
 Sor-rows and sins, and doubts and fears, Sor - rows and
 And oh, with all the sanc - ti - fied, And oh, with

The Glorious Hope. Concluded.



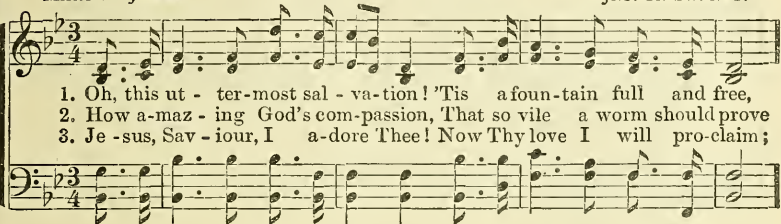
for some mo-ments feast With Je - sus, priests and kings.
 fruits of par - a - dise In end - less plen - ty grow.
 own in per - fect peace, And ev - er - last - ing rest.
 sins, and doubts and fears, A howl - ing wild - er - ness.
 all the sanc - ti - fied, Give me a lot of love.

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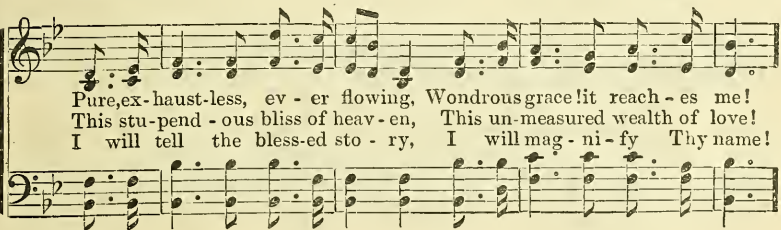
It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

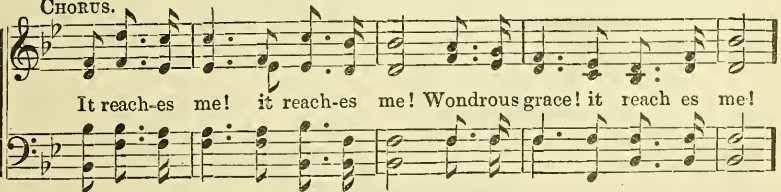


1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va-tion! 'Tis a foun-tain full and free,
 2. How a-maz - ing God's com-pan-sion, That so vile a worm should prove
 3. Je - sus, Sav - iour, I a-dore Thee! Now Thy love I will pro-claim;

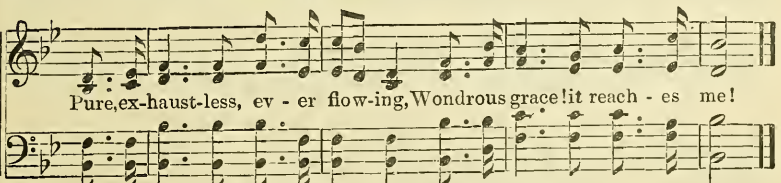


Pure, ex-haust-less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!
 This stu-pend - ous bliss of heav-en, This un-measured wealth of love!
 I will tell the bless-ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy Thy name!

CHORUS.



It reach-es me! it reach-es me! Wondrous grace! it reach es me!

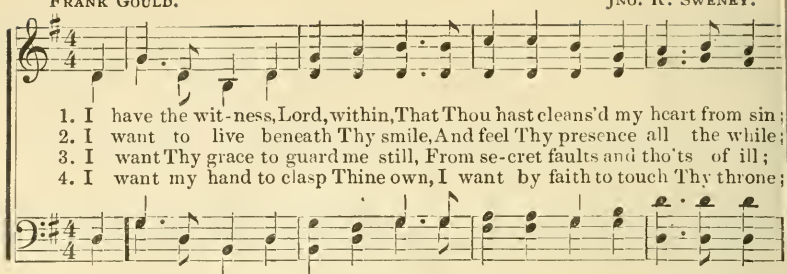


Pure, ex-haust-less, ev - er flow-ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!

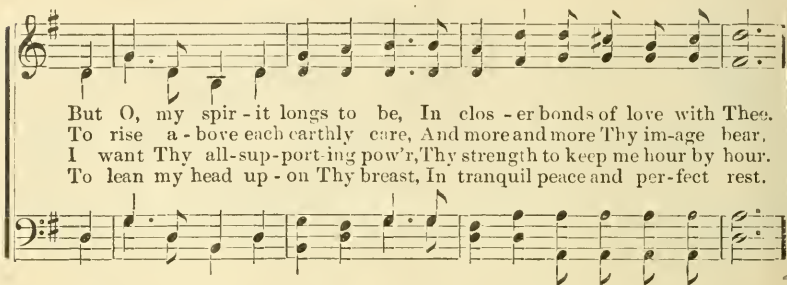
From "THE GARNER," by per. of JNO. J. HOOD.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

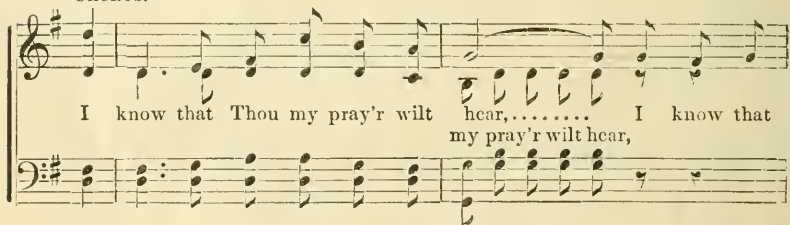


1. I have the wit-ness, Lord, within, That Thou hast cleans'd my heart from sin;
 2. I want to live beneath Thy smile, And feel Thy presence all the while;
 3. I want Thy grace to guard me still, From se-cret faults and tho'ts of ill;
 4. I want my hand to clasp Thine own, I want by faith to touch Thy throne;

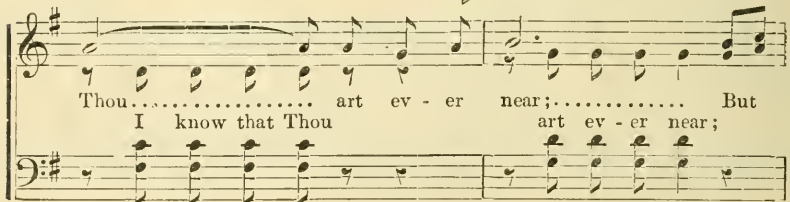


But O, my spir-it longs to be, In clos-er bonds of love with Thee.
 To rise a-bove each carthly care, And more and more Thy im-age bear.
 I want Thy all-sup-port-ing pow'r, Thy strength to keep me hour by hour.
 To lean my head up-on Thy breast, In tranquil peace and per-fect rest.

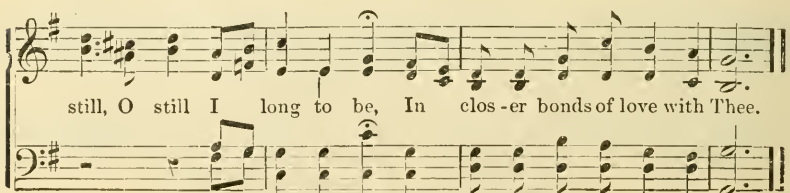
CHORUS.



I know that Thou my pray'r wilt hear,..... I know that
 my pray'r wilt hear,



Thou..... art ev-er near;..... But
 I know that Thou art ev-er near;



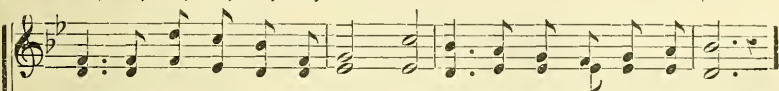
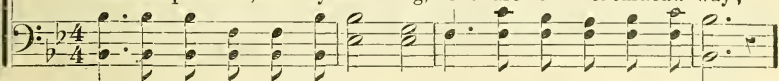
still, O still I long to be, In clos-er bonds of love with Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

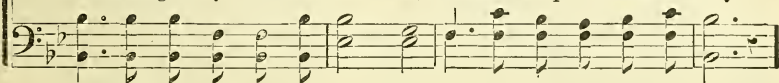
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Lord, I seek Thee, heav-y lad - en, Hum-bly kneel-ing at Thy feet,
2. I am look-ing un - to Cal - 'vry, There the pre-cious blood I see,
3. Thou art a - ble, Thou art will - ing, From my bond-age grant re-lease,
4. Bless-ed prom-ise, tru - ly seek - ing, None are ev - er turned a-way;



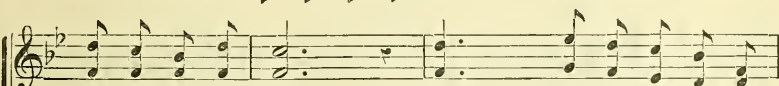
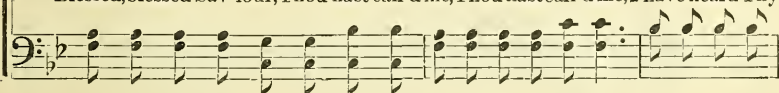
Thou hast suffered to re-deem me, All the gra-cious work complete.
 May Thy Spir - it bring the wit - ness Of e - ter - nal life to me.
 Might-y Sav-iour, speak de - liv - 'rance, Bid me henceforth "go in peace."
 Thine the glo - ry, Thine for - ev - er, Save, and keep me from this day.



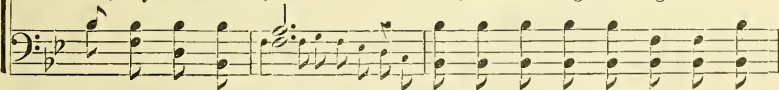
CHORUS.



Bless - - - ed Sav-iour, Thou hast called me, I have
 Blessed, blessed Sav-iour, Thou hast call'd me, Thou hast call'd me, I have heard Thy



heard Thy voice di - vine; Lord, I'm com-ing; O re-
 voice, Thy voice divine, Lord, I'm com-ing, com-ing, O re-



I have heard Thy voice divine,



ceive me, Make me now and ev-er Thine.
 ceive me, O receive me, Make me now and ever Thine, now and ev-er Thine.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

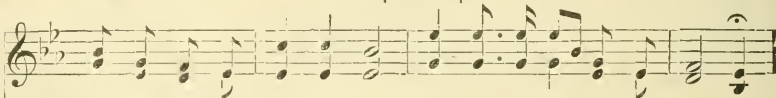
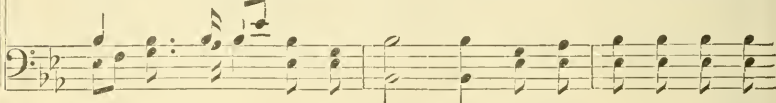
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



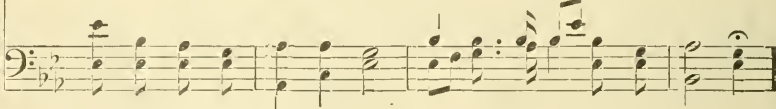
1. We are nev - er, nev - er wea-ry of the grand old song;
2. We are lost a - mid the rap-ture of re - deem - ing love;
3. We are go - ing to a pal - ace that is built of gold;
4. There we'll shout redeeming mer - cy in a glad, new song;



Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as
 Glo - -y to God, hal - le - lu - jah! We are ris - ing on its
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! Where the King in all His
 Glo - ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of



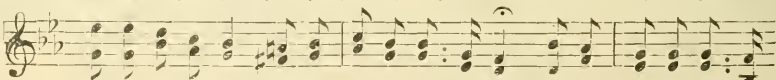
ev - er, with our faith more strong: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
 pin - ions to the hills a - bove: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
 splendor we shall soon be - hold: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!
 Je - sus with the blood - wash'd throng: Glo-ry to God, hal - le - lu - jah!



CHORUS.



O, the chil - dren of the Lord have a right to shout and sing, For the



way is growing bright and our souls are on the wing; We are go - ing by and



Glory to God, Hallelujah! Concluded.

by to the pal-ace of a King! Glo - ry to God, hal-le - lu-jah!

86 He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je - sus laid His crown a - side, He came to save me; When on the cross He
 2. In my poor heart He deigns to dwell, He came to save me; O, praise His name, I
 3. With gen - tle hand He leads me still, He came to save me; And trusting Him I
 4. To Him my faith with rapture clings, He came to save me; To Him my heart looks

CHORUS.

bled and died, He came to save me. { I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 know it well, He came to save me. { I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
 fear no ill, He came to save me.
 up and sings, He came to save me.

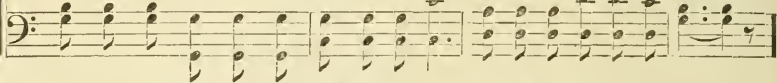
I'm so glad that Je - sus came, And grace is free,
 I'm so glad that Je - sus came, He (*Omit.....* came to save me.



1. Walk-ing with Je - sus, from morning till night, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
2. Walk-ing with Je - sus, when danger is nigh, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
3. Walk-ing with Je - sus, when friends prove untrue, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
4. Walk-ing with Je - sus, by faith and not sight, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;

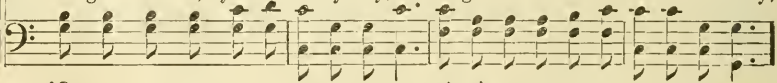


Walk - ing with Je - sus, in garments made white, Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, when billows run high ; Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, what - ev - er they do ; Walking with Jesus my Lord ;
 Walk - ing with Je - sus, with songs of delight ; Walking with Jesus my Lord ;



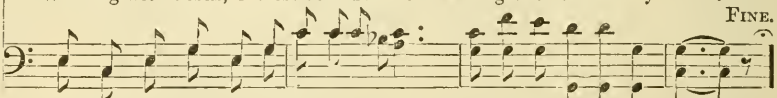
[Land;

Walking with Jesus, with hand clasped in hand, Walking with Jesus, in Canaan's bright
 Walk-ing with Je - sus, in poverty's vale, Walking with Jesus whose love will ne'er fail;
 Walk-ing with Je - sus, in step by His side, Walking with Jesus what-ev-er be-tide;
 Walk-ing with Jesus, my staff and my stay, Walking with Jesus the truth and the way;



Walking with Jesus, O blest be His name ! Walking with Je - sus my Lord.

FINE.

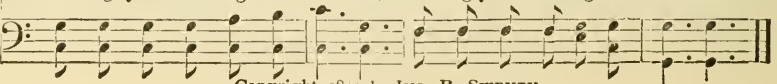



D.S. Walk-ing with Je - sus, O blest be His name, Walking with Jesus my Lord.

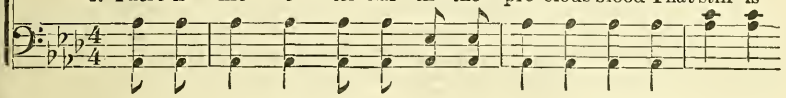
CHORUS.

D.S.

Walk - - - ing with Je - sus, Walk - - - ing with Je - sus,
 Walk-ing, yes walk-ing with Je - sus, Walk-ing, yes walk-ing with Je - sus,

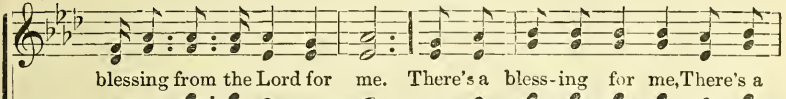


- 
1. There is per - fect cleans-ing in the pre-cious blood That flows for
 2. I am saved each mo-ment thro' the cleans-ing blood That now, by
 3. Oh, the blood that keeps me from the pow'r of sin My con-stant
 4. There is life e - ter-nal in the pre-cious blood That still is

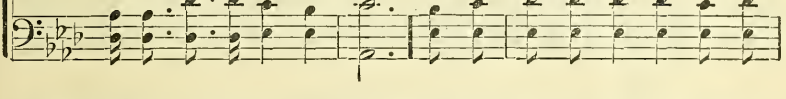


all so free, There is full sal - va-tion in its crim-son flood; There's a
 faith, I see; I am sweet-ly rest-ing at the cross I love; There's a
 them shall be; I have laid my bur-den at the Sav-iour's feet; There's a
 flow-ing free, And my soul shall glo - ry in the Sav-iour's cross; There's a

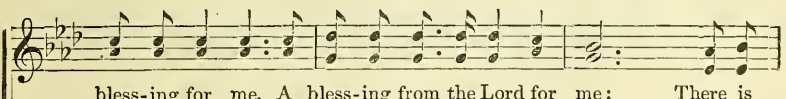
CHORUS.



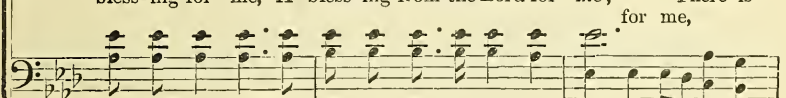
blessing from the Lord for me. There's a bless-ing for me, There's a



bless-ing for me, A bless-ing from the Lord for me; There is
 for me,

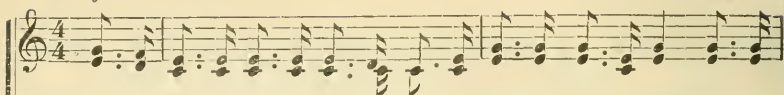


full sal - va-tion in the crimson flood; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

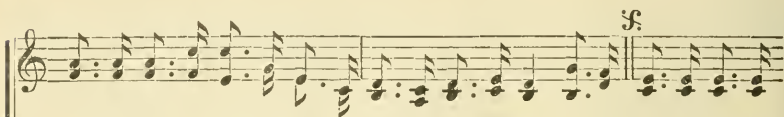
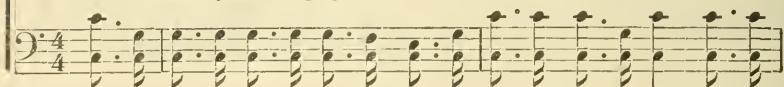


Rev. J. M. HOBBS.

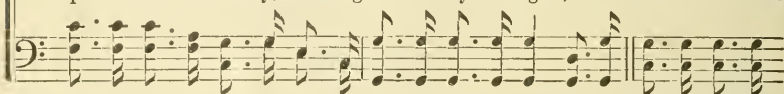
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah, Has been ringing thro' my soul, Ev - er
2. O the Hal - le - lu - jah cho - rus Is a glo - rious one to sing, But the
3. I'm a Hal - le - lu - jah pilgrim, And I'll nev - er hold my peace Till my
4. Then be rea - dy, faithful pilgrims, To go for - ward in the fight, Take the



since I came to Je - sus, And His Spir - it made me whole ; All my spir - it, soul and
soul's true Hal - le - lu - jah Is awakened by our King ; For the joy of His sal -
bless - ed Saviour tells me, Then, then only will I cease To in vite poor hungry
Spirit's blade of vict'ry, Wielding it with all your might ; For with faith in God we



D. S. since I came to



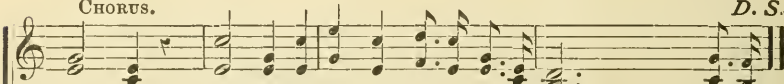
bod - y, Now are under His control, On the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah Line.
va - tion, Makes the heart with music ring, On the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah Line.
sinners, Come, and share the gospel feast, On the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah Line.
conquer, And we'll praise Him with delight On the Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah Line.



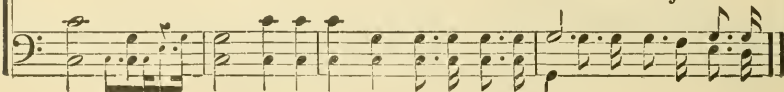
Je - sus, and His Spir - it made me whole, I've been on the Hallelujah Line.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, O yes, 'tis glo - ry in my soul, Ev - er
Hal - le - lu - jah !



W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma-jes-ty su-preme,
 2. His name a-bove all names shall stand. Ex-alt-ed more and more,
 3. Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Friend of man Onceru-ined by the fall,
 4. His nameshall be the Counsellor, The mighty Prince of Peace,

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re-deem.
 At God the Father's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a-dore.
 Thou hast de-vised sal-va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms conqueror, Whose reign shall never cease.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

- 5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
 With rapturous awe adore their King, And worship at His feet.
- 6 Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world above
 Forever sing around the throne His everlasting love.

1. The Fountain of Life we have found, we have found, Its strength-giving
 2. O haste to these wa-ters, for Jesus says, "Come!" There's sight for the
 3. The well-spring of joy, vain-ly sought in the past, The wa-ters of

wa - ters in heal - ing a-bound. Ye wea - ry and wounded, who
 blind, there is song for the dumb; The sad are made glad and the
 peace, we have found them at last; Twin streams of de-light from our

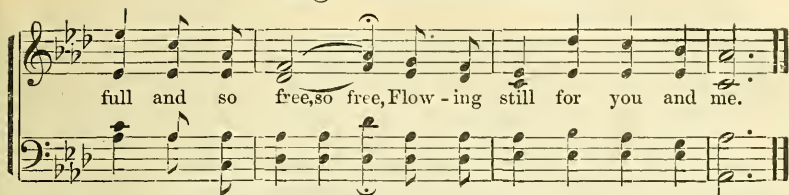
faint 'mid the strife, Come drink, free-ly drink of the wa - ter of life!
 sick are made whole, O, drink from the Fount that gives life to the soul.
 Foun-tain they flow, Come drink, freely drink, and all hap - pi - ness know.

CHORUS.

Glorious fountain, so full and so free, Flowing still, flowing
 so free,

still for you and me. Glorious foun-tain, so
 me, for you and me

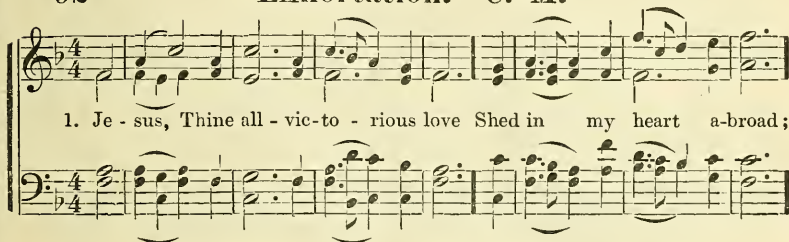
Living Waters. Concluded.



full and so free, so free, Flow - ing still for you and me.

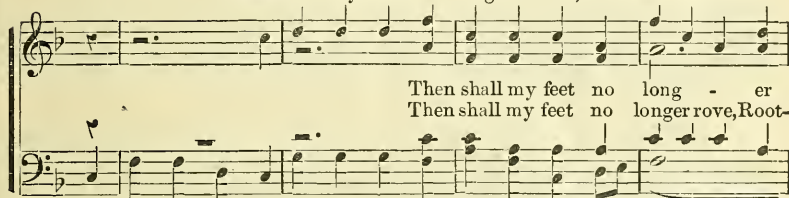
92

Exhortation. C. M.



1. Je - sus, Thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my heart a-broad ;

Then shall my feet no long - er rove, Root - ed and fixed in



Then shall my feet no long - er rove, Root - ed and fixed in God.....

God.



rove, Then shall my feet no longer rove, Rooted and fixed in God.
ed and fixed in God,.....

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow ;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart ;
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

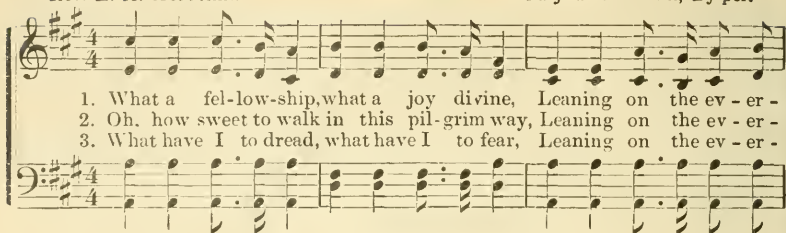
3 O that it now from heav'n might fall,
And all my sins consume ;
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call ;
Spirit of burning, come.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
Shall then no longer move,
While Christ is all the world to me,
And all my heart is love.

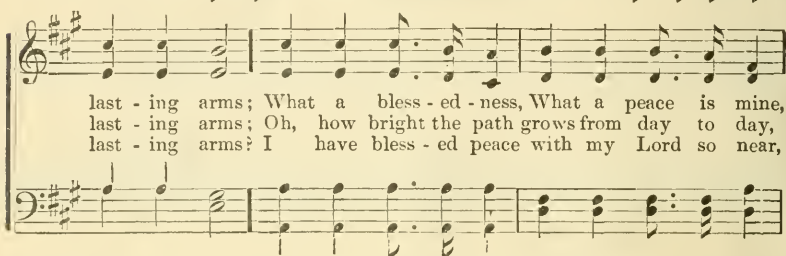
93 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER, By per.

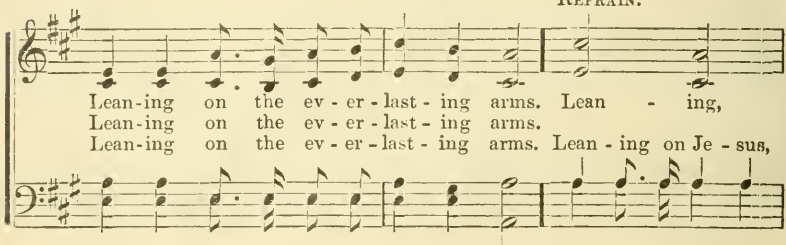


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

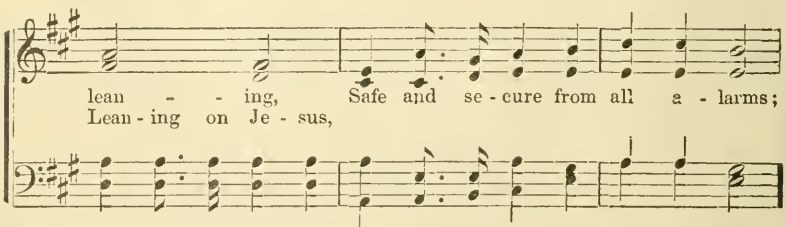


last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, What a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

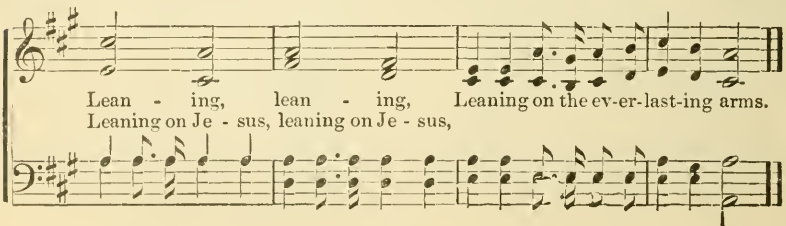
REFRAIN.



Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
 Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Lean-ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,



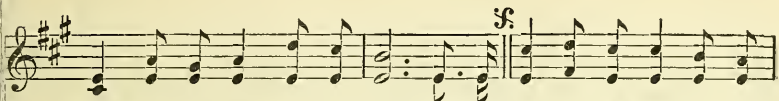
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
 Leaning on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,

Arr. by Rev. J. R. B.

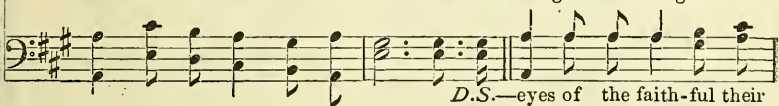
Arr. by J. R. S.



1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King, our Re-deem-er, the Lord whom we love, All the
3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - 'ry
4. There we'll tell how He loved and re-deemed us from sin, "But the



glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev-er sets, and the
 faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold; There the righteous for - ev - er will
 lamb we have brought to the fold, Will be there as bright jewels our
 half e - ven there can't be told." There we'll sing the new song with the

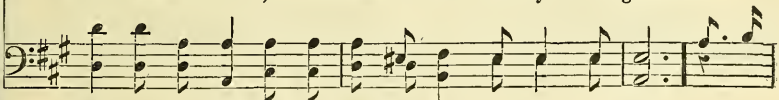


D.S.—eyes of the faith-ful their

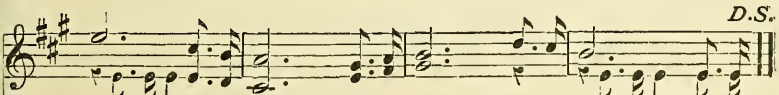
FINE. CHORUS.



leaves nev - er fade, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold. There the
 shine like the stars, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 crowns to a - c'orn, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.
 blood-washed at home, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.



Sav-iour be-hold, In that beau-ti - ful cit - y of gold.



sun never sets, and the leaves nev-er fade; There the



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L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



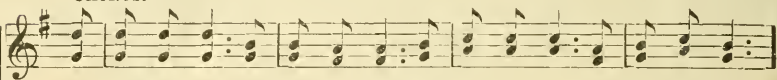
1. No work, no mer - it of my own; I know that Je - sus saves me;
2. The precious blood is on my soul, I know that Je - sus saves me;
3. For ser - vice pure and glad and free, I know that Je - sus saves me;
4. 'Tis on - ly in His strength I stand, I know that Je - sus saves me;



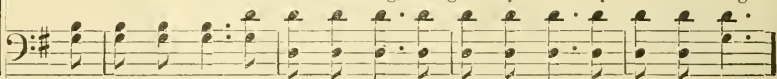
The pow'r, the glo - ry, His a - lone, I know that Je - sus saves me.
 And ev - 'ry care on Him I roll, I know that Je - sus saves me.
 For bless - ed, joy - ful lib - er - ty, I know that Je - sus saves me.
 I'm kept by His al - might - y hand, I know that Je - sus saves me.



CHORUS.



In Him I trust, for Him I sing, All glo - ry to my ris - en King!



While to His blood-stained cross I cling, I know that Je - sus saves me.





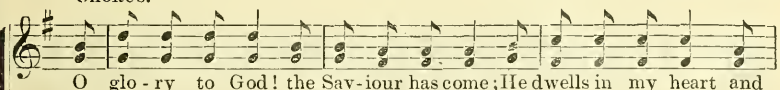
1. My heart was once heavy with sadness And struggling with burdens and sin,
2. Once Jesus would visit His dwelling, Then leave thro' my doubt or my sin;
3. The grave was once dark to my vision, A goal that I cared not to win;
4. I of-ten repined un-der cross-es, And knew not re-pin-ing was sin;
5. Gone now is the sighing and sor-row, The cares and the fears of the day;
6. Let Sa-tan and man now assail me, Let death lay me low in the grave;



But now it is thrilling with gladness For Je-sus is dwell-ing with-in.
 But now I rejoice in the tell-ing My Sav-iour a-bid-eth with-in.
 A gate now to coun-tries e-ly-sian! Since Je-sus is dwell-ing with-in.
 I shout now o'er bur-dens and losses For Je-sus is dwell-ing with-in.
 I ask not what comes with the morrow, For Je-sus is in me to stay.
 The Victor within will not fail me, What more can I pray for, or have?



CHORUS.



O glo-ry to God! the Sav-iour has come; He dwells in my heart and



makes it His home. I hear His sweet voice and feel His own blood, And



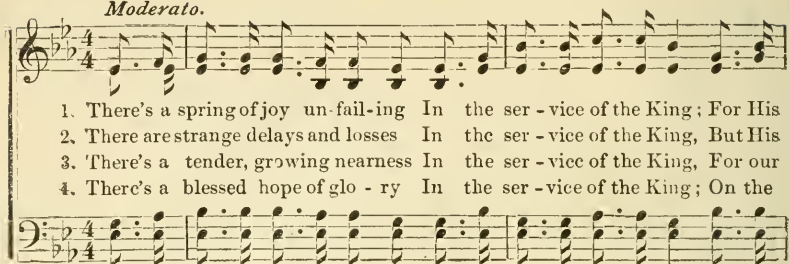
shout on my way, at home and abroad,—O glo-ry, glo-ry to God!

O glo-ry to God!

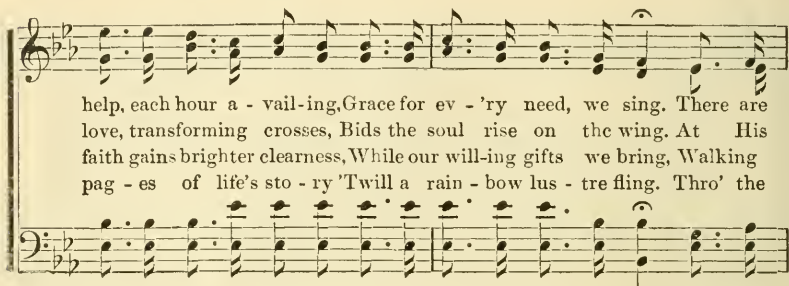


E. E. HEWITT.

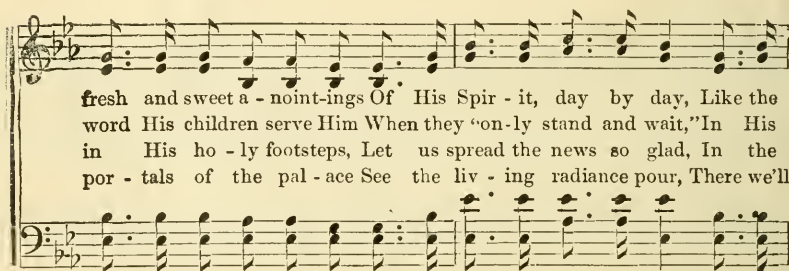
For the King's Daughters. E. E. H. arr. by W. J. K.

Moderato.


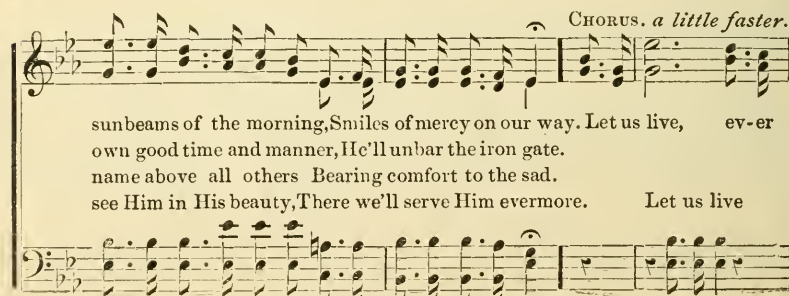
1. There's a spring of joy un-fail-ing In the ser-vice of the King; For His
 2. There are strange delays and losses In the ser-vice of the King, But His
 3. There's a tender, growing nearness In the ser-vice of the King, For our
 4. There's a blessed hope of glo-ry In the ser-vice of the King; On the



help, each hour a-vail-ing, Grace for ev-'ry need, we sing. There are
 love, transforming crosses, Bids the soul rise on the wing. At His
 faith gains brighter clearness, While our will-ing gifts we bring, Walking
 pag-es of life's sto-ry 'Twill a rain-bow lus-tre fling. Thro' the

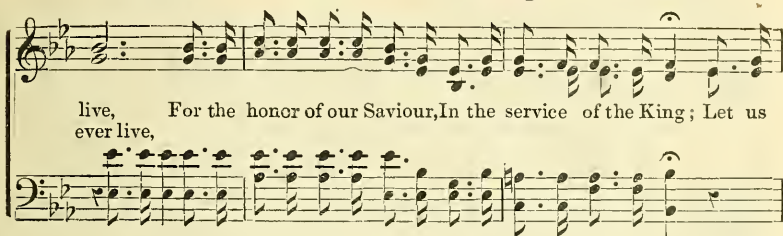


fresh and sweet a-noint-ings Of His Spir-it, day by day, Like the
 word His children serve Him When they "on-ly stand and wait," In His
 in His ho-ly footsteps, Let us spread the news so glad, In the
 por-tals of the pal-ace See the liv-ing radiance pour, There we'll

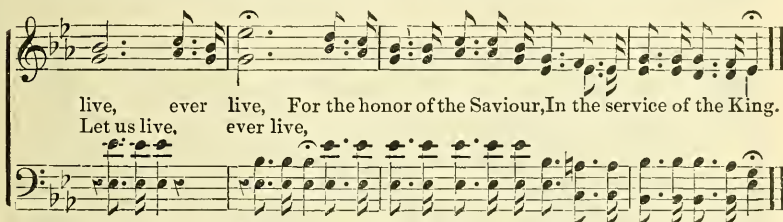


CHORUS. *a little faster.*
 sunbeams of the morning, Smiles of mercy on our way. Let us live, ev-er
 own good time and manner, He'll unbar the iron gate.
 name above all others Bearing comfort to the sad.
 see Him in His beauty, There we'll serve Him evermore. Let us live

In the Service of the King. Concluded.



live, For the honor of our Saviour, In the service of the King; Let us
ever live,



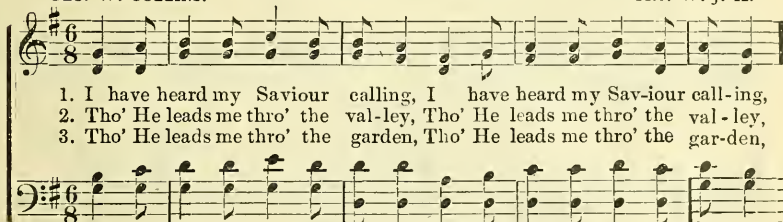
live, ever live, For the honor of the Saviour, In the service of the King.
Let us live, ever live,

98

Follow All the Way.

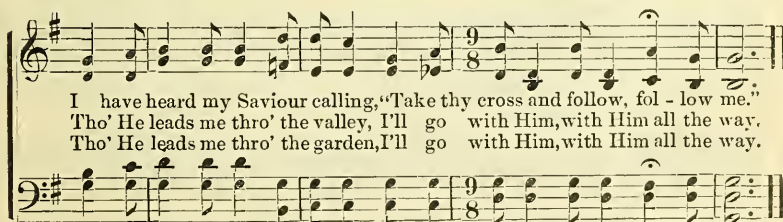
GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. W. J. K.



1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley,
3. Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, Tho' He leads me thro' the gar-den,

Cho.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low.



I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

- 4 ||: Tho' the path be dark and dreary. :|| 7 ||: I will follow on to know Him, :||
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,
way. Friend.
- 5 ||: Tho' He leads me to the conflict, :|| 8 ||: He will give me grace and glory, :||
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. He will keep me, keep me all the way.
- 6 ||: Tho' He leads through fiery trials, :|| 9 ||: O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :||
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. And be with Him, with Him all the way.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
 2. We who know our sins for-given, We are walking in the light, We are
 3. As we jour-ney here be-low, We are walking in the light, We are
 4. We will sing His power to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walk-ing in the light; Shining bright er day by day, We are walking in the
 walk-ing in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
 walk-ing in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
 walk-ing in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

REFRAIN.

beautiful light of God. We are walk - - - ing in the light, We are
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God, We are

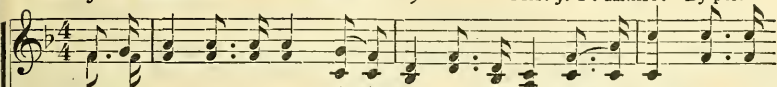
walk - - - ing in the light, We are walk - - - ing in the
 Walking in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,

light..... We are walking in the beau-ti - ful light of God.
 Walk-ing in the light,

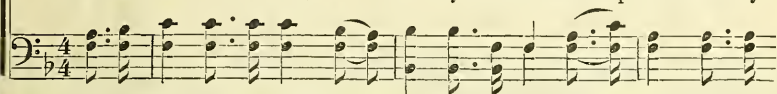
Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES.

ZECH. ix. 9.

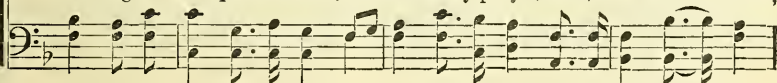
Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



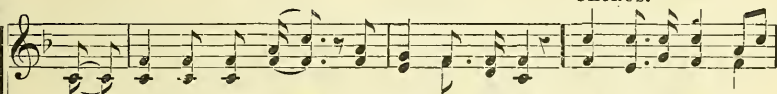
1. He has come! He has come! My Re-deem-er has come, He has tak - en my
2. He has come! He has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev'ry tho't of my
3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi-est heart, He has giv - en His
4. He has come to a-bide, And ho - ly must be The place where my



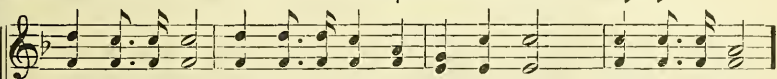
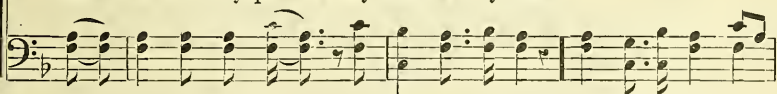
heart as His own chosen home; At last I have giv'n the welcome he sought,
 be-ing is swayed by His word; He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,
 word that He will not depart; No trouble can en-ter, no e - vil can come
 Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,



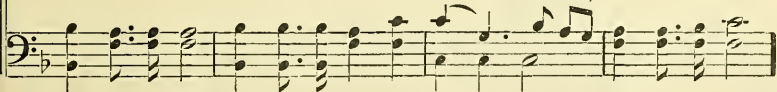
CHORUS.



He has come, and His coming all glad-ness has bro't. Joy! joy is mine, my
 And His sceptre is love, O bless-ed control!
 To the heart where the God of peace has his home.
 Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.



Sav - iour divine Comes to a-bide with me, with me, Comes to a-bide,
 with me,

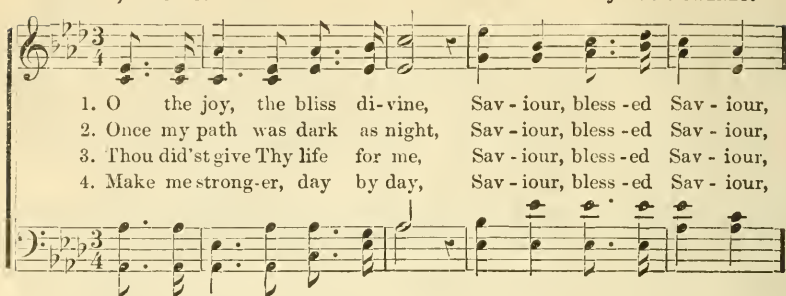
*rit.*

ev - er to a - bide, My own lov - ing Saviour a - bid - eth with me.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

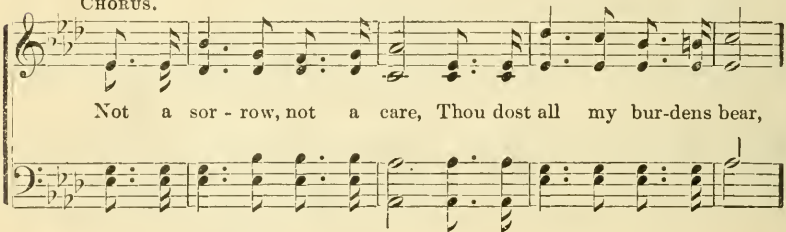


1. O the joy, the bliss di-vine, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour,
 2. Once my path was dark as night, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour,
 3. Thou did'st give Thy life for me, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour,
 4. Make me strong-er, day by day, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour,

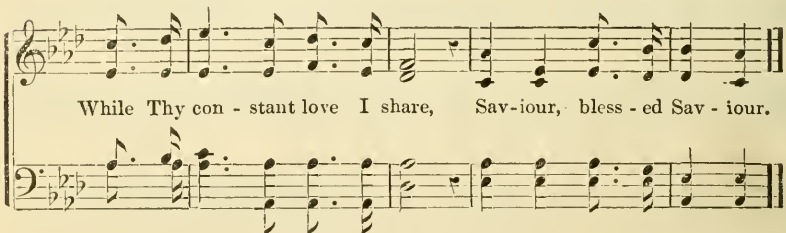


Thus to know and call Thee mine, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour.
 Now Thy pres-ence makes it bright, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour.
 Now I give my all to Thee, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour.
 Still to run the heav'n-ly way, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour.

CHORUS.



Not a sor-row, not a care, Thou dost all my bur-dens bear,

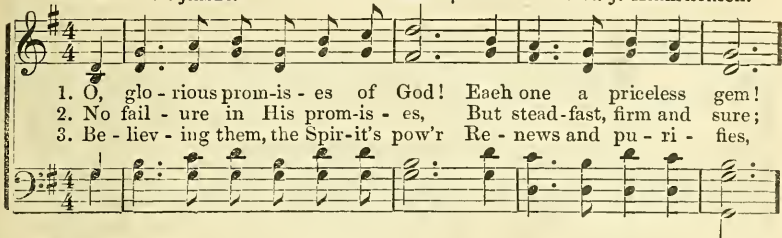


While Thy con-stant love I share, Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour.

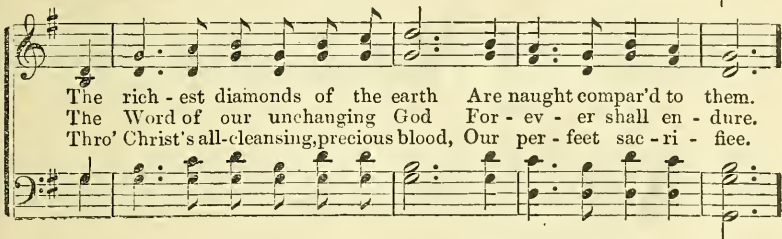
Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

2 PETER i. 4.

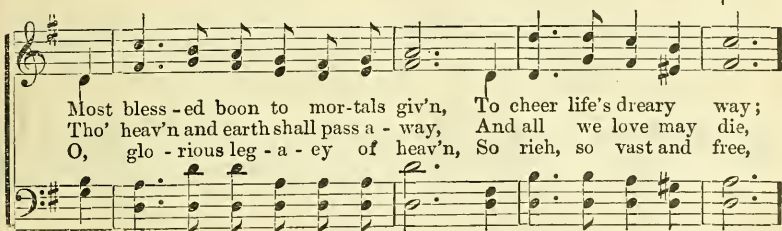
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



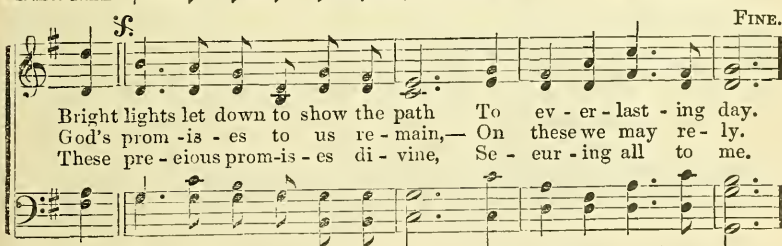
1. O, glo - rious prom - is - es of God! Each one a priceless gem!
 2. No fail - ure in His prom - is - es, But stead - fast, firm and sure;
 3. Be - liev - ing them, the Spir - it's pow'r Re - news and pu - ri - fies,



The rich - est diamonds of the earth Are naught compar'd to them.
 The Word of our unchanging God For - ev - er shall en - dure.
 Thro' Christ's all-cleansing, precious blood, Our per - feet sac - ri - fice.

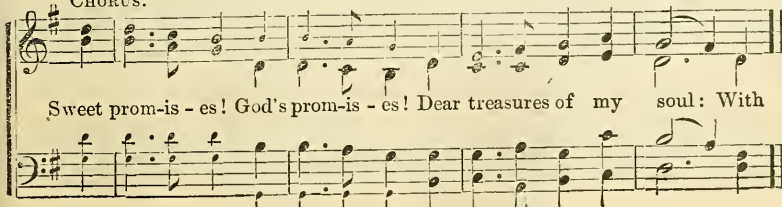


Most bless - ed boon to mor - tals giv'n, To cheer life's dreary way;
 Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass a - way, And all we love may die,
 O, glo - rious leg - a - cy of heav'n, So rich, so vast and free,



Bright lights let down to show the path To ev - er - last - ing day.
 God's prom - is - es to us re - main, — On these we may re - ly.
 These pre - cious prom - is - es di - vine, Se - cur - ing all to me.

D.S. these I'm rich, with these se - cure, While end - less a - ges roll.
 CHORUS. *D. S.*



Sweet prom - is - es! God's prom - is - es! Dear treasures of my soul: With

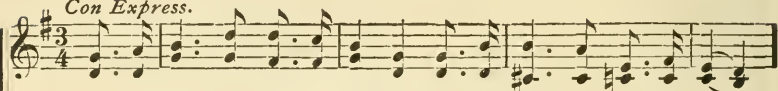
103 Fullness of Joy and Eternal Pleasures.

Fullness of joy and eternal pleasures. Psa. xvi. 11.

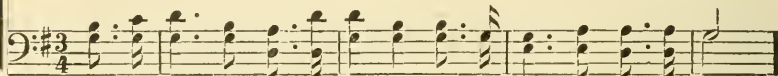
MARTIN WELLS KNAPP.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

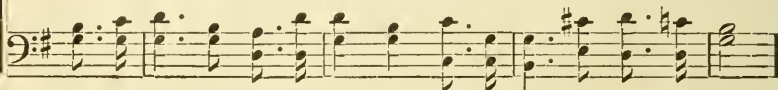
Con Express.



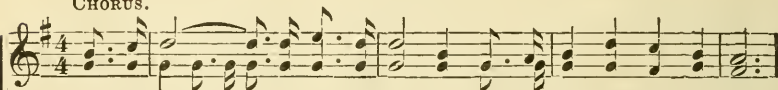
1. I was lost up - on the mountains, 'Mid their maz - es cold and wild
2. In His ten - der, lov - ing pres - ence Now I find su - prem - est joy,
3. When my mis - sion here is end - ed, And to man - sions bright I fly,
4. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Here, and on the heavenly shore,



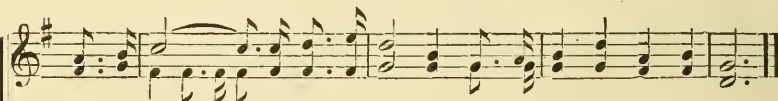
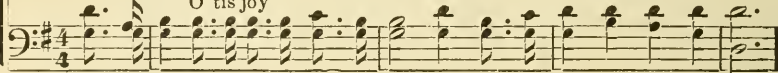
When my Fa - ther sought and found me, Sought and found His wandering child.
Which the hosts of sin and e - vil Nev - er, nev - er can de - stroy.
Heavenly treasures then a - wait me, Heavenly "pleasures" in the sky.
Shout His prais - es, saints and an - gels, Sing His mer - cies ev - er - more.



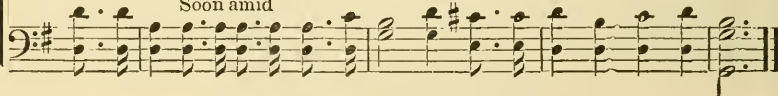
CHORUS.



O 'tis joy..... in all its full - ness In His pres - ence to a - bide,
O 'tis joy



Soon a - mid..... im - mor - tal "pleasures" I shall reign at Je - sus' side.
Soon amid



JOSHUA GILL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { I fled from E-gypt's bondage, I heard that help was near; }
 { I cast my care on Je-sus, And He dis-pers'd my fear: } I
 2. { I sang a song of tri-umph, I shout-ed o'er and o'er, }
 { And then pur-sued my jour-ney For Ca-naan's hap-py shore. } I

pass'd between the billows, Wall'd up on ev-'ry hand, I trust-ed to my
 came to Si-nai's mountain, I trod the des-ert sand, I drank at Horeb's

CHORUS.

Captain, And sought the promised land. I am o - ver, yes, o - ver; On
 fountain, Seek-ing the promised land.

Canaan's shore I stand; I am o - ver, yes, o - ver In the promis'd land.

3 The spies brought back their message,
 Some wept, some said "we can;"

The land was all 'twas promised,
 But who will lead the van?

At last my heart despairing,
 Of entering with this band,
 I cried aloud to Jesus,
 To show the promised land.

4 Then, after weary marches,
 And many a longing sigh,
 I found the river-crossing,
 And saw the land was nigh.

The Lord looked down in mercy,
 By faith I touched His hand,
 I followed close beside Him,
 And found the promised land.

5 And now my song of gladness
 I'm singing day by day,
 For fellowship with Jesus
 Makes calm and bright my way.
 I fear not for the morrow,
 For His almighty hand
 I know shall lead and keep me
 In this the promised land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rock in the des-ert, my shield from the blast, Un-der Thy shadow I'm
 2. Rock in the des-ert, how love-ly the star Guiding my foot-steps from
 3. Rock in the des-ert, how peaceful my rest, Kind-ly pro-tect-ed, no
 4. Rock in the des-ert, O Sav-iour di-vine, Thou art my ref-uge, no

hid-ing at last; Dear is Thy ref-uge, and welcome to me; Rock in the
 wand'ring a - far; Now I am hap-py, Thy shel-ter I see; Rock in the
 lon-ger oppress'd; Long have I thirsted for streams cool and free; Rock in the
 love is like Thine; Thou my Redeemer art gracious to me; Rock in the

My soul flies to Thee, My
 CHORUS.

des-ert, my soul flies to Thee. My soul flies to Thee, My soul flies to Thee, My
 des-ert, my faith clings to Thee.
 des-ert, I find them in Thee.
 des-ert, I live but in Thee.

soul flies to Thee.

soul flies to Thee, My soul flies to Thee. Rock in the des-ert,

Rock in the des-ert, Rock in the des-ert, my soul flies to Thee.

106 Behold What Manner of Love.

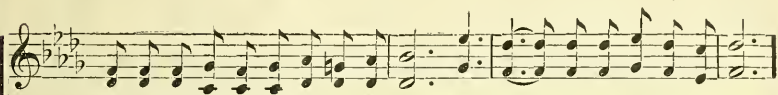
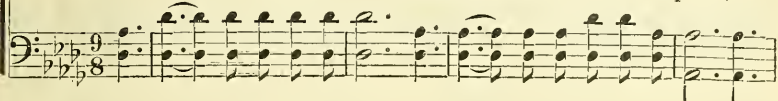
HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

I JOHN iii. 1.

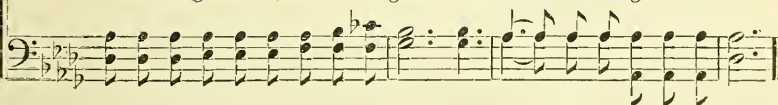
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



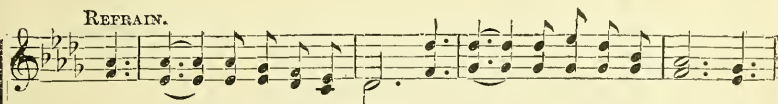
1. Be - hold what manner of love, The Fa - ther on us hath bestow'd ; That
2. No more in bondage of sin, Thro' grace we are free from the law ; And
3. Our souls bro't nigh unto God, While low at His footstool we fall ; Ac -
4. O, love, O, wonderful love, Whose depth we can never ex - plore ; We



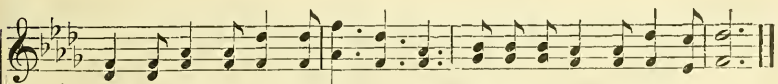
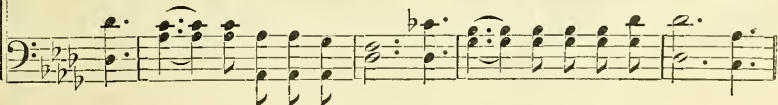
we by the Spirit, adopted His own, Should dwell in His blissful a - bode.
now to the fountain of love we may come, New life from its waters to draw.
cepted of Jesus, the son of His love, We praise the dear Father for all.
think of its grandeur, and shouting aloud, Its Au - thor and giver a - dore.



REFRAIN.



Be - hold what manner of love, Be - hold what manner of love The

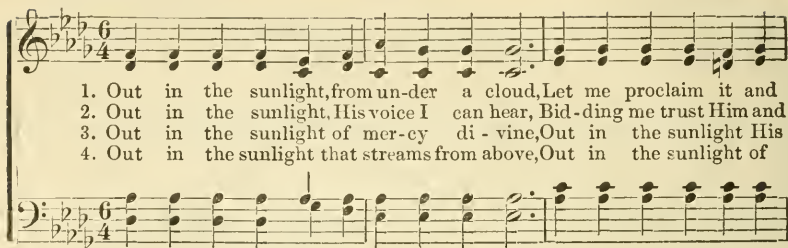


Father hath bestow'd up-on us, That we should be call'd the sons of God.



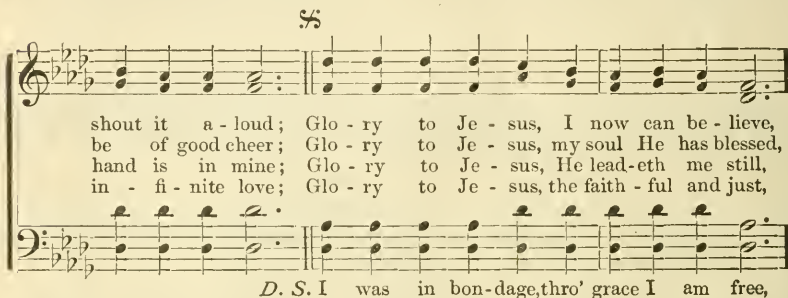
SAMUEL P. RAZIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Out in the sunlight, from un-der a cloud, Let me proclaim it and
 2. Out in the sunlight, His voice I can hear, Bid-ding me trust Him and
 3. Out in the sunlight of mer-cy di-vine, Out in the sunlight His
 4. Out in the sunlight that streams from above, Out in the sunlight of

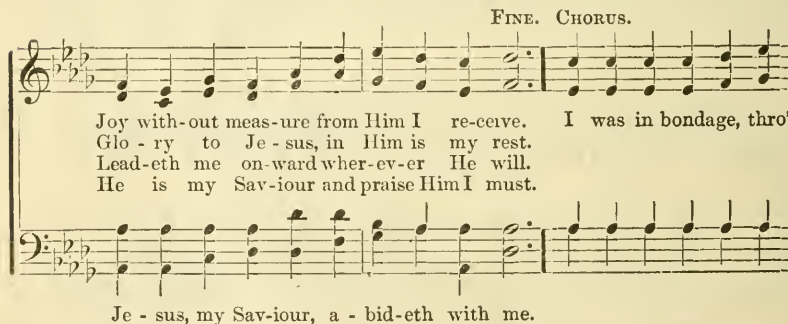
§



shout it a-loud; Glo-ry to Je-sus, I now can be-lieve,
 be of good cheer; Glo-ry to Je-sus, my soul He has blessed,
 hand is in mine; Glo-ry to Je-sus, He lead-eth me still,
 in-fi-nite love; Glo-ry to Je-sus, the faith-ful and just,

D. S. I was in bon-dage, thro' grace I am free,

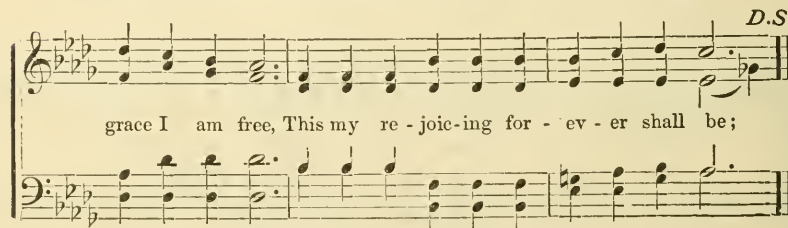
FINE. CHORUS.



Joy with-out meas-ure from Him I re-ceive. I was in bondage, thro'
 Glo-ry to Je-sus, in Him is my rest.
 Lead-eth me on-ward wher-ev-er He will.
 He is my Sav-iour and praise Him I must.

Je-sus, my Sav-iour, a-bid-eth with me.

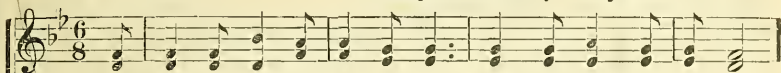
D.S.



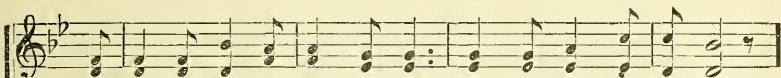
grace I am free, This my re-joic-ing for-ev-er shall be;

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

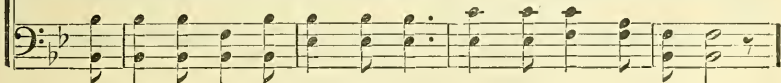
Adapted and Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



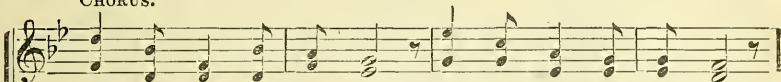
1. From that dear cross where Je-sus died, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a-way, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
3. For ev-'ry con-trite, wounded soul, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
4. For ev-'ry wea-ry, ach-ing heart, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
5. With life and peace up-on its tide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;



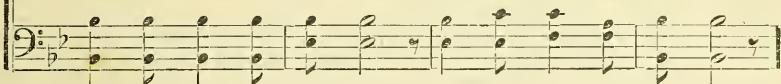
From bleeding hands and feet and side, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Come, while 'tis call'd sal-va-tion's day, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Step in just now, and be made whole, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 A ten-der heal-ing to im-part, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Sweet blessings down the a-ges glide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.



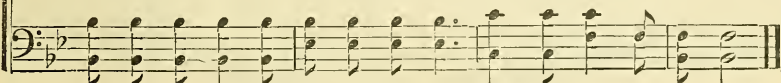
CHORUS.



Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;

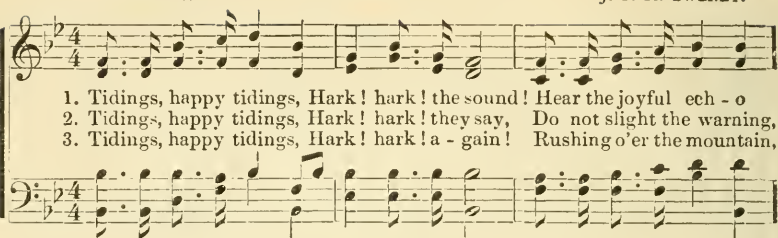


Flow-ing so free for you and for me, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.

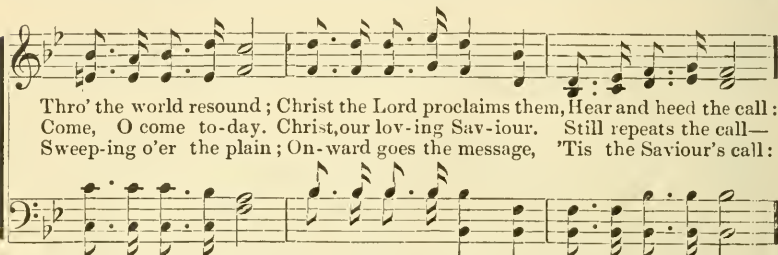


LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

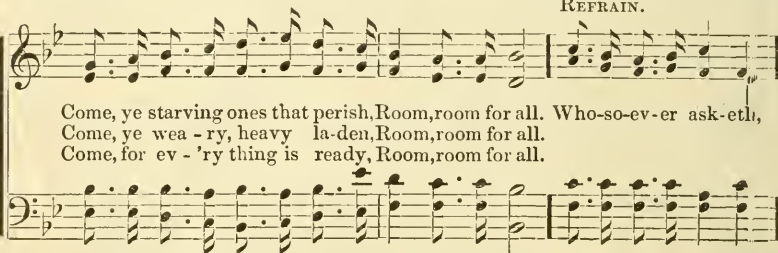


1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful eeh - o
 2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
 3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

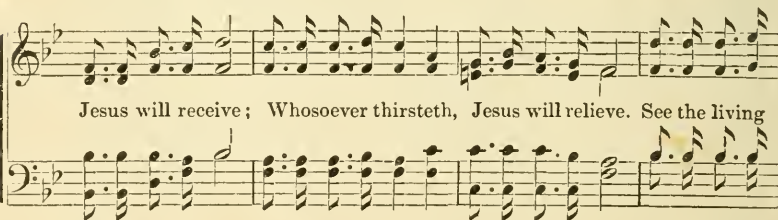


Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call:
 Come, O come to-day. Christ, our lov-ing Sav-iour. Still repeats the call—
 Sweep-ing o'er the plain; On-ward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call:

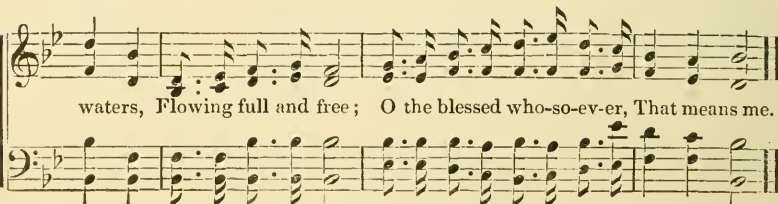
REFRAIN.



Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Who-so-ev-er ask-eth,
 Come, ye wea - ry, heavy la-den, Room, room for all.
 Come, for ev - 'ry thing is ready, Room, room for all.



Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve. See the living

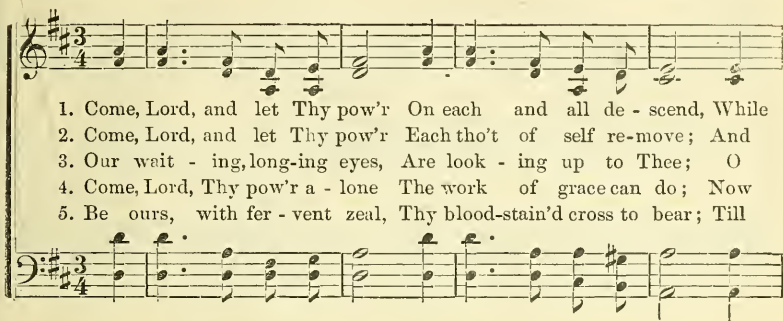


waters, Flowing full and free; O the blessed who-so-ev-er, That means me.

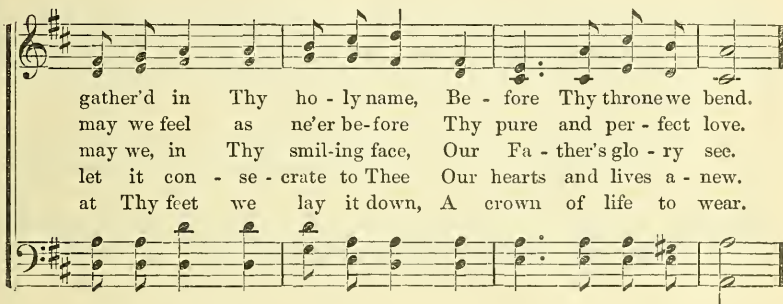
From "SONGS OF TRIUMPH." By per.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

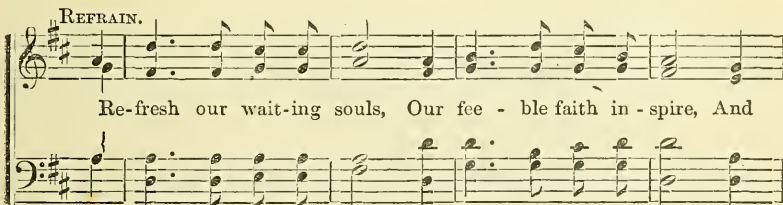


1. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r On each and all de - scend, While
 2. Come, Lord, and let Thy pow'r Each tho't of self re-move; And
 3. Our wait - ing, long-ing eyes, Are look - ing up to Thee; O
 4. Come, Lord, Thy pow'r a - lone The work of grace can do; Now
 5. Be ours, with fer - vent zeal, Thy blood-stain'd cross to bear; Till

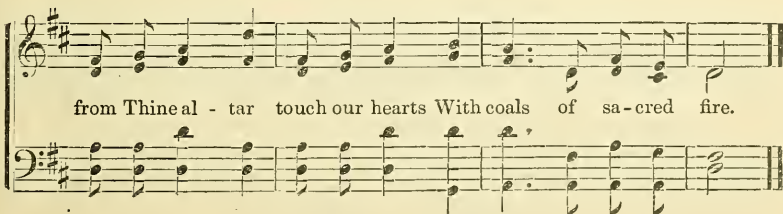


gather'd in Thy ho - ly name, Be - fore Thy throne we bend.
 may we feel as ne'er be-fore Thy pure and per - fect love.
 may we, in Thy smil-ing face, Our Fa - ther's glo - ry see.
 let it con - se - crate to Thee Our hearts and lives a - new.
 at Thy feet we lay it down, A crown of life to wear.

REFRAIN.



Re-fresh our wait-ing souls, Our fee - ble faith in - spire, And



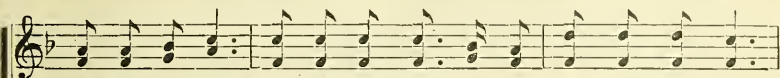
from Thine al - tar touch our hearts With coals of sa - cred fire.

W. J. K.

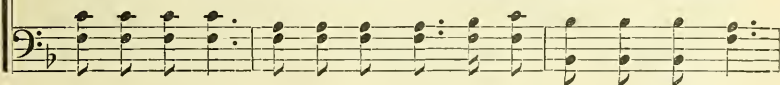
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav-iour, sal
2. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, He
3. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but
4. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: cheer-ful-ly sing Loud hal-le - lu - ias to



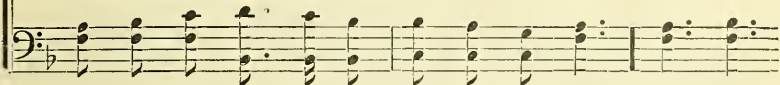
va-tion af-fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit - ness with - in,
 cast-eth out fear; Trusting His prom-is - es, how I am blest;
 now it is day; Beau-ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see,
 Je - sus, my King! Ran-som'd and par-don'd, re - deem'd by His blood,



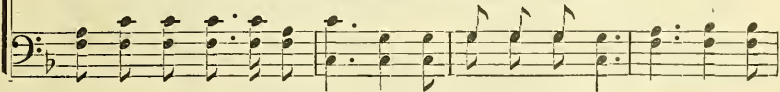
REFRAIN.



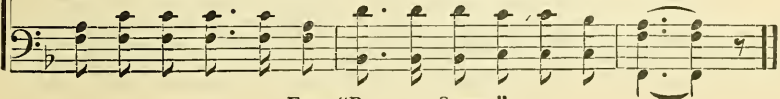
Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin. Sav'd, sav'd,
 Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
 Je - sus in bright-ness re - veal'd un - to me.
 Cleans'd from un - right - eous-ness, glo - ry to God.



sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd, by pow-er divine; Sav'd, sav'd, I'm



sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav-iour, is mine.



From "PRECIOUS SONGS,"

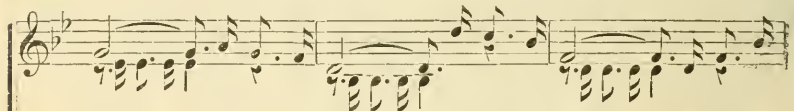
"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—LUKE xxiii. 33.

Rev. W. McK. DARWOOD.

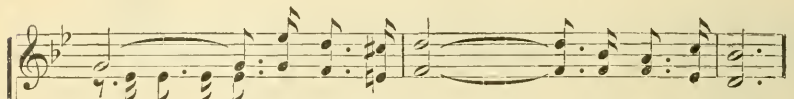
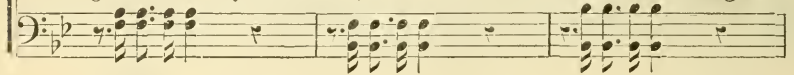
JNO. R. SWENEY.



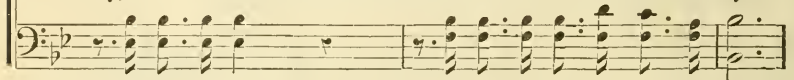
1. On Calv'ry's brow..... my Saviour died,..... 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks..... and dark'ning skies,..... My Sav-iour
3. O Je - sus, Lord,..... how can it be,..... That Thou shouldst



Lord..... was cru-ci-fied;..... 'Twas on the cross..... He bled for
bows..... His head and dies;..... The opening veil..... re-veals the
give..... Thy life for me,..... To bear the cross..... and ag-o-



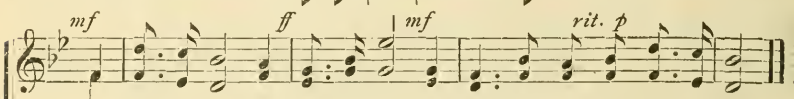
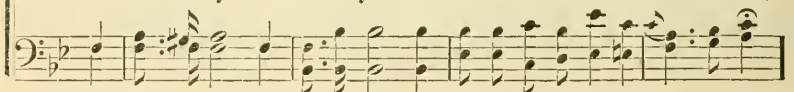
me,..... And purchased there..... my par-don free.
way..... To heav-en's joys..... and end-less day.
ny,..... In that dread hour..... on Cal-va-ry!



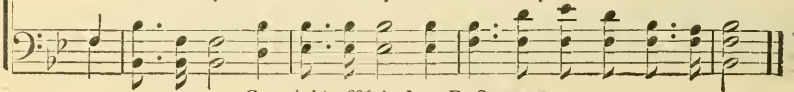
mf REFRAIN.



O Cal - va-ry! dark Calvary! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me,

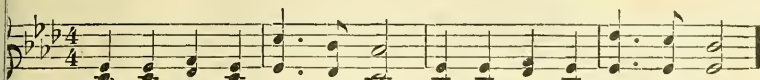


O Cal - va-ry! blest Cal - va-ry! 'Twas there my Sav-iour died for me,

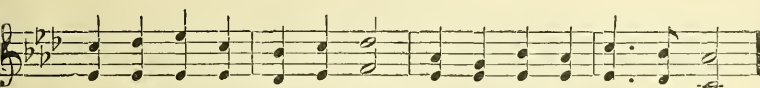
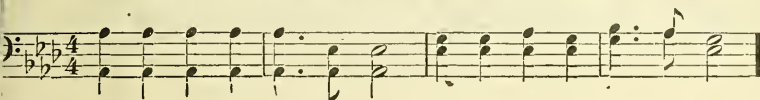


W. J. K.

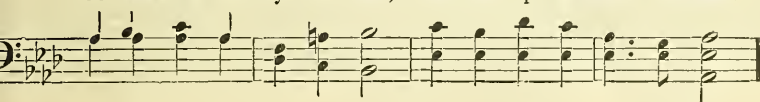
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



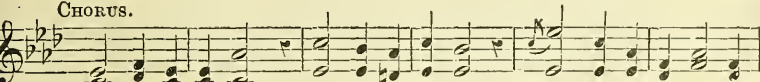
1. I have found a pre-cious Friend, On whose Word my hopes de-pend :
2. When beneath Je-ho - vah's frown My crush'd heart was sinking down,
3. When I struggled all in vain, Peace and par-don to ob - tain,
4. When the tempter's pow'r assail'd, And my cour-age well nigh fail'd,
5. When I sought to know His will, Ev - 'ry pur-pose to ful - fil,



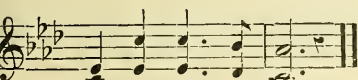
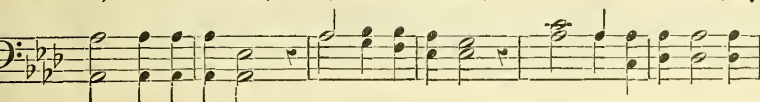
Je - sus, Sav-iour, Brother too, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er true.
 Je - sus heard my plaintive cry, Came and bro't sal - va - tion nigh.
 Je - sus came to my re - lief, Bore my weight of sin and grief.
 Je - sus brought His armor bright, Made me Vic-tor by His might.
 Je - sus took me by the hand, Led me up to Beu - lah Land.



CHORUS.



O, how I love Him, O, how I love Him, O, how I love Him, My



best, my dear - est Friend !



- 6 Now, when waves of care and woe
Come my soul to overthrow,
Jesus in His arms of love
Lifts me, bears me far above.

- 7 Now I'll magnify His name,
His great goodness I'll proclaim ;
In my heart He comes to stay,—
Keeps me, saves me, day by day.

FRED STOREY.

J. W. EWING.

1. There is no refuge like the bleed-ing side Of the Man of Cal - va - ry.
 2. There is no army like the blood-wash'd throng, Who surround the great white throne.
 3. No home so blessed as the mansion fair, In our Father's home a - bove.

There is no Saviour like the eru - ci - fied, Who died on the cross for me.
 No joy - ful music like the new, new song, No crowns like the victor's crown.
 No robe so spotless as the ransom'd wear, No love like the Father's love.

CHORUS.

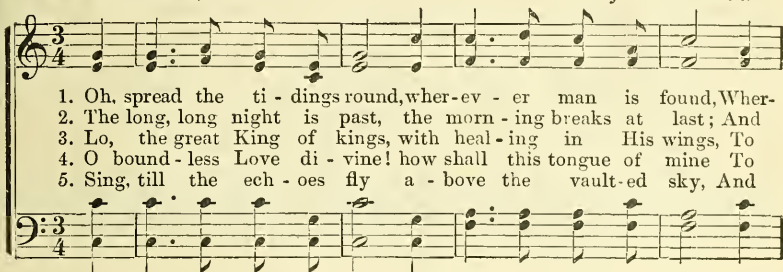
No danger I'm fearing, Sheltered in the shade of the Rock I am.

White raiment I'm wearing, Pu-ri-fied from sin thro' the blood of the Lamb.

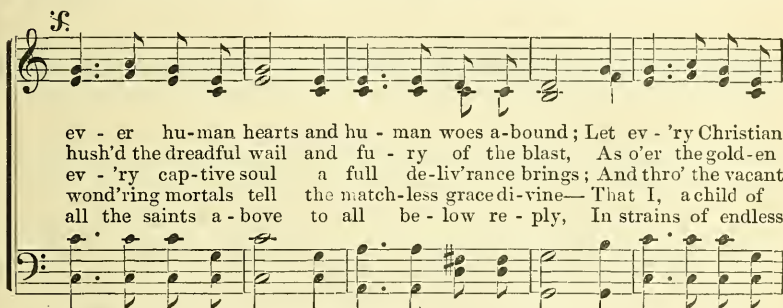
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—JOHN xiv. 16.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

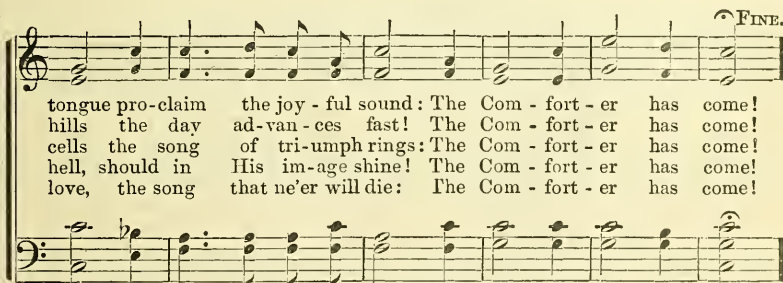


1. Oh, spread the ti - dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And



ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
 wond'ring mortals tell the match - less grac'di - vine— That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of endless

D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings



tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri - umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

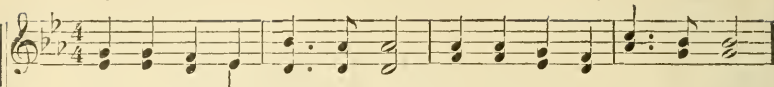
CHORUS.



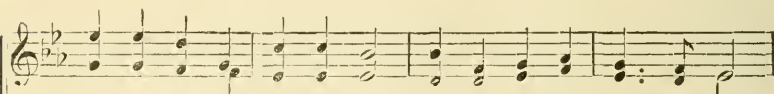
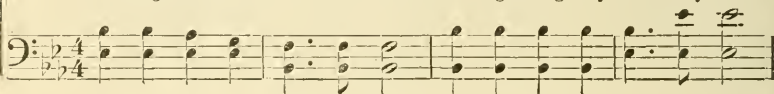
The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

FANNY J. CROSBY.

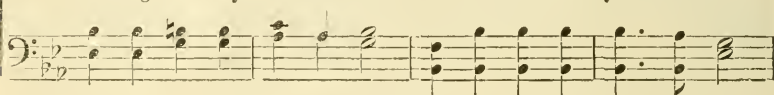
JNO. R. SWENEY.



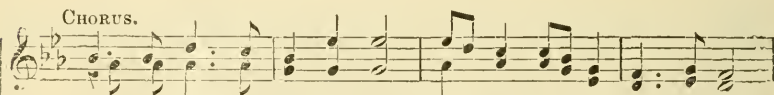
1. Thou to whom my life I owe, Thou from whom my bless-ings flow ;
2. Trusting Thee in good or ill, On Thy prom-ise lean - ing still,
3. 'Tis Thine eye that nev - er sleeps, O'er my path a vig - il keeps;
4. Trusting Thee for all I need ; Trusting, though my heart may bleed ;



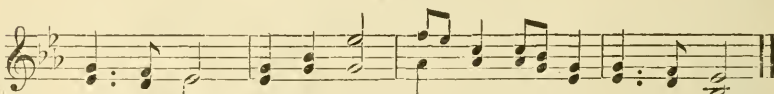
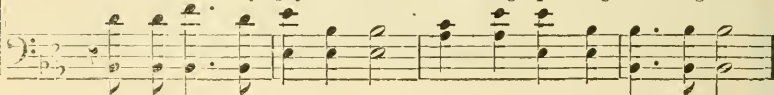
Rock E - ter - nal, hope di - vine, Light, whose beams for-ev - er shine.
 There my rest, and on - ly there, Safe be-neath Thy ten - der care.
 'Tis Thy voice that calms my fears, Thy dear hand that dries my tears.
 Trusting till my soul shall rise To its home be - yond the skies.



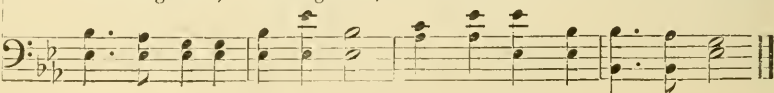
CHORUS.



This a - lone my joy shall be: Lov-ing, praising, trust-ing Thee;



Trust - ing Thee, I'm trusting Thee, Lov-ing, praising, trust-ing Thee.
 Trust - ing Thee, trusting Thee,

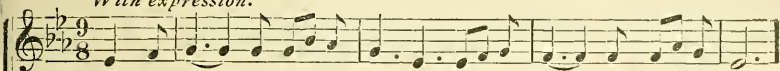


"I will betroth thee unto me for ever." HOSEA ii. 19.

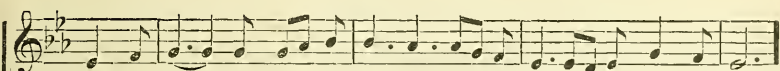
D. K. W.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

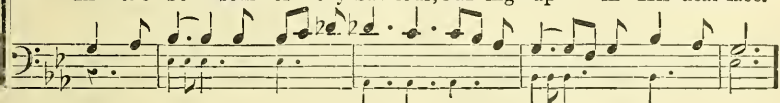
With expression.



1. Not a sound invades the still-ness, Not a form in-vades the scene,
2. And with-in those heav'nly places, Calmly hushed in sweet re-pose,
3. Wrapt in deep, a - dor-ing si-lence, Je - sus, Lord, I dare not move,
4. Rest, then, O my soul, con-tent-ed, Thou hast reach'd thy happy place,



Save the voice of my Be-lov-ed, And the per - son of my King.
There I drink with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose.
Lest I lose the smallest saying Meant to catch the ear of love.
In the bo - som of thy Sav-iour, Gaz-ing up in His dear face.



CHORUS.



Precious, gen - tle, ho - ly Je - sus! Blessed Bridegroom of my heart,
Precious, Blessed,



In Thy se - cret in-ner chamber Thou wilt whis - per what Thou art.
In Thy Thou wilt



C. WESLEY. Alt. by J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Depths of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now with sor - row I re - pent; All my fol - lies I la - ment;
4. Je - sus ev - er plead-ing stands, Shows His wounded side and hands;



Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me the chief of sin - ners spare?
 Would not heark-en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
 All my sins I now de-plore; By His grace I'll sin no more.
 God is love; I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.



CHORUS.



Je-sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, My all I re - sign to His will;



Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je-sus weeps, Jesus weeps, and loves me still.



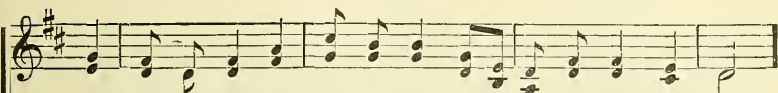
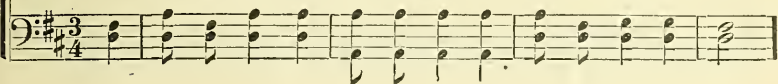
Copyright, 1894, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

J. G.

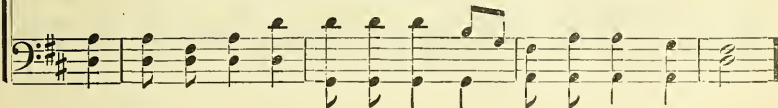
Rev. JOSHUA GILL.



1. On Cal-v'ry's cross the Sav-iour bled And died, His love to show;
2. The word of God is strong and clear, By this, His will I know;
3. My heart now feels the sprinkled blood That wash-es white as snow;
4. Noth-ing dis-turbs my in-ward peace, No dark or se-cret foe;
5. The streams of life from out my heart, In rich a-bun-dance flow;
6. No tran-sient good al-lures my soul, In world-ly paths to go;



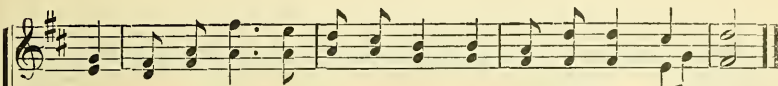
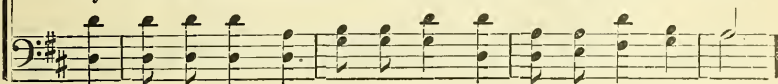
Thro' Him e-ter-nal life I have, The Spir-it tells me so.
 But when His will is wrought in me, The Spir-it tells me so.
 My soul is cleansed from in-bred sin, The Spir-it tells me so.
 The cleansing blood now makes me free, The Spir-it tells me so.
 No sin pol-lutes the foun-tain deep, The Spir-it tells me so.
 I am the heir of end-less bliss, The Spir-it tells me so.



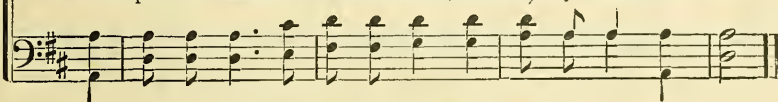
CHORUS.



My soul is cleans'd from in-bred sin, And this is how I know;

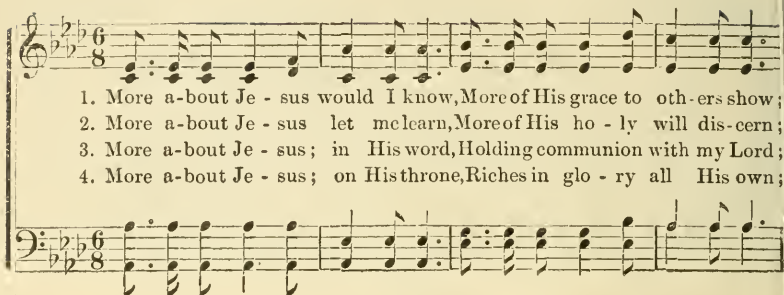


The Spir-it answers to the blood, And sure-ly tells me so.

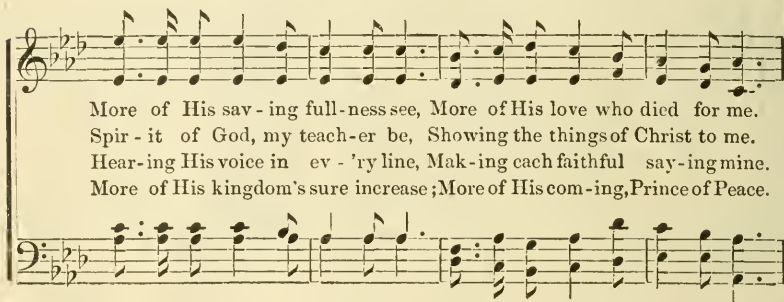


E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY,

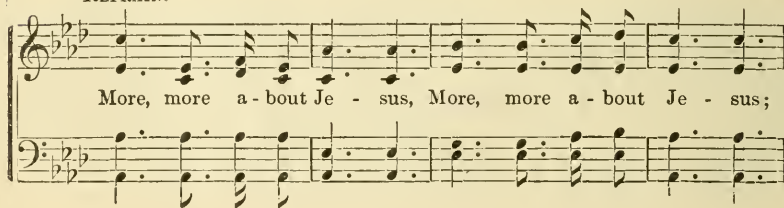


1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
 2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis - cern;
 3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord;
 4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Riches in glo - ry all His own;

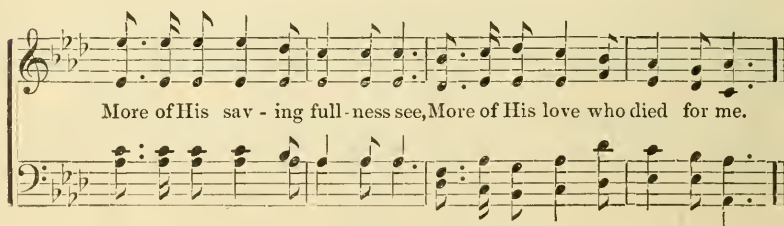


More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faithful say - ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



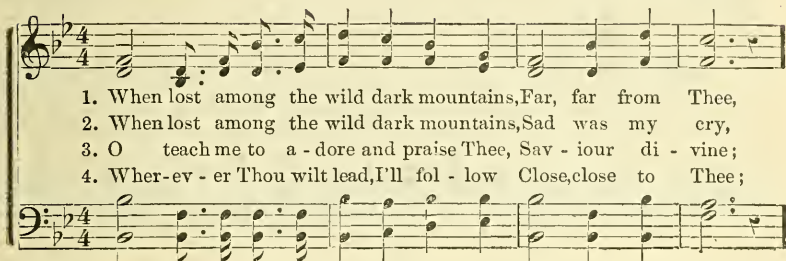
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



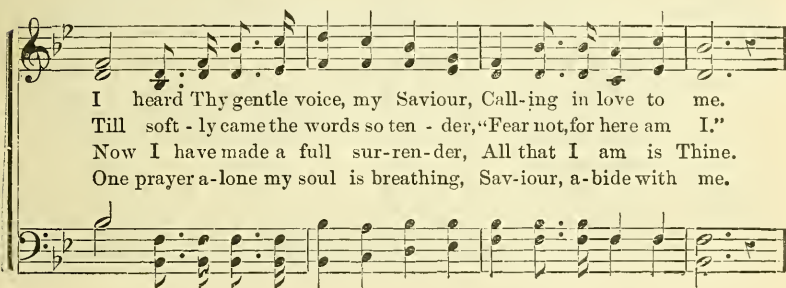
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

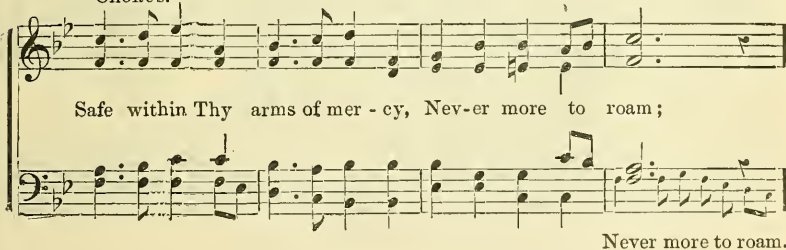


1. When lost among the wild dark mountains, Far, far from Thee,
 2. When lost among the wild dark mountains, Sad was my cry,
 3. O teach me to a - dore and praise Thee, Sav - iour di - vine;
 4. Wher - ev - er Thou wilt lead, I'll fol - low Close, close to Thee;

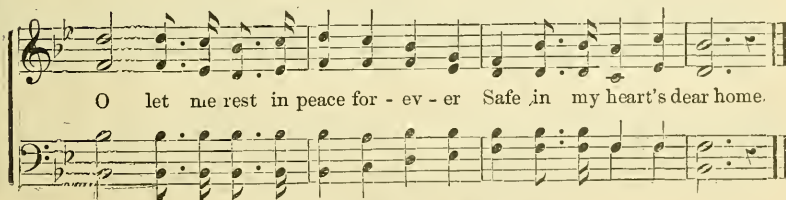


I heard Thy gentle voice, my Saviour, Call - ing in love to me.
 Till soft - ly came the words so ten - der, "Fear not, for here am I."
 Now I have made a full sur - ren - der, All that I am is Thine.
 One prayer a - lone my soul is breathing, Sav - iour, a - bide with me.

CHORUS.



Safe within Thy arms of mer - cy, Nev - er more to roam;
 Never more to roam.



O let me rest in peace for - ev - er Safe in my heart's dear home.

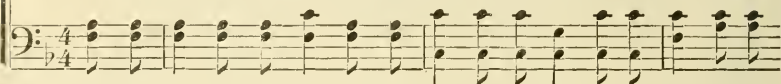
123 O Make Room for the Saviour.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When the Saviour was born on that wonderful night, There was no room for
2. There was room in the inn for the rich and the gay, But no room for the
3. It has ev - er been so, men can always find room For all things but the
4. O make room for the Saviour, He'll be your best friend, You will want such a



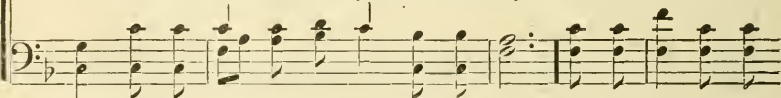
Him in the inn; The' the house was o'er-flow - ing, all joy - ous and
Sav - iour at all; So then turn'd from its doors, in the manger He
Sav - iour to - day; They keep say - ing, "Not now, when I'm nearing the
friend when you die; He will guide you thro' life, make Him room 'till the



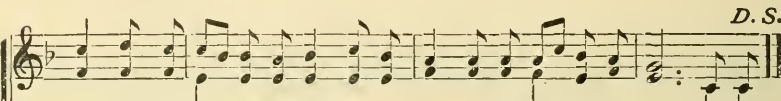
D. S. room in your heart, give to Him ev - 'ry



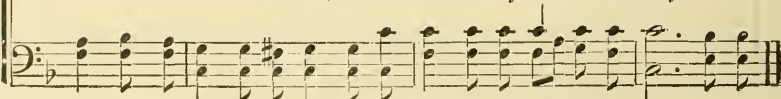
bright, Yet no room could be found there for Him. O make room, O make
lay, Made His bed with the beasts of the stall.
tomb, In the presence of death I will pray."
end, Then He'll make room for you in the sky.



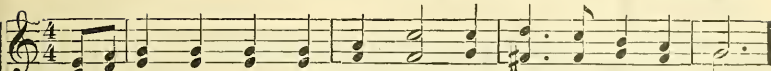
part, O make room, O make room there, we pray.



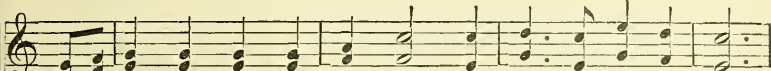
room for the Saviour to come, Make Him room in your houses to-day; Make Him



Words and music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

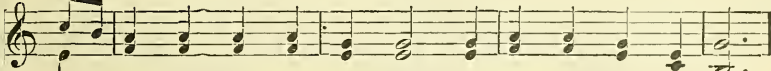


1. O who'll stand up for Je - sus, The low - ly Naz - a - rene?
 2. O who will fol - low Je - sus, 'A - mid reproach and shame?
 3. Tho' fierce may rage the bat - tle, And wild the storm may blow,—
 4. My all to Christ I've giv - en, My tal - ents, time and voice,
 5. O Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, My all - suf - fi - cient Friend!

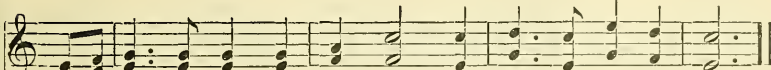


And raise the blood-stain'd ban - ner A - mid the hosts of sin?
 Where oth - ers shrink or fal - ter, Who'll glo - ry in His Name?
 Tho' friends may go for - ev - er, Who will with Je - sus go?
 My - self, my rep - u - ta - tion, The lone way is my choice.
 Come, fold me to Thy bo - som, E'en to the journey's end.

CHORUS.



The cross for Christ I'll cher - ish, Its cru - ci - fix - ion bear;

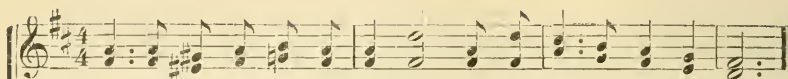


All hail! re-proach or sor - row, If Je - sus leads me there.

By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

ALICE M. LOWE.

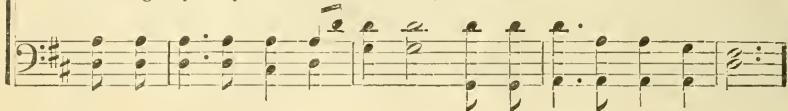
N. S. HOWARD.



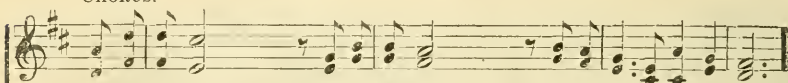
1. At the feet of Je - sus wait-ing, I have heard His sweet command :
2. At the feet of Je - sus wait-ing, Do - ing what He bids me do,
3. At the feet of Je - sus wait-ing, Lay-ing ev - 'ry bur-den down,
4. At the feet of Je - sus wait-ing, Just as He would have me be,
5. At the feet of Je - sus wait-ing, May I ev - er there be found ;



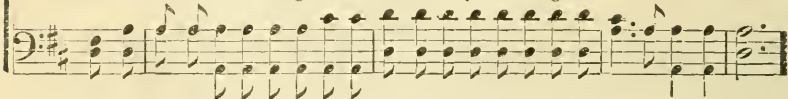
"Go and work with-in my vine-yard, La-bor with thy heart and hand."
 Toil - ing, suf - fer - ing, en - dur - ing, For His grace will bear me thro'.
 Leav - ing all the world can give me, For a bright and glorious crown!
 Wait - ing for the home in glo - ry He's pre - par - ing now for me.
 Prov - ing, by my faith - ful ser - vice, Christ in me to all a - round.



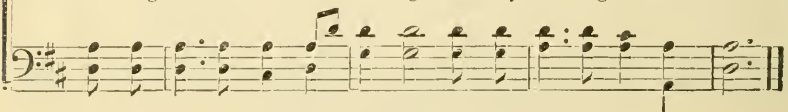
CHORUS.



I am waiting, always waiting, Waiting now to do His will:
 I am waiting, always waiting,



Wait - ing now to bear the mes - sage, And my call - ing to ful - fill.



GEORGE KEITH.

Tune, "PORTUGUESE HYMN."

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, Oh be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-

faith in His ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say, than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I

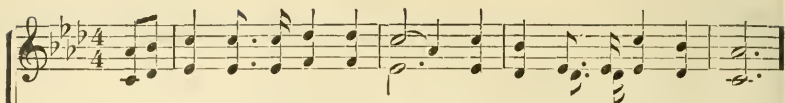
you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
 tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-

fied? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 fine, Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

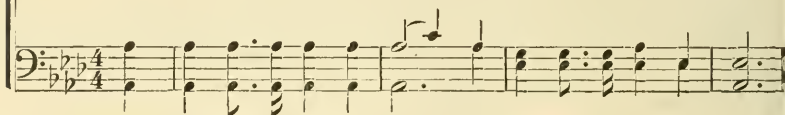
5 E'en down to old age all My people shall prove [I]ve;
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable I will not, I will not desert to his foes:
 'And when hoary hairs shall their tem-ples adorn, [som be borne. That soul, though all hell should en-
 Like lambs, they shall still in my bo- I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



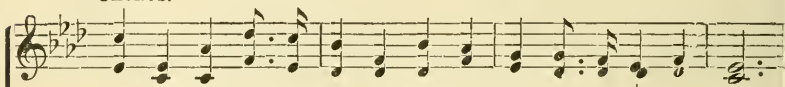
1. O Sav-iour, Thy voice I hear, Its mu - sic of love I know;
2. O Sav-iour, Thy voice I hear, It com - forts me day by day;
3. I list for Thy voice so dear, When wea-ry my feet may be;
4. And O, at the clos-ing hour, When la - bor and toil are past,



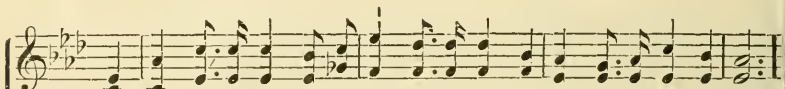
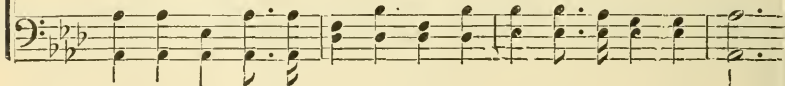
How si - lent in-to my soul it comes, While stead-i-ly forth I go.
 It speaks and the storm of life grows still, The shadows dissolve a - way.
 How tran-quil-ly o'er the vale of night, Thy promise it brings to me.
 Thy voice that so tenderly cheers me now, Will greet me in heav'n at last.



CHORUS.



Thou wilt show me the path of peace That leads to the heav'nly land;



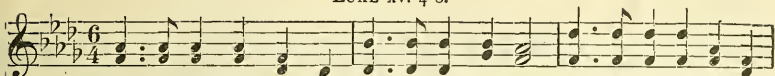
I know in Thy presence is fullness of joy And pleasures at Thy right hand



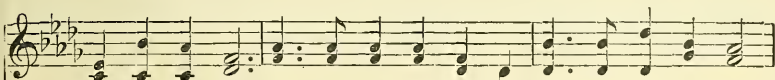
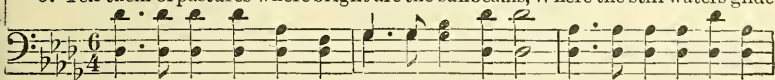
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

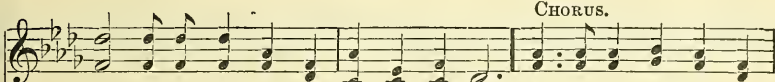
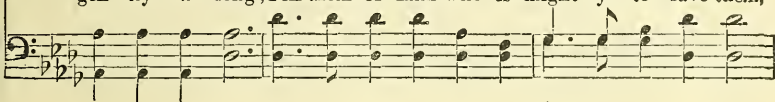
LUKE xv. 4-8.



1. Hark! the Good Shepherd is call-ing His neighbors, Calling His friends to go
2. Lin - ger no long - er in self - ish in - difference, Rouse to the work of the
3. Tell them of pastures where bright are the sunbeams, Where the still waters glide

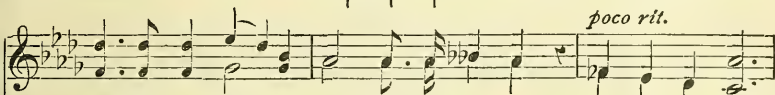
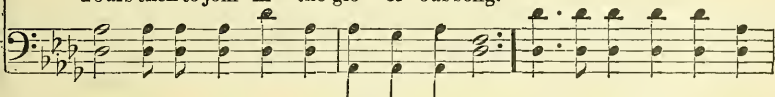


with Him to-day, Out in the des-ert, where sin - ners are wandering,
 Mas - ter we love; Let His own Spir - it still guide and di - rect you,
 gen - tly a - long; Tell them of Him who is might - y to save them,

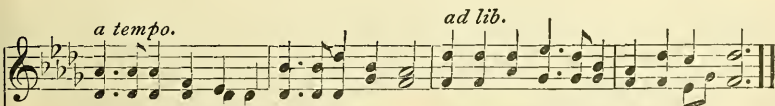


CHORUS.

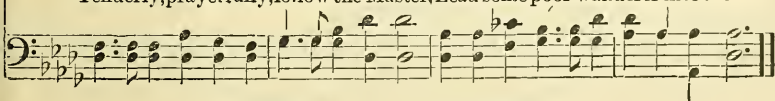
Lost in the dark-ness, so blind - ly a - stray. Je - sus is seek - ing them,
 Seek souls for Je - sus; oh, point them a - bove.
 Yours then to join in the glo - ri - ous song.

*poco rit.*

seek - ing to save them, Out in the mid - night, out in the cold;

*a tempo.**ad lib.*

Tenderly, prayerfully, follow the Master, Lead some poor wanderer into the fold.



129 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. P. B.

J. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
 2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I sing it a -
 debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No oth - er foun -
 heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In Him the rich
 as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's nothing but

gain and a - gain; Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
 bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love

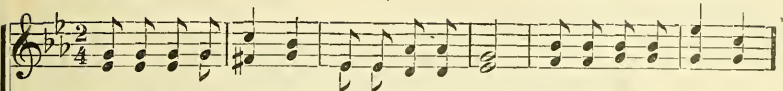
CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove, (a - bove,)

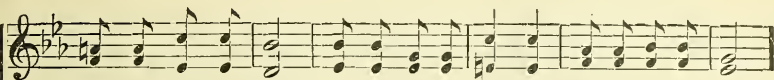
rit.
 Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

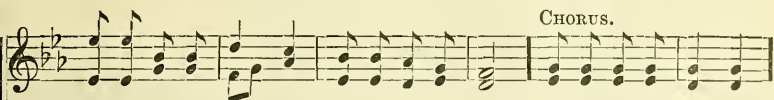
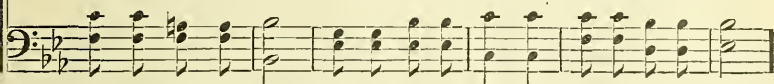
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



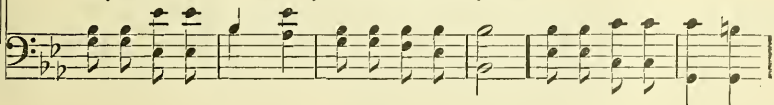
1. Like a riv-er glorious Is God's perfect peace, O - ver all vic - to - rious
2. Hidden in the hol - low Of His blessed hand, Nev-er foe can fol - low,
3. Ev'-ry joy or tri - al Falleth from a - bove, Trac'd upon our di - al



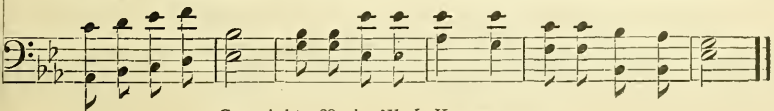
In its bright in-crease. Perfect, yet it flow-eth Fuller ev'-ry day;
 Nev-er traitor stand. Not a surge of wor-ry, Nor a shade of care,
 By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him solely, All for us to do;



Perfect, yet it groweth Deeper all the way. Stay'd upon Je - ho - vah,
 Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spirit there.
 They who trust Him wholly, Find Him wholly true.



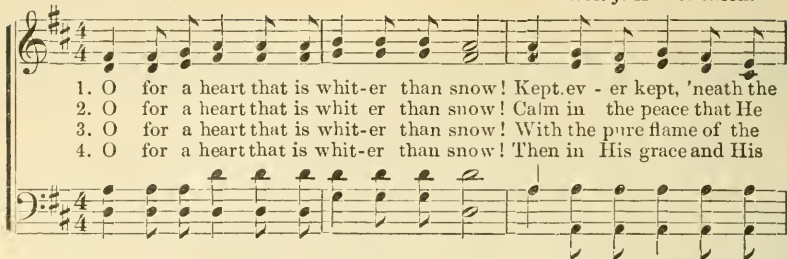
Hearts are truly blest, Finding, as He promis'd, Perfect peace and rest.



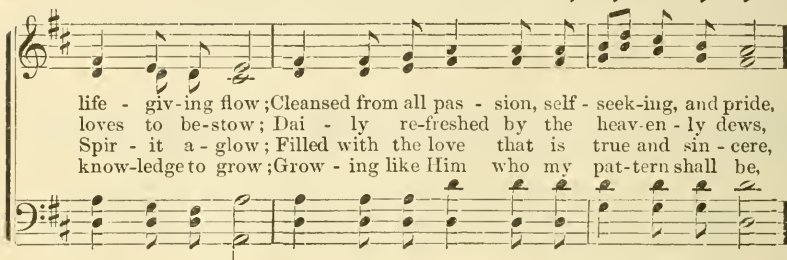
131 O for a Heart Whiter Than Snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

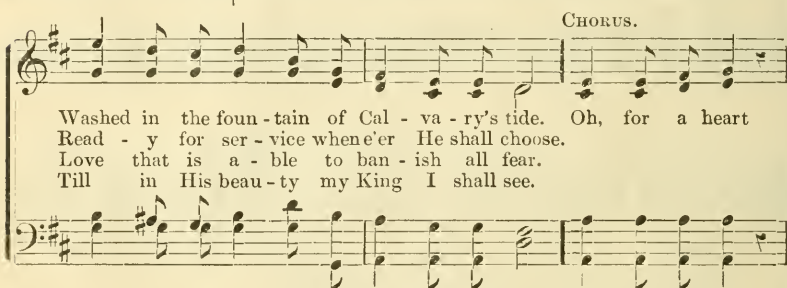
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Kept ev - er kept, 'neath the
 2. O for a heart that is whit er than snow! Calm in the peace that He
 3. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! With the pure flame of the
 4. O for a heart that is whit-er than snow! Then in His grace and His

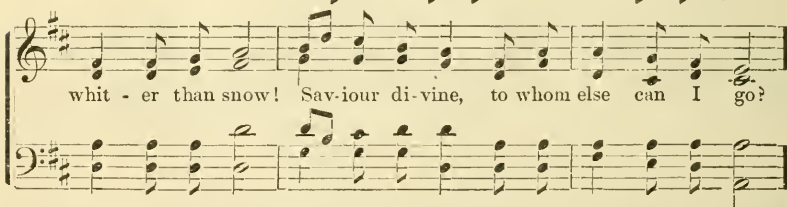


life - giv-ing flow; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seek-ing, and pride,
 loves to be-stow; Dai - ly re-freshed by the heav-en - ly dews,
 Spir - it a - glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,
 know-ledge to grow; Grow - ing like Him who my pat-tern shall be,

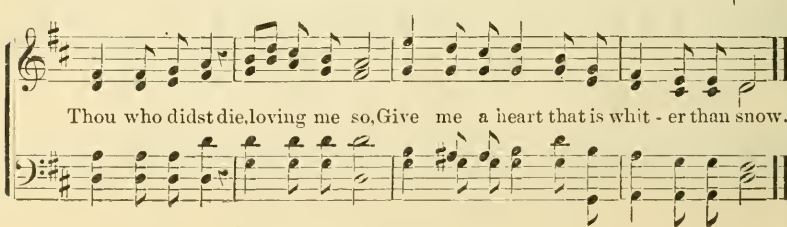


CHORUS.

Washed in the foun-tain of Cal - va - ry's tide. Oh, for a heart
 Read - y for ser - vice when'er He shall choose.
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
 Till in His beau - ty my King I shall see.



whit - er than snow! Sav-iour di-vine, to whom else can I go?



Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whit - er than snow.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, is all things to me, O, what a Won-der-ful
 2. Je - sus, in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov-er - ty,
 3. He is my Ref-uge, my Rock and my Tow'r, He is my For-tress, my
 4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life
 5. Je - sus in sor-row, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in

Sav - iour is He: Guid-ing, pro - tect-ing, o'er life's roll-ing sea,
 com - fort or wealth, Sun-shine or tem-pest, what - ev - er it be,
 Strength and my pow'r; Life Ev - er - last-ing, my Daysman is He,
 Foun - tain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is He,
 loss or in gain; Constant Com-pan-ion, where'er I may be,

CHORUS.

Might-y De - liv - 'rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me.
 He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
 Bless-ed Re - deem-er— Je - sus for me.
 Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me!
 Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!

Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'ry-where, Je - sus for me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



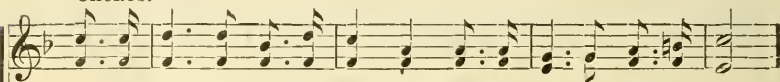
1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, — All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be,



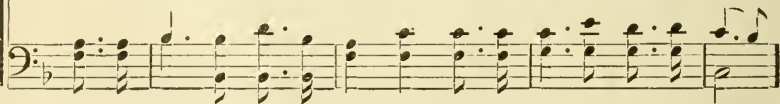
But His love a - bid-eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, tho' bil-lows roll.
 Then throughout my pil-grim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear-er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.



CHORUS.



Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy; Oh, the length and breadth of love;



Oh, the full - ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a - way from its nest, I had
 2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the
 3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a-

wander'd, my Sav-iour, from Thee; But Thy dear lov-ing voice call'd me
 bo - som of mer - cy di - vine; I am fill'd with the light of Thy
 round me the sur-ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the

home to Thy breast, And I knew there was welcome for me.
 pres - ence so bright, And the joy that will ev - er be mine.
 day nev - er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Wel-come for me, Sav-iour, from Thee; A smile and a welcome for me:

Now, like a dove, I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in Thee.
 in thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Be - hold! a roy - al ar - my With ban - ner, sword, and shield,
 2. And now the foe ad - vanc - ing, That valiant host as - sails;
 3. O when the war is end - ed, When strife and con - flict cease,

Are march - ing forth to con - quer, On life's great bat - tle - field;
 And yet they nev - er fal - ter, Their courage nev - er fails;
 When all are safe - ly gath - ered, With - in the vale of peace,

Its ranks are fill'd with sol - diers, U - ni - ted, bold and strong,
 Their Lead - er calls, "Be faith - ful," They pass the word a - long,
 Be - fore the King e - ter - nal, That vast and might - y throng,

Who fol - low'd their Com - mand - er. And sing the joy - ful song.
 They see His sig - nal flash - ing, And shout the joy - ful song.
 Shall praise His name for - ev - er, And this shall be their song:

CHORUS. (*Voices in Unison.*)

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Him who re - deem'd us, Vic - to - ry,

The Joyful Song. Concluded.

Voices in Harmony.

vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord. Vic - to - ry,

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.....
Thro' Christ our Lord.

136 I'm Believing and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are wash'd a - way, Blackest stains be - come as snow, Darkest
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur - rent's ceaseless flow ; Sor - row
3. Ease and wealth become as dross, Worthless, earth's delight and show ; All my

Cho. I'm be - liev - ing and receiving, While I to the fountain go ; And my

night is changed to day, When I to the fountain go.
chang - es in - to song, When I to the fountain go.
boast is in the cross, When I to the fountain go.

heart the waves are cleansing Whit - er than , the driv - en snow.

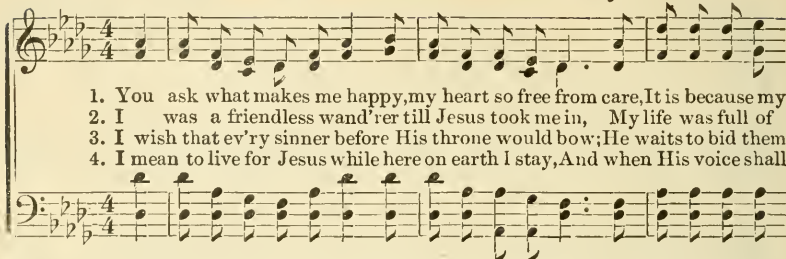
- | | |
|---|--|
| 4 Selfishness is lost in love,
Love for Him whose love you know ;
All my treasure is above,
When I to the fountain go. | 5 Fighting is a great delight,
Never will I fear a foe,
Armed by King Jehovah's might,
When I to the fountain go. |
|---|--|

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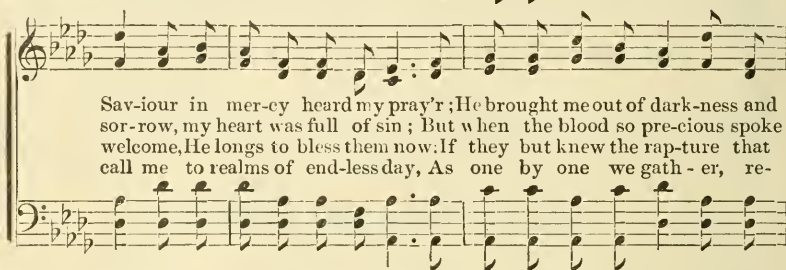
137 I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. DINGMAN.

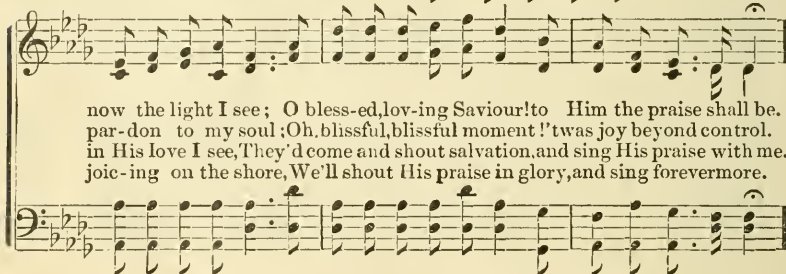
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
 2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
 3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to bid them
 4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall

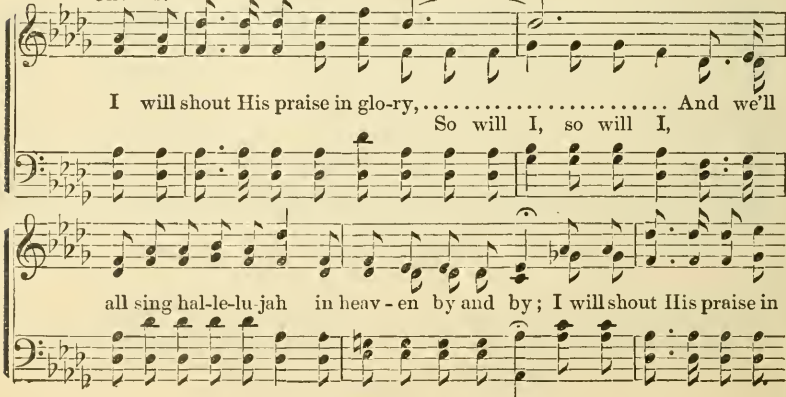


Sav-iour in mer-cy heard my pray'r; He brought me out of dark-ness and
 sor-row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so pre-cious spoke
 welcome, He longs to bless them now: If they but knew the rap-ture that
 call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we gath-er, re-



now the light I see; O bless-ed, lov-ing Saviour! to Him the praise shall be.
 par-don to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
 in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me.
 joic-ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing forevermore.

CHORUS.



I will shout His praise in glo-ry, And we'll
 So will I, so will I,
 all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout His praise in

I Will Shout His Praise. Concluded.

glo-ry,..... And we'll all sing hal-le-lu-jah in heaven by and by.
So will I, so will I,

138

Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

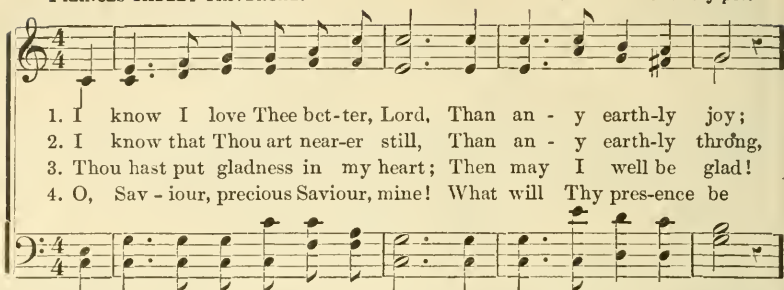
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
golden crowns around the glassy sea; Cher-u - bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-moreshalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, in pu - ri - ty.
mer - ci-ful and might-y, God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

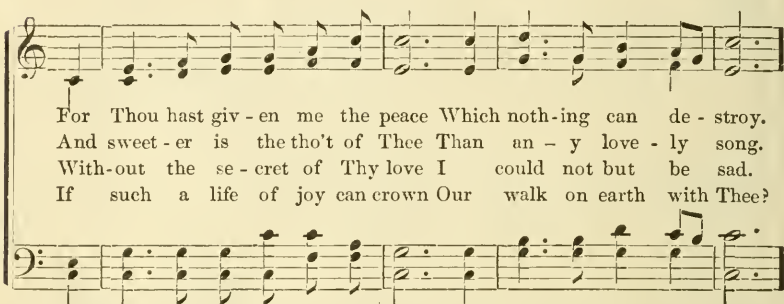
139 The Half has Never been Told.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

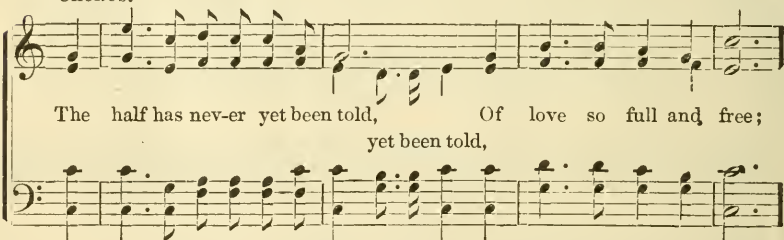


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy;
 2. I know that Thou art near-er still, Than an - y earth-ly throng,
 3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
 4. O, Sav - iour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be

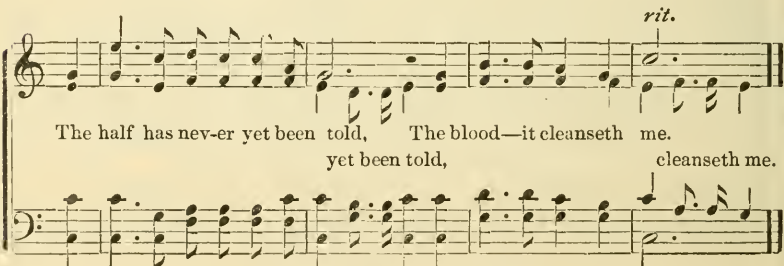


For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
 With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 yet been told,



The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
 yet been told, cleanseth me.

From "GEMS OF GOSPEL SONGS."

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



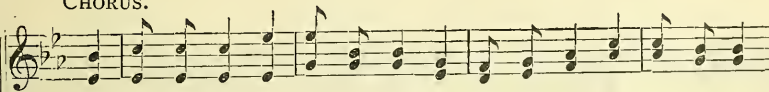
1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world and sin,
4. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap-plied;



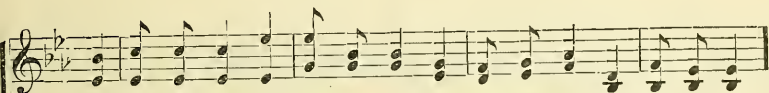
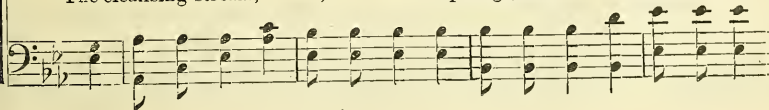
Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wounded side.
 It speaks! pol-lut - ed na-ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleans-ing flood.
 With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ en-throned with-in.
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus knows: My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



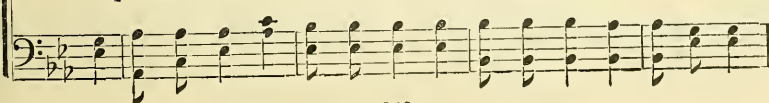
CHORUS.



The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!

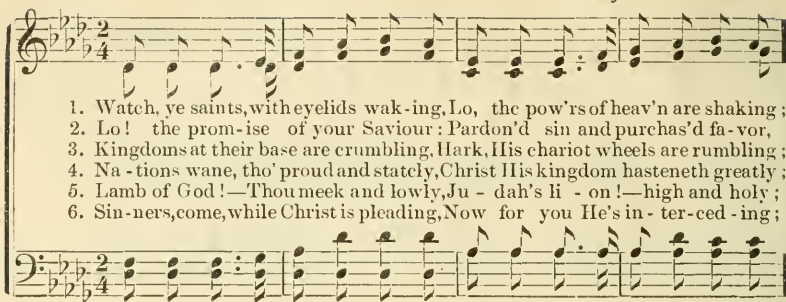


Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

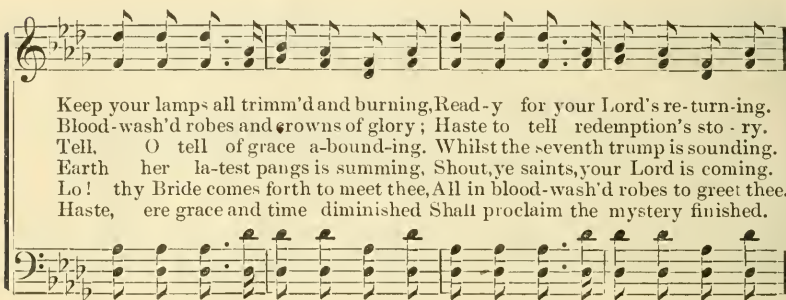


MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

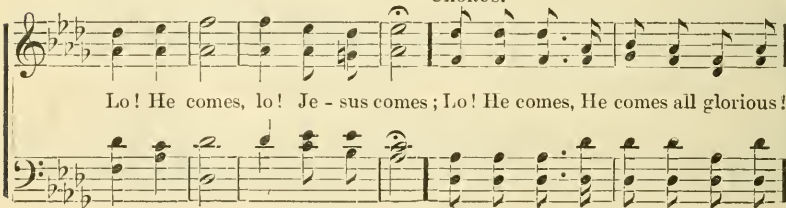


1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids wak-ing, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking ;
 2. Lo! the prom-ise of your Saviour : Pardon'd sin and purchas'd fa-vor,
 3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, His chariot wheels are rumbling ;
 4. Na-tions wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ His kingdom hasteneth greatly ;
 5. Lamb of God!—Thou meek and lowly, Ju-dah's li-on!—high and holy ;
 6. Sin-ners, come, while Christ is pleading, Now for you He's in-ter-ced-ing ;

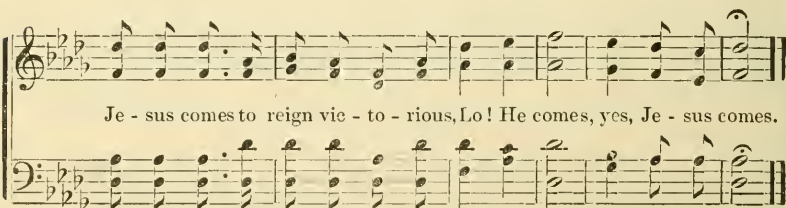


Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Read-y for your Lord's re-turn-ing.
 Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory ; Haste to tell redemption's sto-ry.
 Tell, O tell of grace a-bound-ing. Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
 Earth her la-test pangs is summing. Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.
 Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet thee, All in blood-wash'd robes to greet thee.
 Haste, ere grace and time diminished Shall proclaim the mystery finished.

CHORUS.



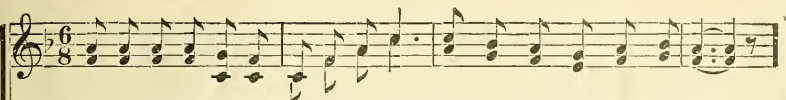
Lo! He comes, lo! Je-sus comes ; Lo! He comes, He comes all glorious !



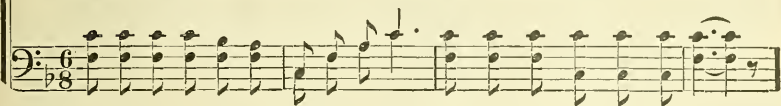
Je-sus comes to reign vic-to-rious, Lo! He comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

WILLIE E. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY



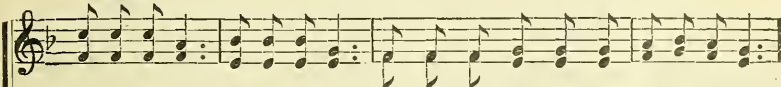
1. Ask and receive, that your joy may be full, Words ev-er welcome to all;
2. Ask and receive, that our joy may be full, Ask in the Sav-iour's dear name;
3. Ask and receive, that our joy may be full, Ask that our joy may re-main;
4. Ask and receive, that our joy may be full, Ask, it will sure-ly be given;



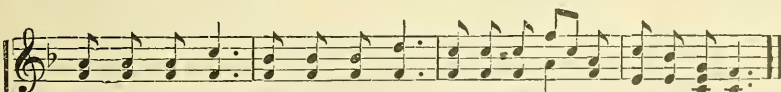
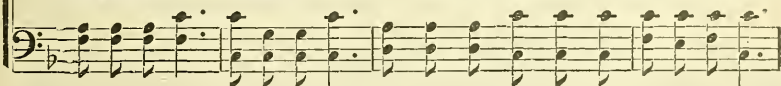
Soft-ly they come when the heart is oppress'd, Sweeter than mu-sic they fall.
 We who are children and heirs of a king, Rich-es un-bound-ed may claim.
 Then we are read-y for all that may come, Sor-row, af-flic-tion or pain.
 Joy that is per-fect, a - bid-ing and sure, Born of our Fa-ther in heaven.



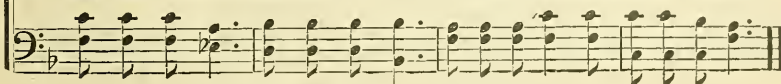
CHORUS.



Ask and receive, trust and believe, Je - sus has taught us to ask and receive;



Ask and re-ceive, trust and be-lieve, Oh, blessed promise, ask and receive.

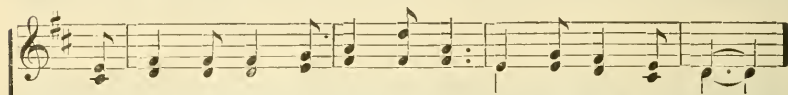


MRS. C. N. PICKOP.

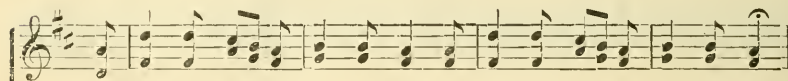
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



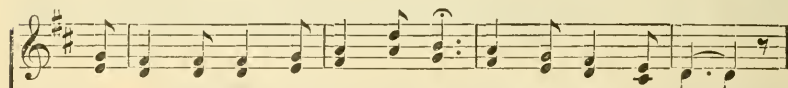
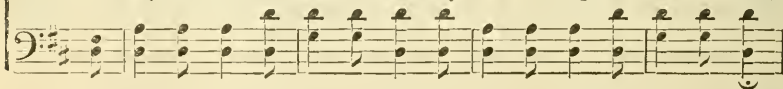
1. We have a Friend who loves us well, Bless His name, bless His name;
2. 'Tis He who dries the mourner's tears, Bless His name, bless His name;
3. His ev - er - last - ing love so true, Bless His name, bless His name,
4. Should we not love Him in re - turn? Bless His name, bless His name,



He loves us more than tongue can tell, Bless His ho - ly name.
 Dis - pels our doubts, al - lays our fears, Bless His ho - ly name.
 Led Him to die for me, for you, Bless His ho - ly name.
 Oh yes, our hearts with - in us burn, Bless His ho - ly name.



He bought our pardon on the tree, He bought sal - va - tion full and free,
 He fills our hearts with peace and love, And sends rich blessings from a - bove,
 This Friend is our sup - port and stay, He cheers our hearts from day to day,
 Oh may His love cast out all sin, May Je - sus reign and rule with - in,



For all mankind, for you, for me, Bless His ho - ly name.
 To cheer us as we on - ward move, Bless His ho - ly name.
 When earth - born hopes have fled a - way, Bless His ho - ly name.
 And help us blood - bought heav'n to win, Bless His ho - ly name.



Our True Friend. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Bless His name, bless His name, Bless His ho - ly name;

He bought sal - va - tion full and free, Bless His ho - ly name.

144

Sanctification. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1. For-ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Foun-tain for guilt and sin,

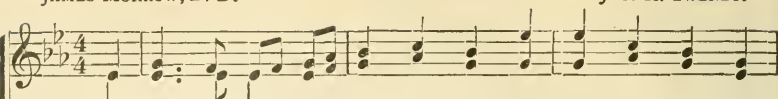
This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav-iour died.
Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; 4 Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Wash me, and mine Thou art; Till faith to sight improve:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,— Till hope in full fruition die,
My hands, my head, my heart. And all my soul be love.

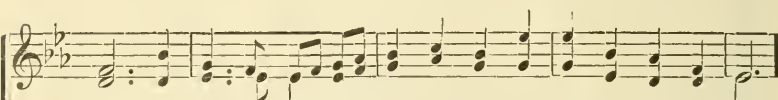
145 The Lost are Coming Home.

JAMES MORROW, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Lift up your ring-ing songs to - night, On moun-tain - top or
2. Some cheeks are seamed by years of sin, And some are flushed in
3. From those who knew the Sav-iour's love, They heard the gos - pel
4. Ho - san - nas ring from ev - 'ry voice, They reach to Heav-en's



shore; For an - gel hearts will throb in joy, With glad news flowing o'er.
youth; But all have known their need of Christ, And all have found the truth.
"Come;" In Him they trust, and kept by Him, They will no long-er roam.
dome, An-gels and saints, re-joice, re - joice, The lost are com - ing home.



CHORUS.



They're com - ing home, Com - ing home, The Sav-iour bids them
They're com - ing, com - ing home, Com - ing, com - ing home,

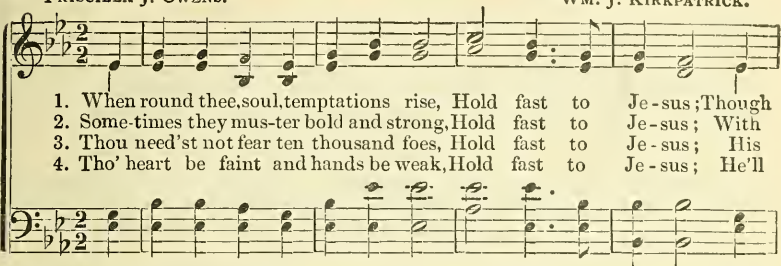


come; Praise God, the weary, wand'ring ones, The lost are com-ing home.

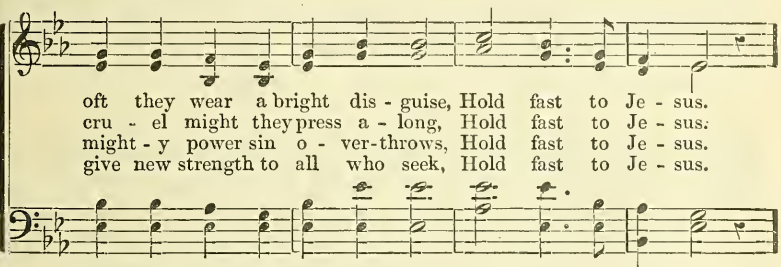


PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

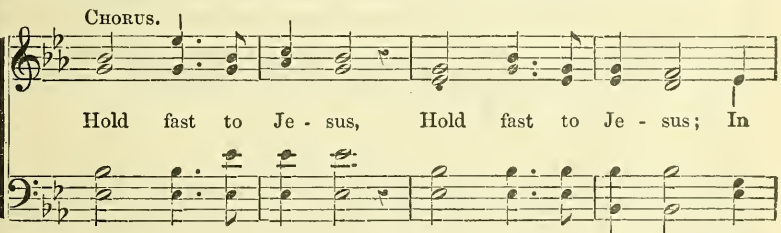


1. When round thee, soul, temptations rise, Hold fast to Je - sus; Though
 2. Some-times they mus-ter bold and strong, Hold fast to Je - sus; With
 3. Thou need'st not fear ten thousand foes, Hold fast to Je - sus; His
 4. Tho' heart be faint and hands be weak, Hold fast to Je - sus; He'll

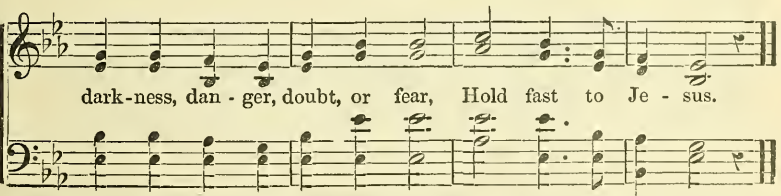


oft they wear a bright dis - guise, Hold fast to Je - sus.
 cru - el might they press a - long, Hold fast to Je - sus:
 might - y power sin o - ver-throws, Hold fast to Je - sus.
 give new strength to all who seek, Hold fast to Je - sus.

CHORUS.



Hold fast to Je - sus, Hold fast to Je - sus; In



dark-ness, dan - ger, doubt, or fear, Hold fast to Je - sus.

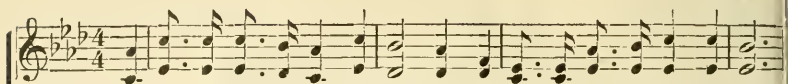
- 5 Though angry billows swell and roll, Hold fast to Jesus;
 He'll be an anchor to the soul,
 Hold fast to Jesus.
- 7 When called to walk death's dark defile, Hold fast to Jesus;
 We'll find it lighted by His smile,
 Hold fast to Jesus.
- 6 He'll keep thee safely in His grasp, Hold fast to Jesus; [clasp,
 And naught shall break that loving
 Hold fast to Jesus.
- 8 Then trust in Him till time shall cease, Hold fast to Jesus;
 Till strife shall end in rest and peace,
 Hold fast to Jesus.

147 There's Cleansing in the Precious Blood.

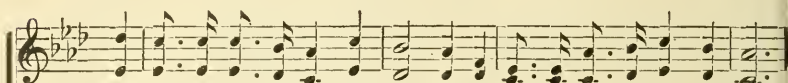
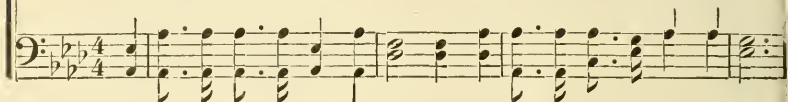
ISA. i. 18.

Rev. ISAAC NAYLOR.

JAMES M. BLACK.



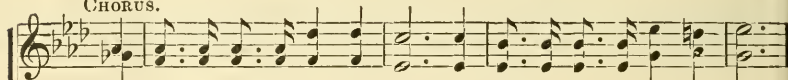
1. Oh! hasten now to Calv'ry's mountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
2. "Come now, to- geth- er let us reason, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
3. If your heart is full of sin and sadness, There's cleansing in the precious blood;
4. At morning, noon and night I'm singing, There's cleansing in the precious blood;



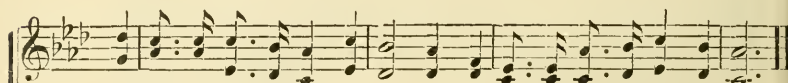
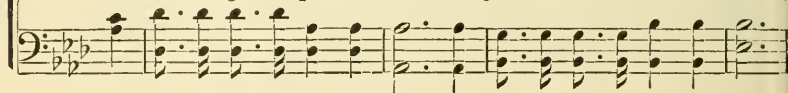
And plunge into the flow- ing fountain, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
Although your sins be red like crimson, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
In Je- sus there is joy and gladness, There's cleansing in the precious blood.
Oh, let us keep the anthem ringing, There's cleansing in the precious blood.



CHORUS.



There's cleansing in the precious blood, Plunge now beneath the crimson flood:

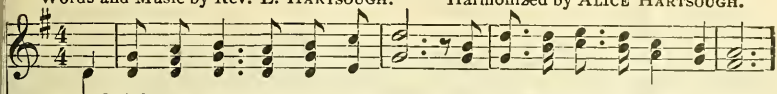


Con- fess- ing all your sins to Je- sus, There's cleansing in the precious blood.

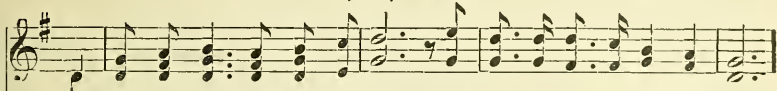
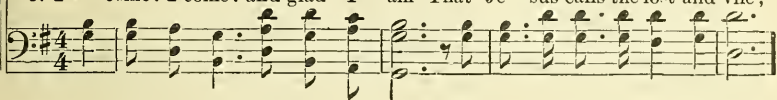


Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

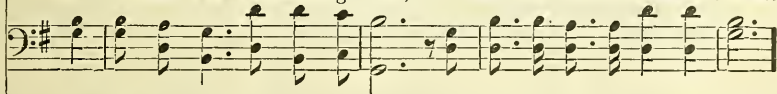
Harmonized by ALICE HARTSOUGH.



1. How bright the Hope that Calv'ry brings, Where Love divine with Mercy blends;
2. 'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a-way;
3. Speak, speak to Zi-on's bur-den'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Calv'ry's Mount;
4. Why need we strug-gle on in self, We cannot make one black spot white;
5. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je - sus calls the lost and vile;

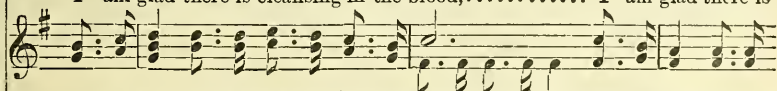


How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the blood can save and cleanse.
 Who gives up all,—who comes by Faith, This cleansing finds without de - lay.
 The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'Tis cleansing in Redemption's Fount.
 'Tis Christ's own blood, and that a-lone Can change and cleanse the heart aright.
 There thousands have a cleansing found, I'll heed the Sav-iour's welcome smile.

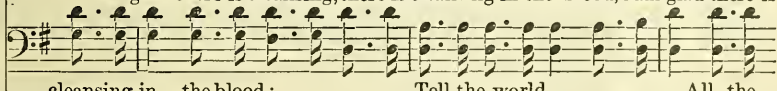


CHORUS.

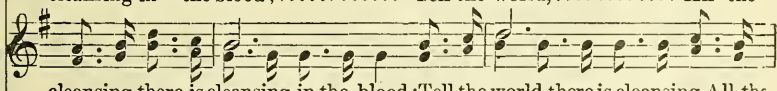
I am glad there is cleansing in the blood,..... I am glad there is



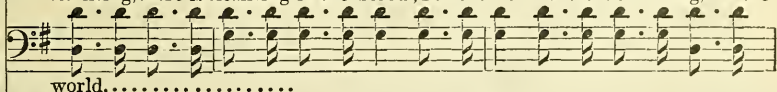
I am glad there is cleansing, there is cleansing in the blood, I am glad there is



cleansing in the blood;..... Tell the world,..... All the



cleansing, there is cleansing in the blood; Tell the world there is cleansing, All the



world,.....

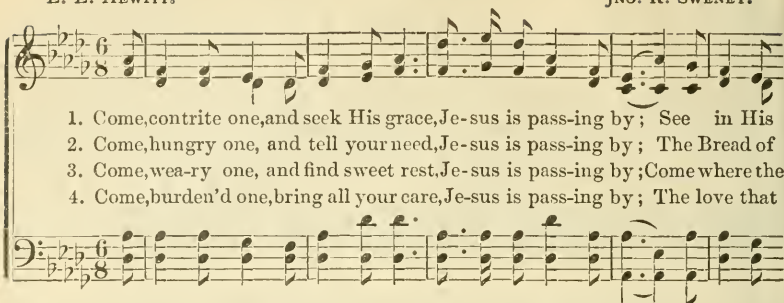


world there is cleans-ing, There is cleans-ing in the Sav-iour's blood.



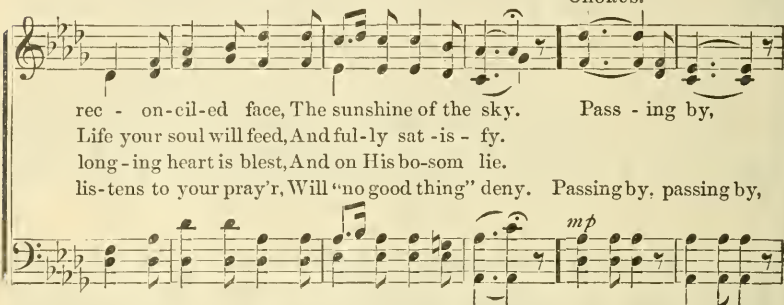
E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

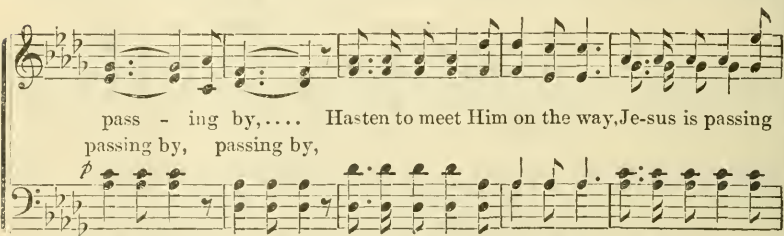


1. Come, contrite one, and seek His grace, Je-sus is pass-ing by; See in His
 2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je-sus is pass-ing by; The Bread of
 3. Come, wea-ry one, and find sweet rest, Je-sus is pass-ing by; Come where the
 4. Come, burden'd one, bring all your care, Je-sus is pass-ing by; The love that

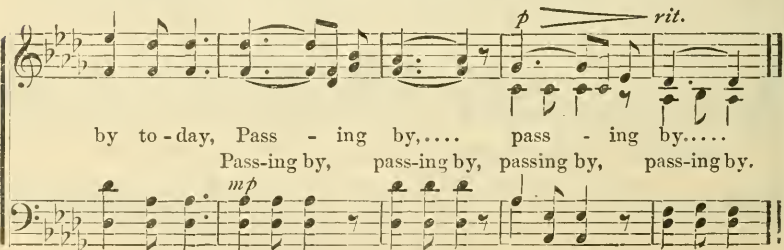
CHORUS.



rec - on-cil-ed face, The sunshine of the sky. Pass - ing by,
 Life your soul will feed, And ful-ly sat-is - fy.
 long - ing heart is blest, And on His bo-som lie.
 lis-tens to your pray'r, Will "no good thing" deny. Passing by, passing by,



pass - ing by,.... Hasten to meet Him on the way, Je-sus is passing
 passing by, passing by,



by to-day, Pass - ing by,.... pass - ing by,....
 Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, passing by, pass-ing by.

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The Blessed News.

"They . . . spread abroad his fame."—MATT. ix. 31.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. I've heard the fame of Je - sus, For some have glad-ly told The
 2. So now, I'm hum-bly com-ing To tell Him all my need, And
 3. I know He will re-ceive me; All glo - ry to His name! His
 4. I know He now re-ceives me, Be - cause His word is true; Re -

joy of His sal - va - tion, His mer - cies man - i - fold.
 while I make eon - fes - sion, The pre - cious blood I'll plead.
 grace and love are bound-less, Ex - ceed - ing all His fame.
 joic - ing in my Sav - iour, I'll spread the tid - ings too.

CHORUS. faster.

Bless - ed news, hap - py news, He will
 Bless - ed news, hap - py news,

take my sins a-way, He will keep me day by day. Blessed news, hap-py
 Blessed news,

news, I have heard the blessed news a - bout Je - sus.
 hap - py news,

E. E. HEWITT.

"My cup runneth over."

E. E. H. Arr. by W. J. K.

Moderato.

1. O, a glad some song 'tis mine to sing, For I took my cup to the
 2. T'was a lit - tle cup I brought to Him, For my faith was small and my
 3. As I come a-new, from day to day, As I work and wait, as I
 4. O, the wonders of my Saviour's love! O, the rich sup-plies of my

living Spring; From the riv - en Rock flows the fountain free. From the cross where
 hopes were dim; Tho' it larg - er grows, as He fills it more; Still with grace di-
 watch and pray; Still His blessings flow in exhaustless store, With His roy-al
 home above; For the promise-word is still "more and more," Till with Heav'n's

CHORUS.

Je - sus died for me. Run - ning o - ver, run - ning o - - ver, How His
 vine, 'tis run - ning o'er.
 gifts, my cup runs o'er.
 joy, the cup runs o'er.

Running o-ver, run-ning o-ver,

love my spir - it thrills! Run - ning o - - - - ver,
 Running o - ver, run - ning o - ver,

Running over,

Copyright, 1894, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Running Over. Concluded.

run-ning o - - - ver; Is the cup that Je - sus fills.
o - ver, run-ning o - ver;

152

And Can It Be?

Arranged by WM. G. FISCHER.

1-1-2-1
FINE

1. { And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caus'd His pain? For me, who Him to death pur-sued?

D.C. A - maz - ing love! how can it be, That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

D.C.

A - maz-ing love! how can it be, That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis myst'ry all: th' Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
Let angel minds inquire no more.

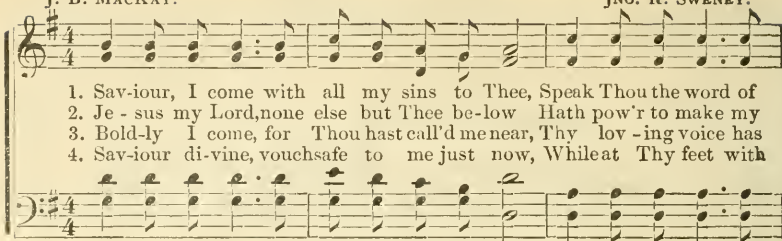
4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flam'd with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee.

3 He left His Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite His grace!)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O, my God, it found out me!

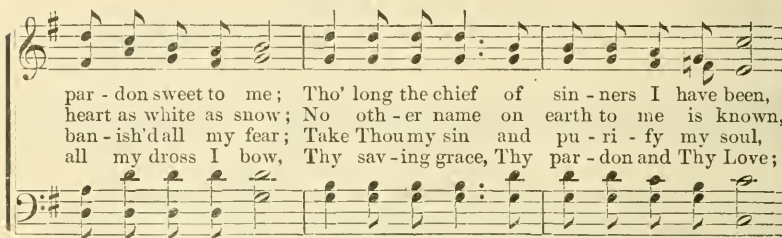
5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, with all in Him, is mine;
Alive in Him my living Head,
And cloth'd in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown thro' Christ my own.

J. B. MACKEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

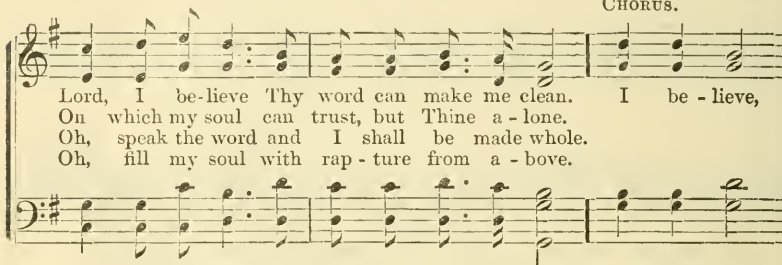


1. Sav-iour, I come with all my sins to Thee, Speak Thou the word of
 2. Je - sus my Lord, none else but Thee be-low Hath pow'r to make my
 3. Bold-ly I come, for Thou hast call'd me near, Thy lov-ing voice has
 4. Sav-iour di-vine, vouchsafe to me just now, While at Thy feet with

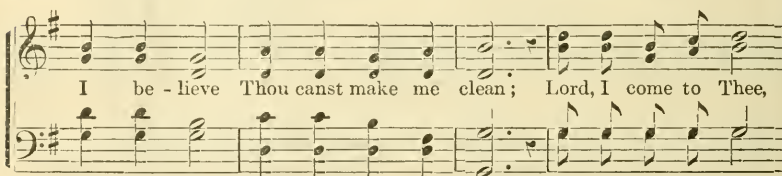


par - don sweet to me; Tho' long the chief of sin - ners I have been,
 heart as white as snow; No oth - er name on earth to me is known,
 ban - ish'd all my fear; Take Thou my sin and pu - ri - fy my soul,
 all my dross I bow, Thy sav - ing grace, Thy par - don and Thy Love;

CHORUS.



Lord, I be - lieve Thy word can make me clean. I be - lieve,
 On which my soul can trust, but Thine a - lone.
 Oh, speak the word and I shall be made whole.
 Oh, fill my soul with rap - ture from a - bove.



I be - lieve Thou canst make me clean; Lord, I come to Thee,



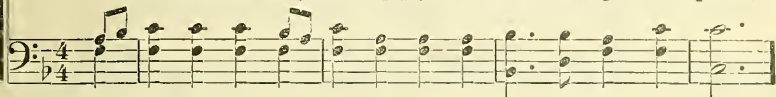
Speak the word to me, Thou canst make me clean.

CHARLES WESLEY.

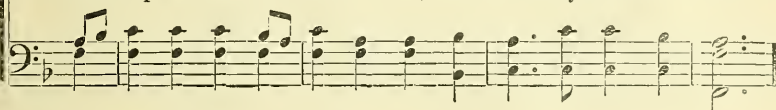
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin.
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. The atonement of Thy blood ap - ply, 'Till faith to sight im - prove;



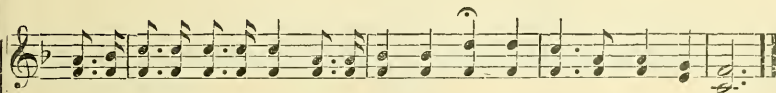
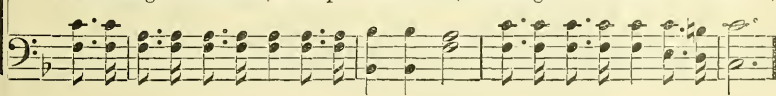
This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - iour died."
 Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 'Till hope in full fru - i - tion lie, And all my soul be love.



CHORUS.



I am trusting in the blood, in the precious blood, Trusting in the blood of the Lamb;

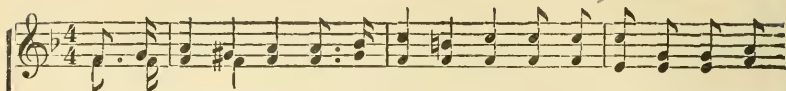


I am trusting in the blood, in the precious blood, Redeem'd and sav'd I am.

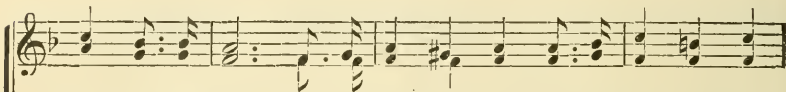


J. B. MacKAY.

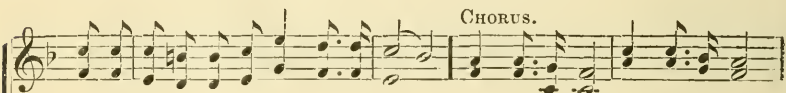
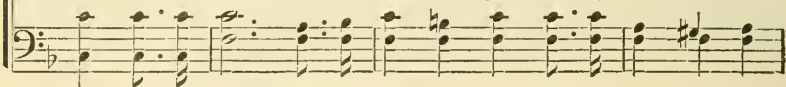
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Songs of praise I'll sing to the Lord my King, I will heart-i - ly re-
2. His un-fail-ing light makes my pathway bright, I will heart-i - ly re-
3. I have peace within and sweet rest from sin, I will heart-i - ly re-
4. Glo - ry to His name, I am glad He came, I will heart-i - ly re-
5. Sin - ner, seek His face and re-ceive His grace, I will heart-i - ly re-
6. At His foot-stool bow, He will save you now, I will heart-i - ly re-

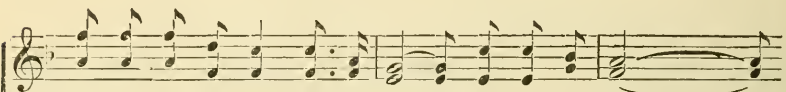
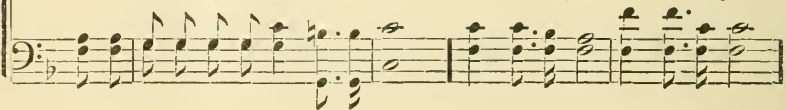


rejoice in the Lord; Par - don full and free He bestowed on me;
 rejoice in the Lord; While His hand di - vine firm - ly hold - eth mine,
 rejoice in the Lord; For His love so dear cast - eth out all fear,
 rejoice in the Lord; Now may all man - kind free sal - va - tion find,
 rejoice in the Lord; What He does for me He will do for thee,
 rejoice in the Lord; He will par - don give, and thy soul shall live,

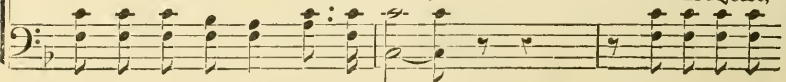


CHORUS.

I will heart-i-ly rejoice in the Lord. I will re-joyce, I will re-joyce,



Heart - i - ly re-joyce in the Lord; I will re - joyce,.....
 I will rejoice,



I Will Heartily Rejoice. Concluded.

I will re-joice,..... I will be glad and re-joice in the Lord.

I will rejoice,

156

Love Found Me.

H. L. GILMOUR.

JOHN iii. 16.

Arranged by H. L. G.

1. { When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me; My fainting soul was
I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me; Come weary, heav-y

2. { The Spir - it rous'd me from my sleep, Love found me; Con - vic - tion seiz'd me
Al - tho' I long withstood His grace, Love found me; He wooed me to His

tem-pest toss'd, Love found me; } Oh, 'twas love, love,
la - den rest, Love found me. }
strong and deep, Love found me; }
kind em - brace, Love found me. } Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,

Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

- 3 I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, Love found me;
For saving from an endless death, Love found me;
Christ is my Advocate above, Love found me;
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love, Love found me. CHO
- 4 And when I reach the gold paved street, Love found me;
I'll sit adoring at His feet, Love found me;
And sing Hosannas round the throne, Love found me;
Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. CHO.

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157 "His Name Shall be Called Jesus."

KATE SUMNER BURR.

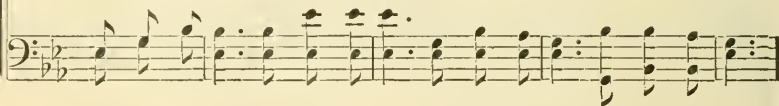
JNO. R. SWENEY.



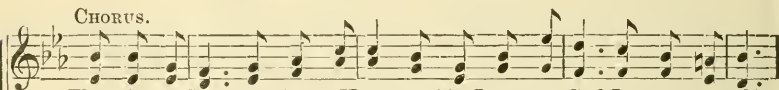
1. He saves from guilt, His name is Jesus; From inbred sin His merit frees us;
2. He saves!—all pow'r to Him is giv'n—All pow'r in earth, all pow'r in heaven,
3. From Him nor death nor hell shall sever, His ransom'd are His own for-ev-er,
4. He saves, He saves, O glo-ry, glo-ry! We'll sing and shout "the old, old story!"



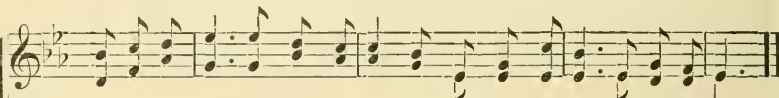
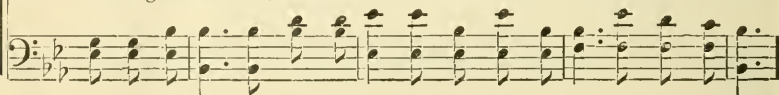
Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, His tender mer-cies have no end.
 Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Broth-er, King, His on-ly mer-it would we sing.
 Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Sovereign, Lord, For-ev-er be His name a-dored.
 Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Prince of Peace, In heav'n our praises ne'er shall cease.



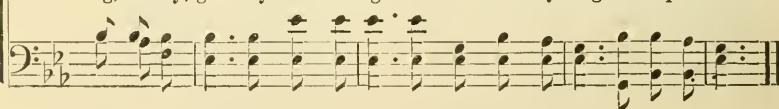
CHORUS.



Then sing to Je-sus, shout "Ho-san-na!"—Incarnate God, Im-man-u-el!



Sing, "Glory, glo-ry in the high-est!" Let ev-ery tongue His praises tell.



1 PETER. i. 5.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sav - iour, hold me close to Thee, Kept by the power of God,
 2. Kept from ev - ery e - vil thing, Kept by the power of God,
 3. Kept till earth - ly per - ils past, Kept by the power of God,
 4. Kept to sing His praise a - bove, Kept by the power of God,



On - ly this my trust shall be, Kept by the power of God.
 Un - der-neath His shelt'ring wing, Kept by the power of God.
 We shall o - ver-come at last, Kept by the power of God.
 Wondrous mer - cy, wondrous love, Kept by the power of God.



CHORUS.



Sweet-ly kept "in per - fect peace," When from fears, He gives re-lease,



Kept "thro' faith," till time shall cease, Kept by the power of God.



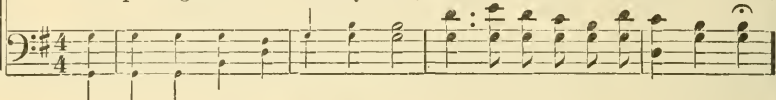
159 God is Able to Deliver Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

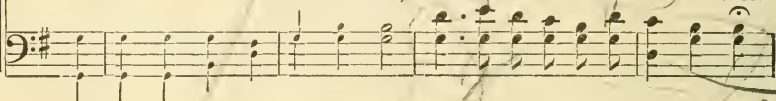
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



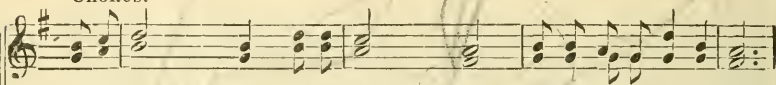
1. From ev - 'ry dan-ger, doubt and fear, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;
2. From fierce temptations, sub-tle snares, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;
3. In sor-row's dark and heav-y night, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;
4. Then trust Him e'en thro' flood and flame, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;
5. When passing thro' the val - ley chill, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee;



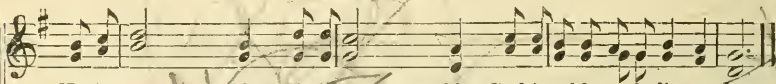
His might-y pres-ence ev - er near, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.
 His love is swift - er than thy pray'rs, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.
 His word commands the dayspring bright, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.
 He liv - eth ev - er - more the same, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.
 His love will be a-round thee still, God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.



CHORUS.



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, A-ble to de-liv-er thee;
 a-ble to deliver, a-ble to deliver,



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.
 a-ble to de-liv-er, a-ble to de-liv-er,



R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing
 3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see, Per - fect, pres - ent
 4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
 5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listen - ing ev - 'ry

a - ges let His prais - es ring, Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear assail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ternally by love's strong cord, Ov - er - com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
 moment to the Spirit's call, Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

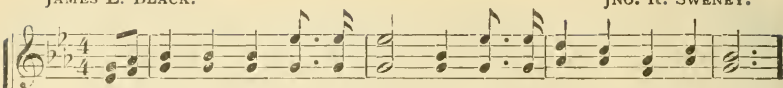
Standing on the prom-is - es of God. Stand - ing, Stand - ing,
 Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,

Stand - - - ing,
 Stand - ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - iour; Standing on the promise,

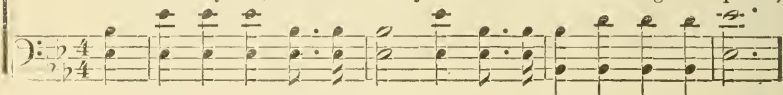
Stand - - - ing,
 Stand - ing on the promise, I'm standing on the prom - is - es of God.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



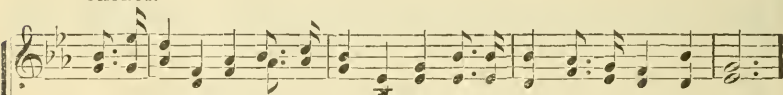
1. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith en - rap-tured sings,
2. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord Himself comes near,
3. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempter flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, Hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,



While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the high-ty King of kings.
And the shout of a roy - al arm - y, On the bat - tle-field we hear.
And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
Un - to Him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of tri-umph raise.



CHORUS.



On the vict'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;

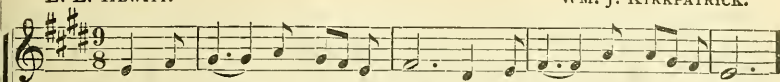


On the vict'ry side we will bold-ly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

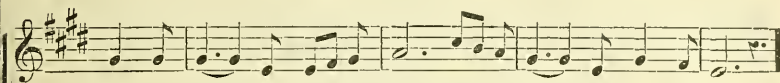
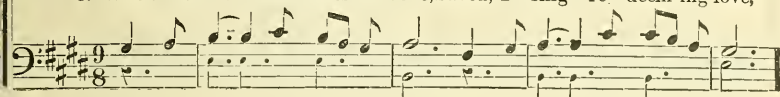


E. E. HEWITT.

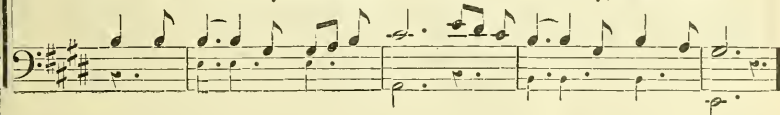
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Bless-ed stream from Calv'ry's hill, Flow-ing free - ly, flow-ing still,
2. Shed, to take my sin a - way, Shed, to cleanse me day by day;
3. Tho' the whole wide world should come, At this foun-tain there is room;
4. When with all the saints a - bove, Saved, I sing re - deem-ing love,



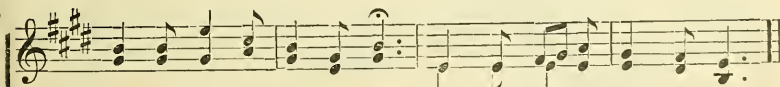
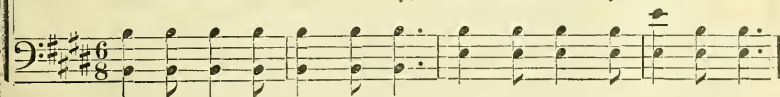
Plunge me, Lord, be - neath the tide, Flowing from Thy riv - en side.
 Sprink-ling now the mer-cy - seat, There I find com-mun-ion sweet.
 Mill - ions at the cross I see, Yet He makes a place for me.
 Still the blood my theme shall be, Shed for ma - ny, shed for me.



CHORUS.



Pre-cious blood of Cal - va - ry, Shed for man - y, shed for me.



This my all a - vail-ing plea, Je - sus shed His blood for me.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. Out of the shad - ow in - to the light, Shin - ing in
 2. Out of the shad - ow lone - ly and drear, In - to the
 3. Out of the shad - ow voice - less and cold, In - to the
 4. O - ver the riv - er soon we shall be, O - ver the

glo - ry tran - scend - ent - ly bright; Out of the gloam - ing in - to the
 fu - ture that knows not a fear; Out of the con - flict wea - ry and
 sun - shine of rap - ture un - told; Out of the hop - ing in - to the
 riv - er, dear Sav - iour, with Thee; Out of the shad - ow in - to the

day, Beam - ing in splen - dor that fades not a - way.
 sore, In - to the home - land of bliss ev - er - more.
 blest, Out of the long - ing with Je - sus at rest.
 light, Clothed in the gar - ments Thy blood hath made white.

CHORUS.

p With much expression.

Out of the sigh - ing, fad - ing and dy - ing, In - to the

Out of the Shadow. Concluded.

per - fect, love - ly and bright; Out of the dark - ness in - to the
dawn - ing, Out of the sha - dow in - to the light.

164 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Rev. W. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
CHO.— I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— I will cleanse you from all sin.

Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

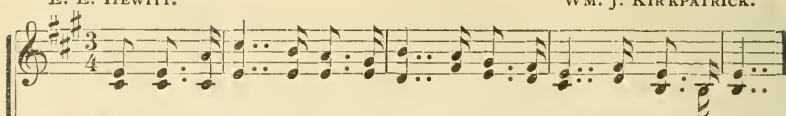
3 Here, I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes; He fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
(Chorus to 5th verse.)
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow—
Jesus saves me! saves me now!

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. My Saviour came from realms above, He came for me, He came for me;
2. The bur - den of my sin and guilt, He bore for me, He bore for me;
3. My songs in hap - py praise ascend, He lives for me, He lives for me;



In boundless mer - cy, depths of love, He came for me, He came for me;
 On Him, my ev - 'ry hope is built, He died for me, He died for me;
 My pre-cious Ad-vo-cate and Friend, He lives for me, He lives for me;



Hope, and peace, and grace be - stow-ing, Thus the Fa-ther's glo - ry show-ing;
 Love be-yond all tho't dis-play-ing, All the debt a - gainst me pay-ing,
 Ev - er for me in - ter - ced-ing, Send-ing just the help I'm need-ing,



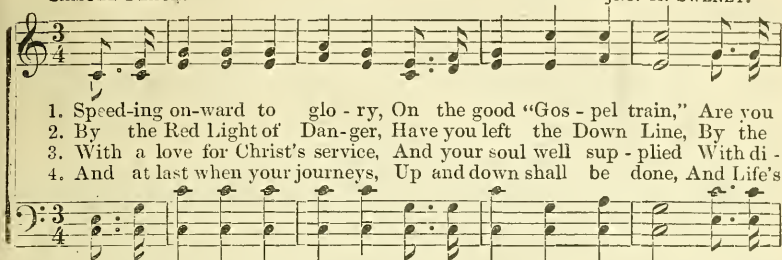
Wondrous life, with beauty glow-ing, He came for me, He came for me..
 "It is finished," hear Him saying, He died for me, He died for me..
 On - ward to His home He's leading, He lives for me, He lives for me..



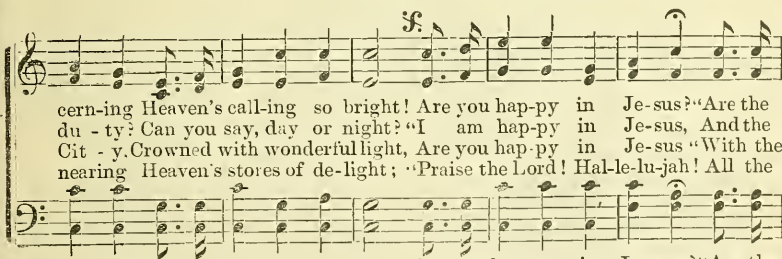
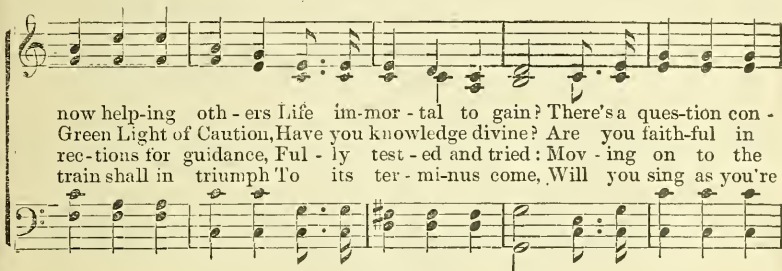
"But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps."—MATT. XXV. 5.

SAMUEL PEACH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Speed-ing on-ward to glo-ry, On the good "Gos-pel train," Are you
2. By the Red Light of Dan-ger, Have you left the Down Line, By the
3. With a love for Christ's service, And your soul well sup-plied With di-
4. And at last when your journeys, Up and down shall be done, And Life's

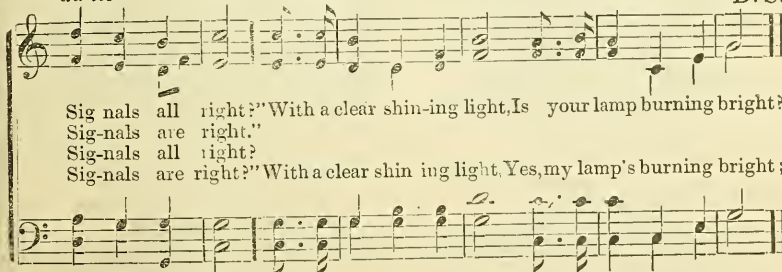


D. S. Are you hap-py in Je-sus? "Are the
I am hap-py in Je-sus, "With the

ad lib.

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.



Sig-nals all right?"
Sig-nals all right."

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MRS. JANETTE PALMITER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { O God, my heart doth long for Thee, Let me die, Let me die.
Now set my soul at lib - er - ty, Let me die, Let me die. }

2. { Thy slay - ing power in me dis - play, Let me die, Let me die.
I must be dead from day to day, Let me die. Let me die. }

To all the tri - fling things of earth, They're now to me of lit - tle worth;
Un - to the world and its ap - plause, To all the customs, fash - ions, laws,

My Sav - iour calls, I'm go - ing forth, Let me die, Let me die.
Of those who hate the humbling cross, Let me die, Let me die.

3 My friends may say "I'll ruined be,"
Let me die, Let me die.
But all I leave and follow Thee,
Let me die, Let me die.
Their arguments will never weigh,
Nor stand the trying judgment day;
Help me to cast them all away,
Let me die, Let me die.

4 Oh, I must die to scoffs and jeers,
Let me die, Let me die.
I must be freed from slavish fears,
Let me die, Let me die.
So dead that no desire shall rise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes:
Let me die, Let me die.

5 If Christ would live and reign in me,
I must die, I must die;
Like Him I crucified must be,
I must die, I must die;
Lord, drive the nails, nor heed the groans,
My flesh may writhe and make its
But in this way and this alone, [moans,
I must die, I must die.

6 Begin at once to drive the nails,
Let me die, Let me die;
Oh, suffer not my heart to fail,
Let me die, Let me die.
Jesus, I look to Thee for power
To help me to endure the hour
When, crucified by sovereign power
I shall die, I shall die.

7 When I am dead, then, Lord, to Thee
I shall live, I shall live;
My time, my strength, my all to Thee,
Will I give, Will I give.
Oh, may the Son now make me free!
Here, Lord, I give my all to Thee,
For time and for eternity
I will live, I will live.

8 The carnal mind once troubled me,
But it died, But it died;
He sanctified and made me free,
So it died, So it died.
So dead that no desires arise
To pass for good, or great, or wise,
In any but my Saviour's eyes,
So I live. So I live.

1. Watch and pray that when the Master cometh, If at morn - ing, noon or night,
 2. Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us; Keep the heart with jealous care,
 3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev - er wea - ry; Je - sus watch'd and pray'd alone:
 4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of du - ty, 'till we hear the Bridegroom's voice:

He may find a lamp in ev'ry window, Trimm'd and burning clear and bright.
 Lest the door a moment left un-guard ed, E - vil thoughts may en - ter there.
 Pray'd for us when only stars beheld Him, While on Olive's brow they shone.
 Then with Him the marriage feast partaking, We shall ev - er - more re - joice.

CHORUS.

Watch and pray, the Lord command - - - eth; Watch and

Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth, Watch and pray, the Lord commandeth; Watch [and

pray, 'twill not be long: Soon He'll gath - - -

pray, 'twill not be long, Watch and pray, 'twill not be long: Soon He'll gather home His

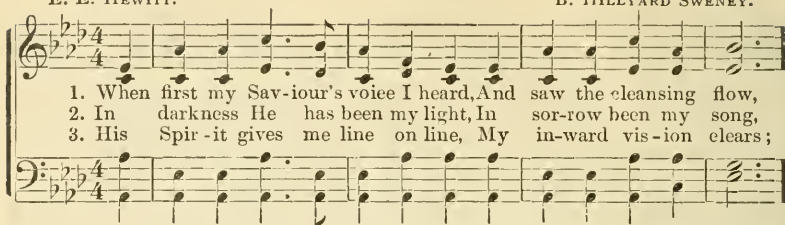
- - - er home His lov'd ones To the hap - py vale of song. of song.
 the happy vale of song.

lov'd ones, Soon He'll gather home His lov'd ones To the happy vale of song.

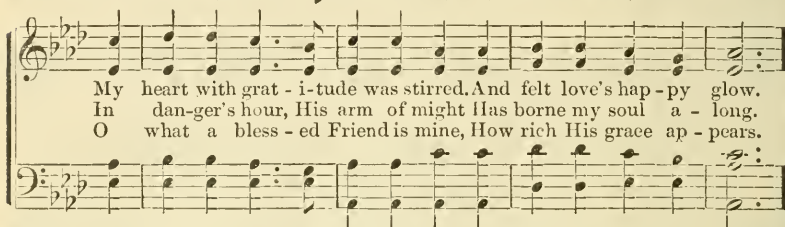
169 I Love Him More and More.

E. E. HEWITT.

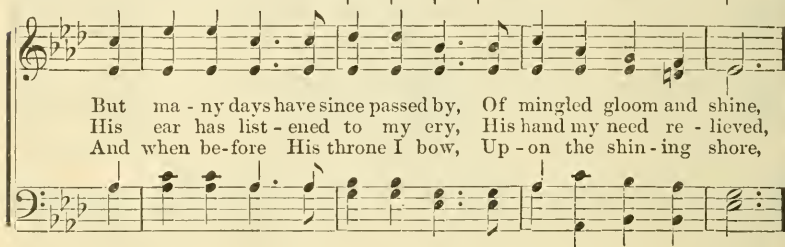
B. HILLYARD SWENEY.



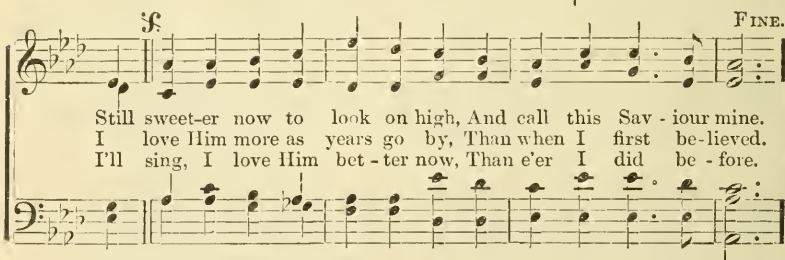
1. When first my Sav-iour's voice I heard, And saw the cleansing flow,
 2. In darkness He has been my light, In sor-row been my song,
 3. His Spir-it gives me line on line, My in-ward vis-ion clears;



My heart with grat-i-tude was stirred. And felt love's hap-py glow.
 In dan-ger's hour, His arm of might Has borne my soul a-long.
 O what a bless-ed Friend is mine, How rich His grace ap-pears.

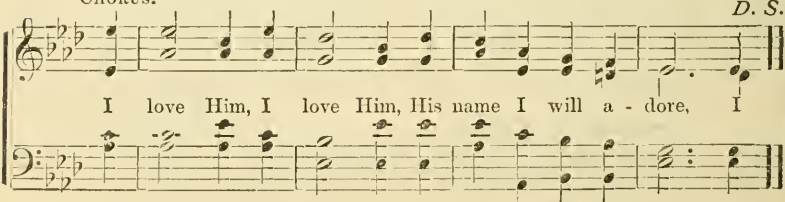


But ma-n-y days have since passed by, Of mingled gloom and shine,
 His ear has list-ened to my cry, His hand my need re-lieved,
 And when be-fore His throne I bow, Up-on the shin-ing shore,



Still sweet-er now to look on high, And call this Sav-iour mine.
 I love Him more as years go by, Than when I first be-lieved.
 I'll sing, I love Him bet-ter now, Than e'er I did be-fore.

D. S. love my Sav-iour bet-ter now, I love Him more and more.
 CHORUS.

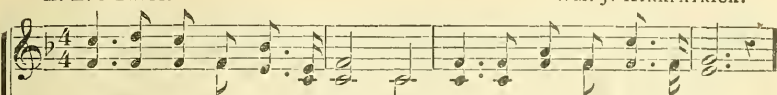


D. S.
 I love Him, I love Him, His name I will a-dore, I

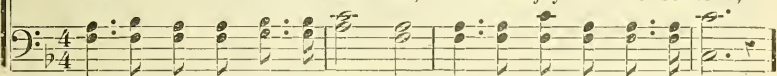
170 Talk it Over With the Master.

E. E. HEWITT.

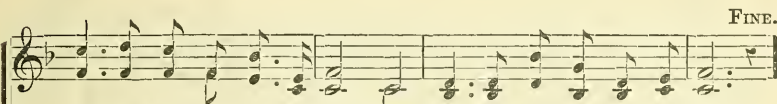
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Talk it o - ver with the Mas - ter, Lay your plans be - fore the King,
2. Talk it o - ver with the Mas - ter, All the sor - row of the way;
3. Talk it o - ver with the Mas - ter, This sweet joy His love be - stows,

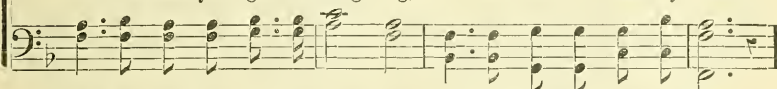


CHO.—Talk it o - ver with the Mas - ter, He will give you clear - er light;

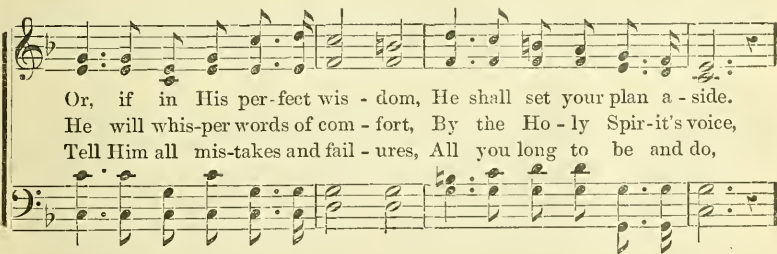


FINE.

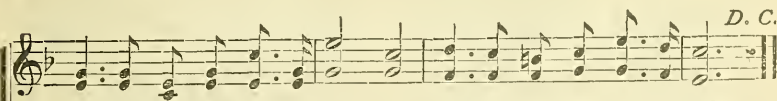
He a - lone can make them pros - per, Hopes to full fru - i - tion bring.
Tell Him ev - ery dis - ap point - ment, Let Him be your strength and stay.
Let Him hear your glad thanksgiving, As the tide of mer - cy flows.



Talk it o - ver with the Mas - ter, He will guide your feet a - right.

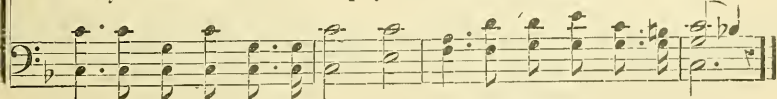


Or, if in His per - fect wis - dom, He shall set your plan a - side.
He will whis - per words of com - fort, By the Ho - ly Spir - it's voice,
Tell Him all mis - takes and fail - ures, All you long to be and do,



D. C.

'Tis be - cause a great - er bless - ing He will ten - der - ly pro - vide.
He will bind the bro - ken - heart - ed, Bid the wea - ry soul re - joice.
He's your Saviour—He will help you, He will sym - pa - thize with you.



ALICE M. LOWE.

D. C. WRIGHT

1. If you are far from the fold of Christ, Out in the darkness of sin,
 2. Now He is com-ing so near your heart, Do you not hear His sweet voice
 3. Come with your burden so hard to bear; Come with your sorrow and pain;

Je - sus is speak-ing to you to-night, Ten - der - ly call-ing you in.
 Saying, "Re - turn to the fold, my child, Mak-ing my path-way your choice."
 Je - sus is wait-ing to give you rest; Free-ly His mer - cy ob-tain.

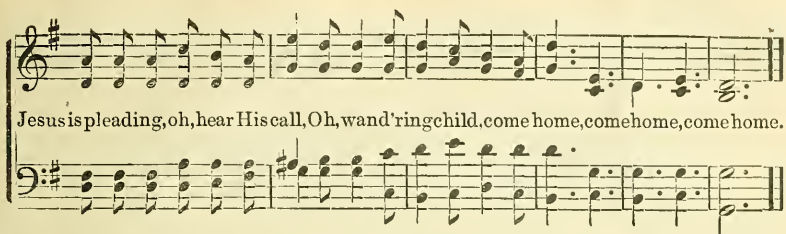
Now on the mountain He go-eth forth, Now in the des - ert so wild,
 Lin - ger no more for He calls a-gain, On - ly ac-cept Him to-night;
 Bow at His feet and from Him re-ceive Par-don and com-fort and peace;

Looking for one who has gone astray, Seek-ing His wan-der-ing child.
 Glad-ly He'll wel-come you to the fold, Where all is joy - ous and bright.
 There all your darkness shall change to light, There all your sorrows shall cease.

REFRAIN.

Enter the fold, enter the fold, there's room, there's room for all; Enter the fold, no more to
 [roam,

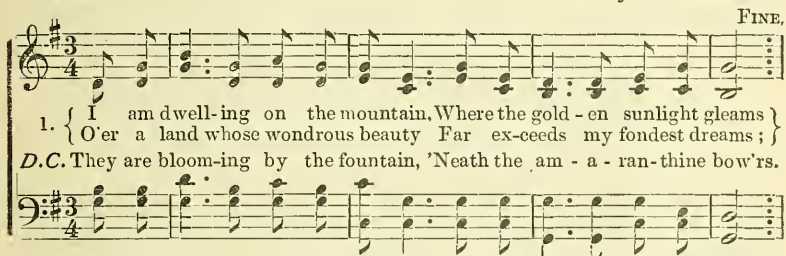
Enter the Fold. Concluded.



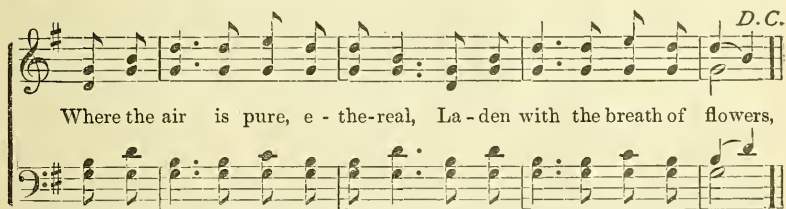
172. Is Not this the Land of Beulah?

ANON.

REV. J. W. DADMUN.



Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is al-ways bright.



CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah? Bless-ed, bless-ed land of light,

2 I can see far down the mountain,
 Where I wandered weary years,
 Often hindered in my journey
 By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
 Broken vows and disappointments
 Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 But the Spirit led, unerring,
 To the land I hold to-day.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

3 I am drinking at the fountain,
 Where I ever would abide;
 For I've tasted life's pure river,
 And my soul is satisfied;
 There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
 Nor adorning, rich and gay,
 For I've found a richer treasure,
 One that fadeth not away.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried the way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

I. WATTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap-pears,
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A-maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
 When Christ the might-y Mak-er died For man the creat-ure's sin.
 Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

our-den of my heart rolled a-way; It was there by faith

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

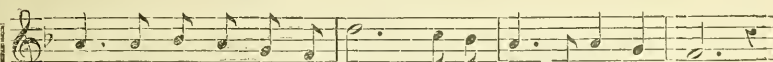
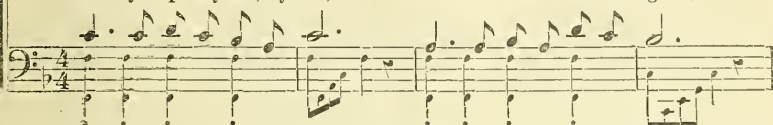
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

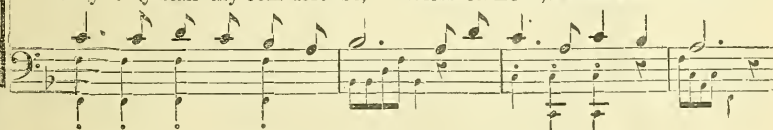
SOLO OR DUET.



- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Thou whose arm has been my stay, | All a-long my pilgrim way; |
| 2. Let me hold Thy hand in mine, | Let me hear Thy voice divine; |
| 3. On the weary voyage of life, | Thro' its toil, its care and strife |
| 4. Thou my hope, my life, my all, | When the shades of evening fall, |



Let my prayer as-cend to Thee,	Bless-ed Lord, take care of me.
Like a dove I fly to Thee,	Bless-ed Lord, take care of me.
O'er a dark and storm-y sea,	Bless-ed Lord, take care of me.
May Thy staff my com-fort be,	Bless-ed Lord, take care of me.



CHORUS.



Blessed Lord, take care of me..... Let Thy love my shelter be... ..
take care of me,



my shelter be



Till I wake in heav'n with Thee; Blessed Lord, take care of me.
take care of me.



in heav'n with Thee;

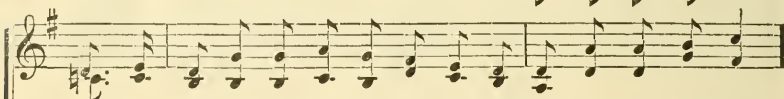
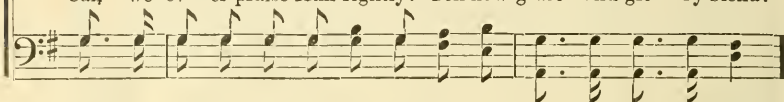
Copyright, 1894, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



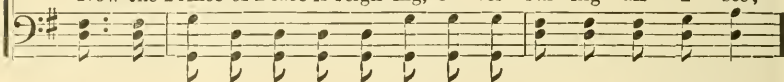
1. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this bless-ed "who-so-ev-er," Call-ing ev-'ry one who will,
3. Pre-cious prom-is-es of Je-sus, Sweep-ing ev-'ry hu-man need!
4. What a per-fect-pres-ent Sav-iour! What a true and lov-ing friend,



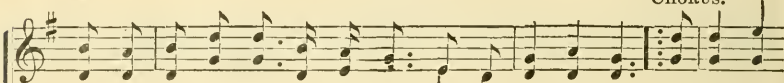
Far ex-cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser-a-phim in light;
To the spark-ling, liv-ing wa-ters Flowing ful-ly, free-ly still;
For the grace of our Re-deem-er Must our high-est thought ex-ceed;
Can we ev-er praise Him right-ly? Tell how grace and glo-ry blend?



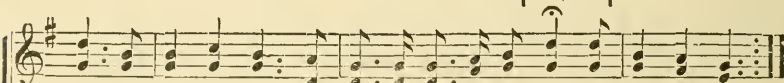
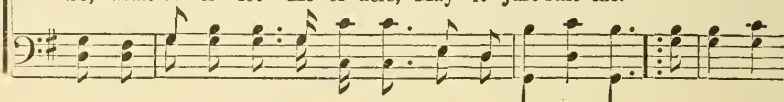
I can nev-er, nev-er fath-om Half its ho-ly mys-te-ry,
No, I know not why He loves me, But His blood is all my plea;
To the might-y, roy-al storehouse Let me use the gol-den key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reign-ing, O-ver-rul-ing all I see;



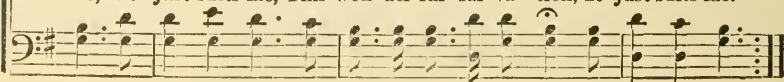
CHORUS.



But I know it is for sin-ners, And it just suits me. It just suits
I can trust His "who-so-ev-er," For it just suits me.
Find the spe-cial, ten-der promise That will just suit me.
So, what-ev-er lot He or-ders, May it just suit me.



me, It just suits me, This won-der-ful sal - va - tion, It just suits me.

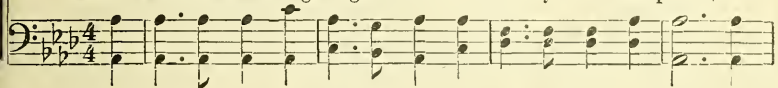


MARY D. JAMES.

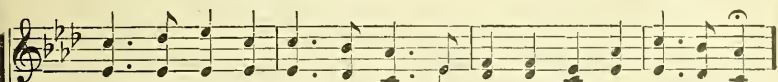
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Oh, bless-ed fel - low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com -
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on His lov-ing breast, A - long life's wea-ry way; My
4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And



pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete: In
 soft - est whispers of His love In fel - low-ship so dear, And
 path, il - lu-mined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day: No
 tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm, and free from dread, My



un - ion with the pur - est one, I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
 feel His great Al-might-y hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.
 peace - ful spir-it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of Thy wings."



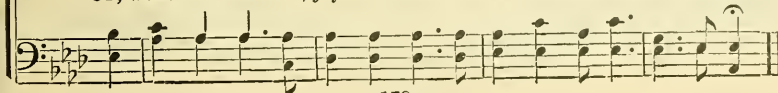
REFRAIN.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sub-lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sub-lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

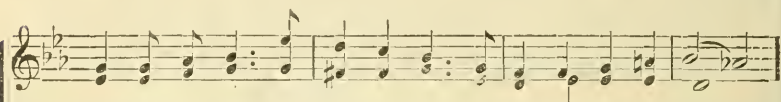


E. JONES. CHORUS by J. B. MACKEY.

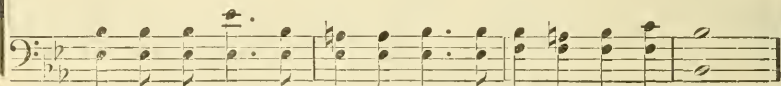
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Come, trembling sin - ner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve;
2. I'll go to Je - sus tho' my sins Like mountains round me close;
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
4. I can but per - ish if I go, I am re-solved to try,



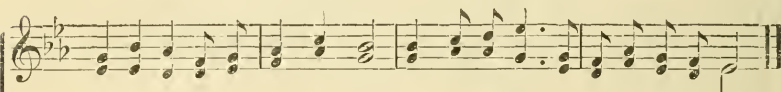
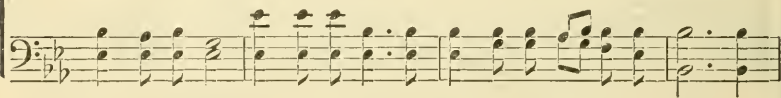
Come with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve:—
 I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op-pose.
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un - done, Without His sovereign grace.
 For if I stay a - way I know I shall for - ev - er die.



CHORUS.



Yes, I will go, yes, I will go, To Je - sus I'll go and be saved; I'll



seek His face and implore His grace, Yes, I will go to Je-sus and be saved.



SPENCER W. CONE.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. One bud the Gard'ner gave me, A fair and on-ly child,
 2. For just as it was opening In glo-ry to the day,
 3. Fear not, methought, He whispered, Thy bud shall be re-stored,
 4. And night and morn to- geth- er, By the o- pen gate of prayer,

He gave it to my keep-ing, To cher-ish un- de- filed.
 Came down the Heav'nly Gard'ner, And took my bud a- way;
 I take it but to plant it In the gar- den of the Lord.
 I'll go un- to my dar-ling, And sit be- side Him there;

It lay up- on my bo- som, It was my hope and pride,
 Yet not in wrath He took it, A smile was on His face,
 Then bid me not to sor- row, As those who hope-less weep,
 I know 'twill o- pen for me, Poor sin- ner tho' I be,

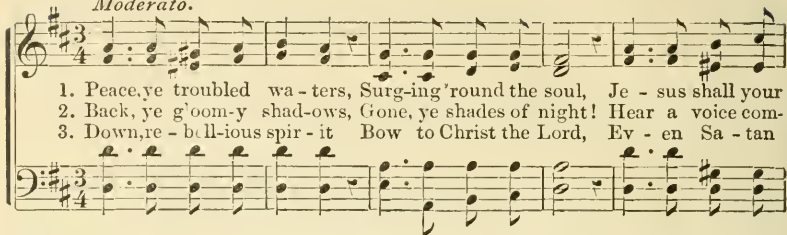
Per- haps it was an i- dol, Which I must be de- nied.
 And ten- der- ly and kind- ly He bore it from its place.
 For He who gave hath, tak- en, And He who took can keep.
 For His dear sake who keeps it, And keeps my bud for me.

"Even the unclean spirits; and the wind and the sea obey him." MARK i. 27; iv. 41.

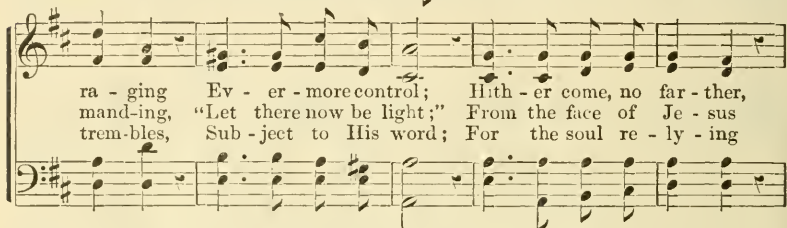
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.



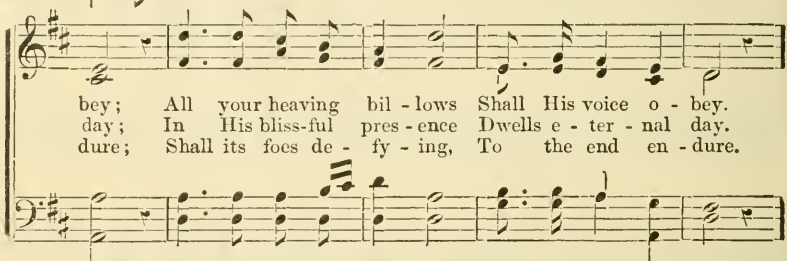
1. Peace, ye troubled wa - ters, Surg-ing 'round the soul, Je - sus shall your
2. Back, ye gloom-y shad-ows, Gone, ye shades of night! Hear a voice com-
3. Down, re - bell-i-ous spir - it Bow to Christ the Lord, Ev - en Sa - tan



ra - ging Ev - er - more control; Hith - er come, no far - ther,
mand-ing, "Let there now be light;" From the face of Je - sus
trem-bles, Sub - ject to His word; For the soul re - ly - ing



Let your proud waves stay, All your heaving bil-lows Shall His voice o -
Dark - ness flees a - way, In His blissful pres-ence Dwells e - ter - nal
On the prom-ise sure, Shall its foes de - fy - ing, To the end en -



bey; All your heaving bil - lows Shall His voice o - bey.
day; In His bliss-ful pres - ence Dwells e - ter - nal day.
dure; Shall its foes de - fy - ing, To the end en - dure.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus reigns to - day, He is King for -

Peace, Ye Troubled Waters. Concluded.

ev - er; Sing His praise for aye, Winds and waves o - bey Him,

Own His sov'reign sway; Je-sus reigns for - ev - er, Reigns o'er us to - day.

180 Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

JOSHUA GILL.

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine; By Thy
2. Help me to live like Thee, Help me to live like Thee; By Thy
3. Help me to love like Thee, Help me to love like Thee; By Thy

wonderful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour: Give me a heart like Thine.
wonderful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour: Help me to live like Thee.
wonderful pow-er, By Thy grace ev-'ry hour: Help me to love like Thee.

4 Help me to pray like Thee.
5 Help me to give like Thee.

6 Help me to speak like Thee.
7 Help me to work like Thee.

Copyright, 1888, by JOSHUA GILL.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's mu-sic ring-ing in the air, 'Tis float-ing on the breez-es;
 2. He saves my soul from sin and woe, My guilt-y conscience eas-es;
 3. The great Phy-si-cian of the soul, Has cured all my dis-cas-es;
 4. And af-ter time with me is o'er, A-mong the heav-en-ly breez-es

But while they're sing-ing an-y-where, I'll sing a song for Je-sus.
 So with His help, where'er I go, I'll sing a song for Je-sus.
 So, hap-py now, while time shall roll, I'll sing a song for Je-sus.
 That blow up-on the gold-en shore, I'll sing a song for Je-sus.

CHORUS.

Let oth-ers sing..... of rights or wrongs, Sing an-y-
 Let oth-ers sing

thing that pleas-es, But, while they're sing-ing
 But while they're singing

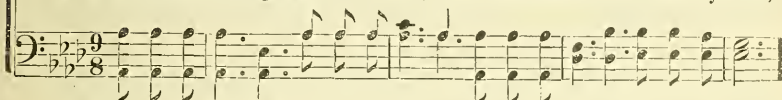
oth-er songs, I'll sing a song for Je-sus.
 oth-er songs,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Un-to the Saviour honor ascribing, Haste where the faithful gather to pray ;
2. Gratefully praise Him, fervently trust Him, O-ver His children watch He will keep ;
3. He is our Helper, Strength and Redeemer, Hear the loud anthem blissfully roll ;



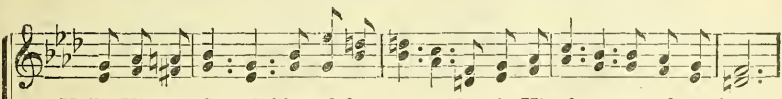
Cho.—Un-to the Saviour honor ascribing, Haste where the faithful gather to pray ;



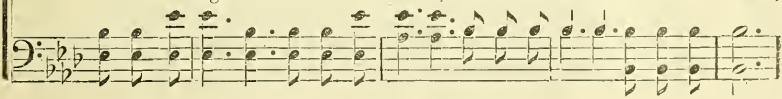
Tell-ing His mer-cy, in-fi-nite mer-cy, En-ter His temple gladly to-day.
Ev-er protect them, ever defend them, Like as a shepherd guardeth his sheep.
Wonderful Saviour, Monarch e-ter-nal, Hope of the a-ges, light of the soul.



Tell-ing His mer-cy, in-fi-nite mer-cy, En-ter His temple gladly to-day.



Hail Him ex-alt-ed, blessed for-ev-er, Now in His glory seat-ed a-bove ;
In-to green pastures gent-ly He leadeth, Where the still waters tenderly glide ;
Home to His kingdom soon He will call us, Soon to its mansions we shall ascend ;



Fountain of goodness, author of wisdom, Full of compassion, boundless in love.
There shall the weary, tranquilly resting, Under His shadow safely a-bide.
Then with the ransomed, happy forever, We will adore Him, world without end.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When we reach the roy-al cit - y and our eyes behold the King, Seated up -
 2. When we reach the roy-al cit - y where the ransom'd of the Lord, Joyfully
 3. When we reach the roy-al cit - y and we hail the morning fair, Never to

on His throne, seated up - on His throne, Thro' the boundless region of e -
 shout His name, joy-ful-ly shout His name, We shall join the chorus of the
 say good-night, nev-er to say good-night; Parted ones will greet us while we

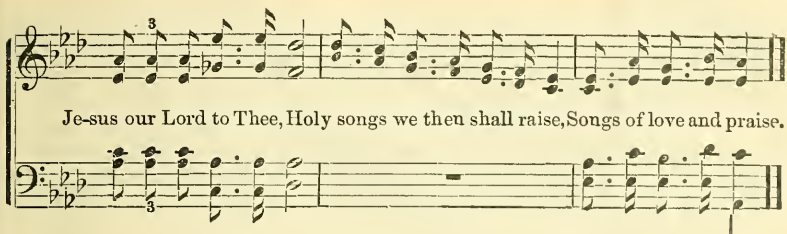
ter - ni-ty will ring Beau ti - ful songs of rap-ture, praise to God a-lone.
 faith-ful thro' His word, Beau-ti - ful songs of glo - ry we shall still proclaim.
 glad - ly en-ter there, Singing our hap-py welcome clothed in spotless white.

CHORUS.

O - ver the crys - tal sea, Je - sus our Lord to Thee, Wonder-ful songs we

then shall raise, Wonderful songs of love and praise, Over the crys-tal sea,

Over the Crystal Sea. Concluded.

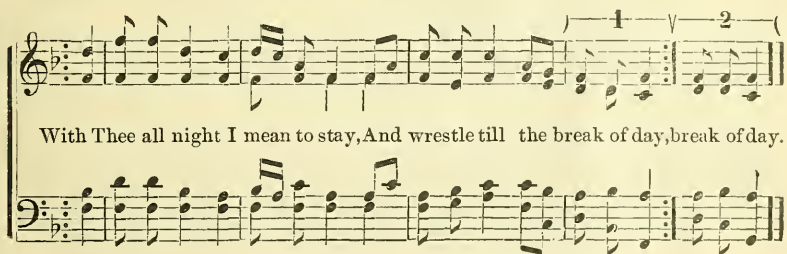
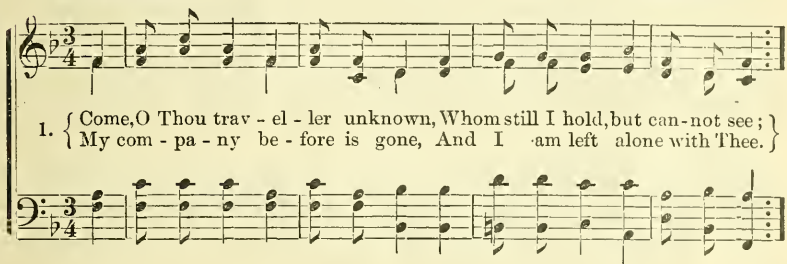


184

Wrestling Jacob.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arr. by A. v. W. McDONALD.



2 I need not tell Thee who I am :
My sin and misery declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name ;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there ;
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou ?
Tell me Thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free ;
I never will unloose my hold :
Art Thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of Thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;
To know it now resolved I am ;
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,
Till I Thy name, Thy nature know.

5 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long ?
I rise superior to my pain :
When I am weak, then I am strong ;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

JENNIE WILSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. La - bor on, and mur-mur not, Toil for Christ is ne'er in vain;
 2. La - bor on, the field is vast, Toil while ling-ers gold-en light;
 3. La - bor on, tho' oft your eyes With the mists of tears are dim,

Wheth - er sow-ing be your lot, Or you reap the ripened grain.
 Pre - cious hours are flit - ting fast, Soon will fall the shades of night.
 Christ will note each sac - ri - fice Made to serve and hon - or Him.

La - bor on, the Lord has borne Days of wea - ri - ness and heat;
 La - bor on, the work is grand, And e - ter - ni - ty will show
 La - bor on, and by and by Je - sus rich - ly will re - pay,

Glad - ly work from ear - ly morn, Till the eve brings resting sweet.
 Bless - ed fruit-age that your hand Caused in realms of time to grow.
 In His bright a-bode on high, All the toil of life's brief day.

CHORUS.

La - bor on, and murmur not, murmur not, To the Master's cause be true;

Labor On, and Murmur Not. Concluded.

La - bor on, and murmur not, There's a star-ry crown for you,
murmur not,

186 Ariel. C. P. M. 8s & 6s.

CHARLES WESLEY.

DR. L. MASON.

1. O glo - rious hope of per - fect love! It lifts me up to things a - bove;
It bears on ea - gles' wings; { It gives my rav - ished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast }
With Je - sus, priests and kings. With Je - sus, priests and kings.

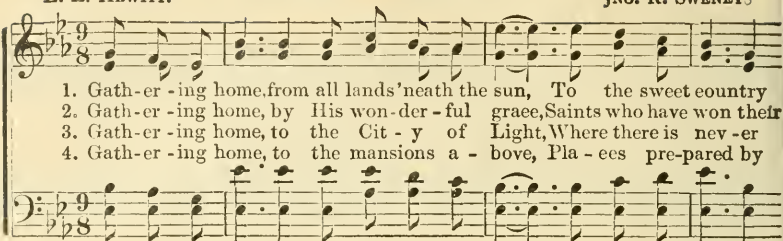
2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;

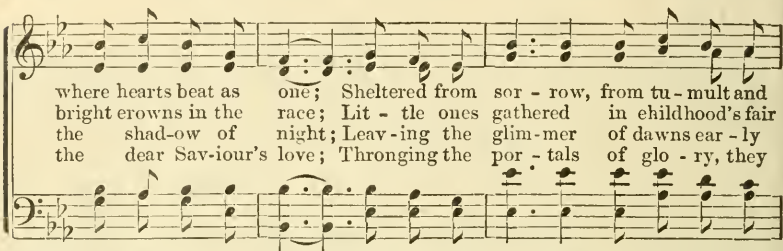
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

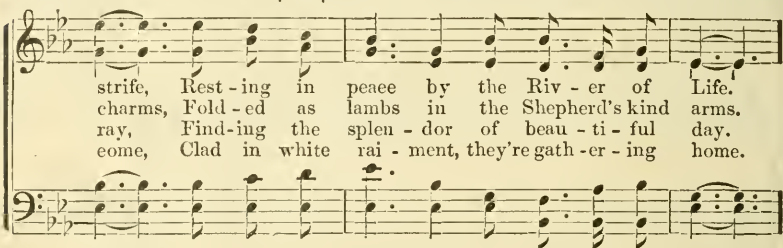
Gathering Home.



1. Gath-er-ing home, from all lands 'neath the sun, To the sweet country
 2. Gath-er-ing home, by His won-der-ful grace, Saints who have won their
 3. Gath-er-ing home, to the Cit-y of Light, Where there is nev-er
 4. Gath-er-ing home, to the mansions a-bove, Pla-ces pre-pared by

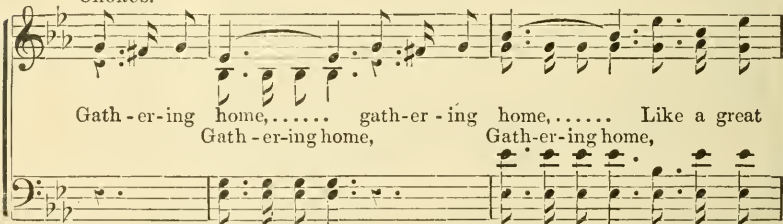


where hearts beat as one; Sheltered from sor-row, from tu-mult and
 bright crowns in the race; Lit-tle ones gathered in childhood's fair
 the shad-ow of night; Leav-ing the glim-mer of dawns ear-ly
 the dear Sav-iour's love; Thronging the por-tals of glo-ry, they

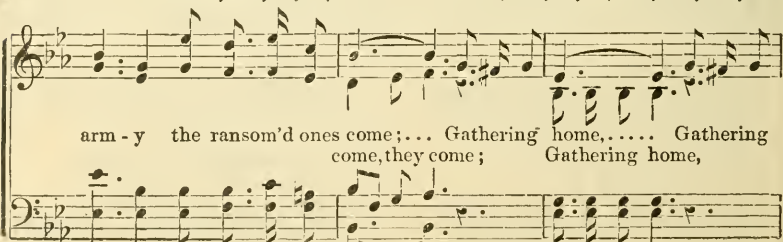


strife, Rest-ing in peace by the Riv-er of Life.
 charms, Fold-ed as lambs in the Shepherd's kind arms.
 ray, Find-ing the splen-dor of beau-ti-ful day.
 come, Clad in white rai-ment, they're gath-er-ing home.

CHORUS.



Gath-er-ing home,..... gath-er-ing home,..... Like a great
 Gath-er-ing home, Gath-er-ing home,



arm-y the ransom'd ones come;... Gathering home,..... Gathering
 come, they come; Gathering home,

Gathering Home. Concluded.

home,..... Trust - ing in Je - sus they're gath - er - ing home.
gath - er - ing home,

188

Italian Hymn.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

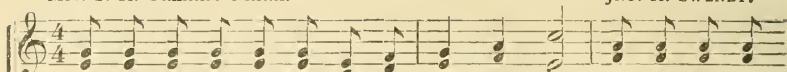
1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To Thee, great One and Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be,

Help us to praise; Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour; Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more; Thy sov'-reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore!

Mrs. S. R. GRAHAM CLARK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



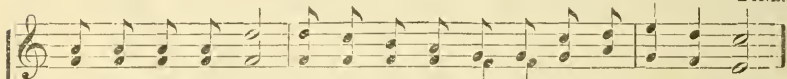
1. O the great sal - va - tion, of - fer - ed full and free, Purchased by the
2. Sear - let stains grow snow - y, erim - son stains grow white, As they reach the
3. None so low have fall - en, none so far have flown, But this gra - cious
4. Come then, heav - y lad - en, come then, wandering one, Daughter far off



Sav - iour all for you and me; Ev - ery soul may have it,
 fountain o - pened in His sight; Wea - ry hearts are rest - ed,
 Sav - iour for them ean a - tone; Gross - est sins that black - en,
 stray - ing, mother's long lost son, Young and dazed with pleas - ure,



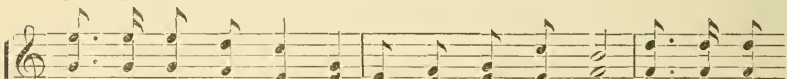
D.S. Tell my tongue the sto - ry, FINE.



ev - ery heart may sing, Heirs of heav - en - ly glo - ry, chil - dren of the King.
 hun - gry hearts are fed, As they lean on Je - sus, break the heavenly bread.
 deadliest sins that sear, All may find a par - don, and an end - ing here.
 old and worn with care, Come, O come to Je - sus, there is cleansing there.



sing my voice the word, There is per - feet cleansing in the Sav - iour's blood.
 CHORUS.



Shout in ve - ry glad - ness, make the arch - es ring, Ev - ery fair -



y zeph - yr be an an - gel's wing, Ev - ery tree that sway - eth



Shout in Very Gladness. Concluded.

D.S.

catch and spread His praise, Every lit - tle leaf - let for His glo - ry wave.

190

The Star of Bethlehem.

D. K. W.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Tune—RONAN. C. M. D.

1. { Oh, where's that love-ly beam-ing star, Slow mov-ing toward the west, }
 { Which glitt'ring bright, and shining far, Sought not a place of rest? }

And not o'er halls or gild - ed domes, This beau-teous me - teor stood,

But where the In - fant Je - sus lay, In hum-ble sol - i - tude.

2 Why shone the star so brilliantly?
 Why calmly paused it there?
 Why gazed upon it wondering eyes,
 With mingled hopes and fears?
 'Twas Heaven's shining messenger,
 To spread the tidings far,
 That in Judea's land arose
 That glorious *Morning Star*.

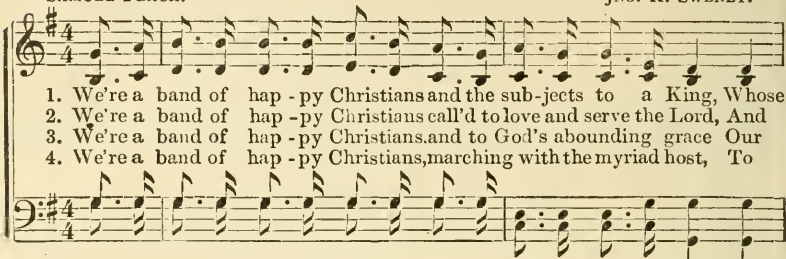
3 A shining ray, 'twill ever beam
 To gild life's darkest hour;
 'Twill warm the heart by sorrow chill'd,
 With sweet reviving power.
 'Twill clear the gloomiest cloud away,
 'Twill dry the bitterest tear,
 And when the Christian dies, 'twill
 In floods of glory there. [stream

191 With the Ransomed of the Lord.

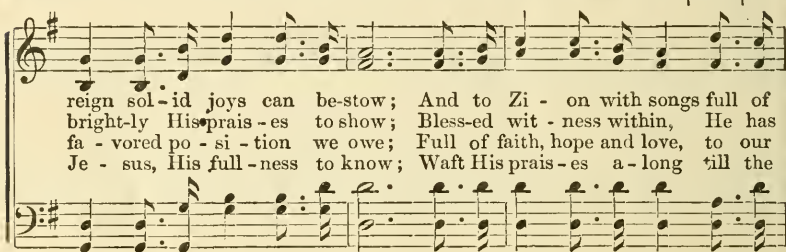
"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; and they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. ISA. xxxv. 10, and ii. 11.

SAMUEL PEACH.

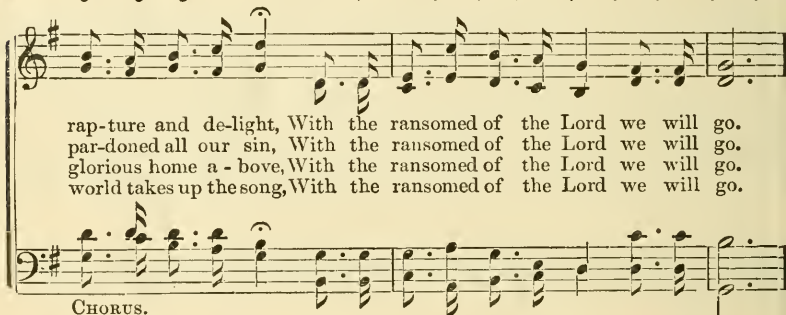
JNO. R. SWENEX.



1. We're a band of hap - py Christians and the sub - jects to a King, Whose
 2. We're a band of hap - py Christians call'd to love and serve the Lord, And
 3. We're a band of hap - py Christians, and to God's abounding grace Our
 4. We're a band of hap - py Christians, marching with the myriad host, To

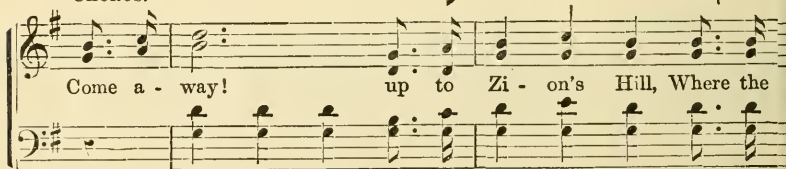


reign sol - id joys can be - stow; And to Zi - on with songs full of
 bright - ly His prais - es to show; Bless - ed wit - ness within, He has
 fa - vored po - si - tion we owe; Full of faith, hope and love, to our
 Je - sus, His full - ness to know; Waft His prais - es a - long till the

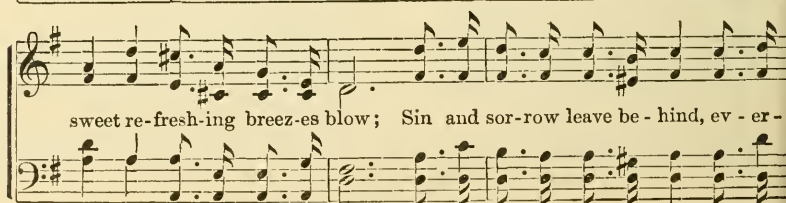


rap - ture and de - light, With the ransomed of the Lord we will go.
 par - doned all our sin, With the ransomed of the Lord we will go.
 glorious home a - bove, With the ransomed of the Lord we will go.
 world takes up the song, With the ransomed of the Lord we will go.

CHORUS.



Come a - way! up to Zi - on's Hill, Where the



sweet re - fresh - ing breez - es blow; Sin and sor - row leave be - hind, ev - er -

With the Ransomed of the Lord. Concluded.

last - ing joy to find, With the ransomed of the Lord let us go.

192 Heaven is Coming Nearer.

F. E. H.

Rev. F. E. HEAPE. Alt.

1. Heav'n is com-ing near - er ev - ery day; And the vis - ion
 2. Heav'n is com-ing near - er ev - ery day; And the soul gets
 3. Heav'n is com-ing near - er ev - ery day; And our life grows
 4. Heav'n is com-ing near - er ev - ery day; It be-comes much
 5. Heav'n is com-ing near - er ev - ery day; As our dear ones

grand - er ev - ery day. Oh, what blest dis - clos - ings, In the
 high - er ev - ery day. Tri - als make us strong - er, Bat - tles
 pur - er ev - ery day. Fel - low-ships are dear - er, Serv - i -
 bright - er ev - ery day. There are beamings full - er, Which ap -
 gath - er ev - ery day. Lov - ing bonds do sev - er, Then re -

Sav-iour's deal - ings, Lead-ing us to bless-ings ev - ery day.
 turn us bold - er, Vic-t'ries make us sur - er ev - every day.
 ces are fre - er, All de - vo - tions sweet-er, ev - every day.
 pear much rich - er, With di - vin - er lus - tre, ev - every day.
 joice for - ev - er, Just be-yond the riv - er, in that day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Yes, we will praise Him, our won - der - ful Sav-iour, Praise and a -
 2. Lost, but He found us, our won - der - ful Sav-iour, When we had
 3. O how He loved us, our won - der - ful Sav-iour, Think of the
 4. Yes, we will praise Him, our won - der - ful Sav-iour, Praise Him on

dore Him for what He has done; Thro' His a - tone-ment the
 wan-dered like sheep from the fold; How in com - pas - sion He
 price our re - demp-tion has cost; He the re - flect - ed, de -
 earth till our jour - ney is o'er; Then with the mil - lions now

grave He has conquered, Life ev - er - last-ing His tri-umph has won.
 came to our res-cue, O'er the dark mountains from per-il and cold.
 spised and af - flict - ed, Laid down His life for the sheep that was lost.
 anchored in glo - ry, Swell the loud anthem of praise ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, His be the vic - to - ry, Tell it, ye

ransomed, a - gain and a - gain; Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry,

Yes, We Will Praise Him. Concluded.

His be the vic - to - ry, Shout hal - lu - jah! a - men, a - men.

194 He Thresheth His Wheat.

CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

N. S. HOWARD.

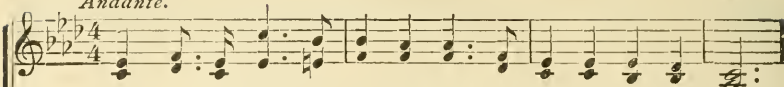
1. When the wheat is car - ried home And the threshing time is
 2. All the cares that o'er me steal, All the sor - rows that I
 3. It be - comes me to be still, Tho' I can - not all His
 4. By and by I shall be stored In the gar - ner of the

come, Close the door. When the flail is lift - ed high, Like the
 feel Like a dart, When my en - e - mies pre - vail, When my
 will Un - der - stand. I would be the pur - est wheat, Liv - ing
 Lord Like a prize; Thank - ing Him for ev - 'ry blow That in

chaff, I would not fly; At His feet O let me lie On the floor!
 strength begins to fail—'Tis the beat - ing of the flail On my heart.
 hum - bly at His feet, Kiss - ing oft the rod that beat In His hand.
 sor - row laid me low, But in beat - ing made me grow For the skies.

WINFIELD S. DAVIS.

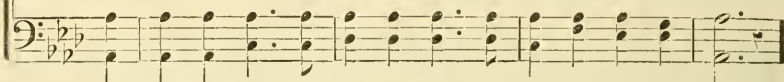
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. Je - sus in pur - ple robe ar-rayed, The gaze of mock - ing eyes;
2. Je - sus a bleed - ing vic - tim hangs, Thorn - crowned on Cal - va - ry;
3. Je - sus the lov - ing Sav - iour died, Up - on the blood - stain'd tree;
4. Je - sus the might - y Sav - iour rose, From sealed and guarded tomb;



Our guilt in shame and an - guish paid, The King of earth and skies.
 Sal - va - tion wid - ens in His pangs, The sav - ing stream I see.
 His hands are still ex - tend - ed wide, Em - brac - ing land and sea.
 Tri - umph - ant o - ver death and foes, — Hope shines now thro' the gloom.



CHORUS.



Oh, the cross, the blood-stained cross! Hal - lowed on Cal - va - ry;

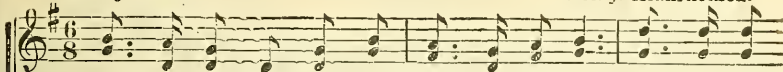


Oh, the cross, the blood-stained cross! Its pow - er reach - es me.

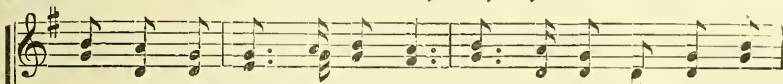
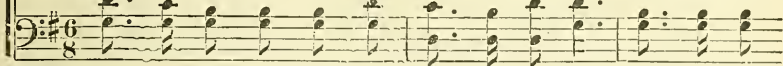


FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



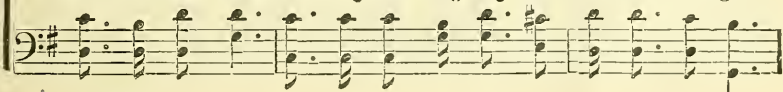
1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, my King and my Lord, I am re-
 2. Glo - ry to Je - sus, how bright is my way! Cheered by His
 3. Glo - ry to Je - sus, the trans - port I feel Lan - guage can
 4. Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll fol - low Him still, Pa - tient - ly



pos - ing my trust on His word; Wash'd in the foun - tain that
 pres - ence and bless - ing to - day; Souls for His king - dom He
 nev - er, no, nev - er re - veal; He has re - deemed me and
 wait - ing and do - ing His will; Then when my jour - ney is



cleans - eth from sin, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.
 helps me to win, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.
 cleans'd me from sin, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.
 fin - ished be - low, Shout - ing and sing - ing to Him I shall go.



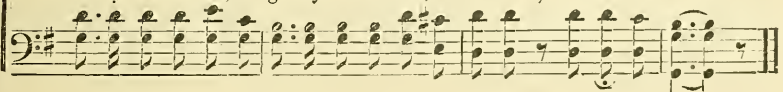
CHORUS.



Riv - - ers of love.....all bound - less and free,.....
 Riv - ers of love, , Riv - ers of love boundless and free, boundless and free,

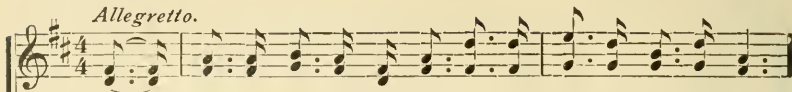


Glo - - ry to Je - - - sus, are flowing, flowing for me.
 Glo - ry to Je - sus, O glo - ry to Je - sus,

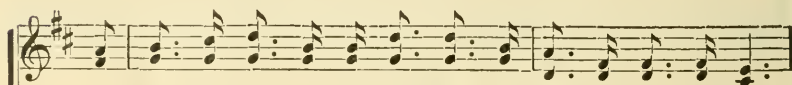


Rev. W. W. BAILEY.

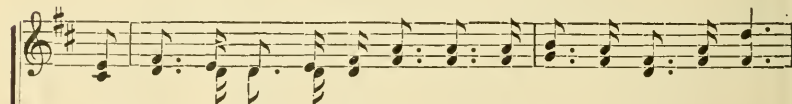
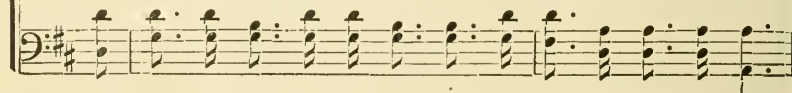
I. N. McHose.

Allegretto.

1. Our train is bound for glo - ry, we're a hap - py pil - grim band,
2. Tho' shade may fill the val - ley, and the mountains may be high,
3. Have you wander'd from the "Trunk-line," "Old re - li - a - ble and true?"
4. Has pas - sion like a "snake-head," you so long had tho't was slain,
5. Then come a-board, my broth - er, for the train is near at hand,
6. Who, think you, will be wait - ing there, to meet you at the train?



Our hearts are full of rap - ture, we are bound for Ca - naan's land;
 Our train shall pass them safe - ly in its jour - ney to the sky;
 Or "switched" up-on some "side track," hop - ing bet - ter to get through?
 Made hav - oc to the "coupling," threat'ning to de - rail the train;
 And with us take a home - stead in that bright and hap - py land;
 Or who de - scribe the meet - ing of the loved and lost a - gain?



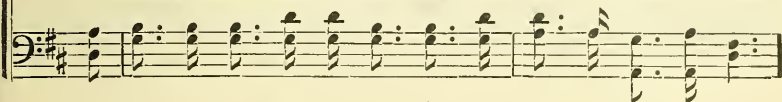
Be read - y, Oh! my broth - er, for the Roy - al Train is due,
 For Christ is our Con - duc - tor, and has made the way so plain,
 Oh! hear the "down break" signal, stop be - fore it is too late;
 Go tell your fears to Je - sus, and your vows to Him re - new;
 Let Je - sus write His par - don on your tick - et in His blood,
 Oh, save our train from per - il, Lord, and bring it safe - ly through,



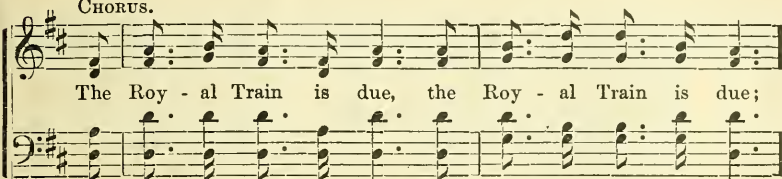
The Royal Train to Glory. Concluded.



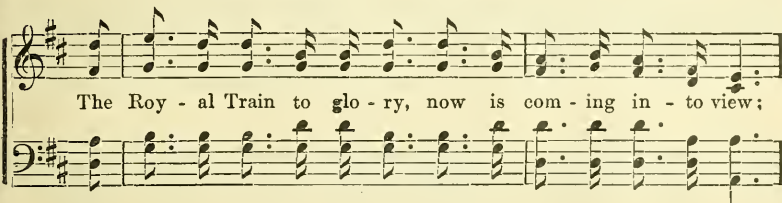
All hail the grand ex-cur-sion, we have Beau-lah land in view.
 We shall not miss the de-pot, He has nev-er lost a train.
 And Jor-dan's fa-tal draw-bridge, seal your mel-an-chol-ly fate.
 Stay near the great Con-duc-tor, He will guide you safe-ly through.
 And that will pass you safe-ly to the Par-a-dise of God.
 To heaven's Grand Union De-pot, when the Roy-al Train is due.



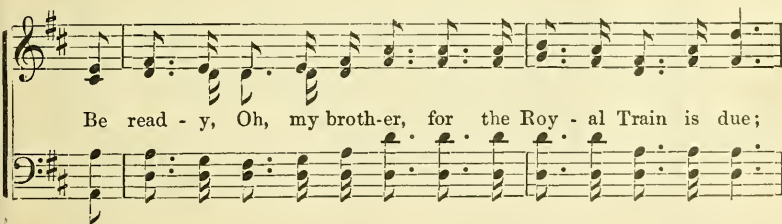
CHORUS.



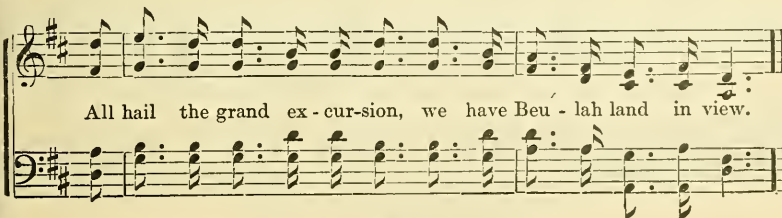
The Roy-al Train is due, the Roy-al Train is due;



The Roy-al Train to glo-ry, now is com-ing in-to view;



Be read-y, Oh, my broth-er, for the Roy-al Train is due;



All hail the grand ex-cur-sion, we have Beau-lah land in view.

H. L. GILMOUR.

GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin, and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the world, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the OLD STOR - Y so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D.S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

FINE.

make me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 tem - pest can harm, — Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
 ha - ven of rest, And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine!"

wild, storm - y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

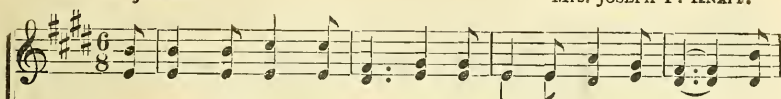
CHORUS.

D.S.

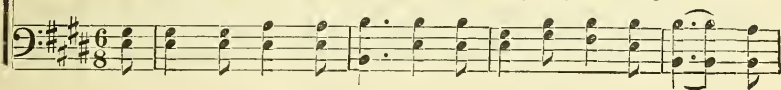
I've anchor'd my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee, A
2. O, Je - sus, might - y Sav - iour, I trust in Thy great name, I
3. O, let the fire, de-scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Con-
4. I am Thine, O bless'd Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy cleansing blood ; Now



con - se - crat - ed off - 'ring, Thine ey - er-more to be.
 look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
 sume my hum - ble off - 'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
 seal me by Thy Spir - it A sac - ri - fice to God.



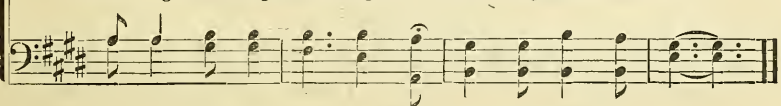
CHORUS.



My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire:

*ritard.*

Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.



J. H. W.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. WEBER.

1. I came to Je-sus as I was, He took my sins a - way;
2. The blood of Christ will make you white, And wash your sins a - way;
3. Oh, do con - fess your sins to Him, He'll take them all a - way;

I put them all on Je-sus Christ, And now they're taken a - way.
Oh, come and take Him as your Lord, He'll cleanse your guilt, all a - way.
And then you'll shout and sing His praise, Because they're taken a - way.

CHORUS.


They're all tak-en a - way,.... They're all tak-en a - way,.....
a - way, a - way,

They all tak - en a - way,.... My sins are all tak - en a - way.
a - way,

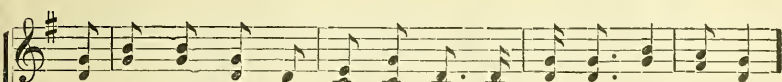
"This same Jesus."—ACTS i. 11.

H. L. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

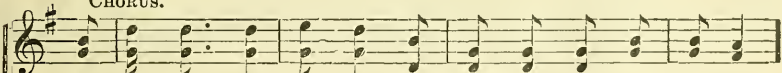


1. Come, sin-ners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus,
 2. Come, feast up - on the "liv-ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus,
 3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus,
 4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus,

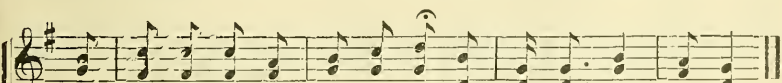


As when He raised the wid-ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.

CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;



On, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
 He's just the same Jesus,
 As when He hushed the raging sea,
 The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see,
 He's just the same Jesus,
 Oh, blessed day for you and me!
 The very same Jesus.

202 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

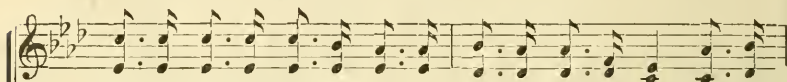
J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting



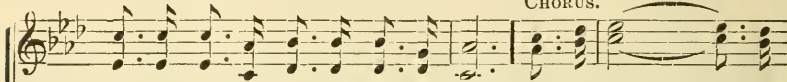
more, And the morn-ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when



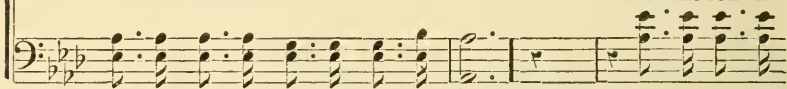
saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the



CHORUS.



roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is
When the roll is



called up yon - - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
called up yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up



When the Roll is Called up Yonder. Concluded.

yon - - - - der, When the roll..... is called up
 yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

203 Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

Used by permission.

Arr. by R. K. CARTER.

FINE.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kind - ling, flam - ing, glow - ing, }
 { High - er still and ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er - flow - ing; }

D.C.—I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D.C.

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive; Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
 Every bond is riven;
 Jesus makes me free indeed,
 Just as free as heaven:
 'Tis a glorious liberty;
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 I was bound, but now I'm free,
 Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
 Roll through every nation;
 Witnessing from soul to soul,
 This immense salvation,

Now I know it's full and free;
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 For I feel it saving me,
 Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory be to Jesus!
 He hath brought salvation nigh,
 From all sin He frees us,
 Let the golden harps of God
 Ring the wondrous story;
 Let the pilgrim shout aloud
 Glory! glory! glory!

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help." PSA. cxlvi. 5.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sav-iour, when my foes as - sail, O help me, O help me;
 2. In the work I'm call'd to do, O help me, O help me;
 3. When I meet with grief or care, O help me, O help me;
 4. When I reach the bor - der - land, O help me, O help me;

When my heart and cour-age fail, O help me, help me;
 Make me faith-ful, pure and true, O help me, help me;
 When the dai-ly cross I bear, O help me, help me;
 On the brink of Jor-dan stand, Lord, help me, help me;

When I'm faint-ing on the field, Be Thy sav-ing strength revealed,
 Put my doubts and fears to flight, Lead me in Thy paths a - right,
 O to live for Thee be - low! Seeds of love and mer-cy sow,
 Let Thy glo - ry pierce the gloom, Fill the vale with E - den bloom,

Bless-ed hid-ing-place and shield, Lord, help me, help me.
 Safe up-hold me by Thy might, Lord, help me, help me.
 Oth-ers Thy sal - va - tion show, Lord, help me, help me.
 E'en the si - lent tide il - lume, Lord, help me, help me.

Words and Music by MARECHALE BOOTH.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Oh, spot-less Lamb, I come to Thee, No long-er can I from Thee stay;
 2. My hun-gry soul cries out for Thee, Come, and for - ev - er seal my breast;
 3. Wea-ry I am of in-bred sin, Oh, wilt Thou not my soul re-lease?

Break ev - 'ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sins a - way.
 To Thy dear arms at last I flee, There on - ly can I rest.
 En - ter, and speak me pure with - in, Give me Thy per - fect peace.

My pre-cious Sav-iour, full of love, Take all my sins a - way.

Take all my sin a - way, Take all my sin a - way,

Copyright, 1894, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Takes My Sin Away.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

CHORUS.

He takes my sin away,
 He takes my sin away,
 Thou spotless Lamb, Thy precious blood,
 Takes all my sin away.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot;
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
 O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,

3 Just as I am, tho' tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt;

Fightings within, and foes without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
 lieve,

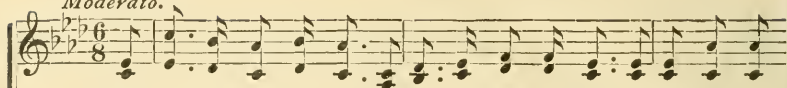
Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, and Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

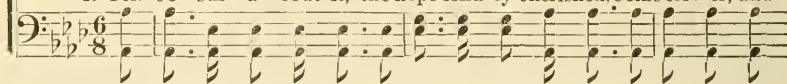
C. ELLIOTT.

E. E. HEWITT.
Moderato.

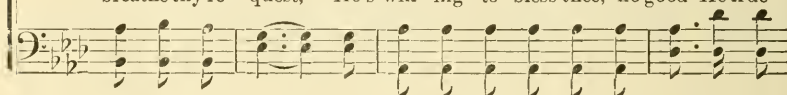
E. E. H. Arr. by W. J. K.



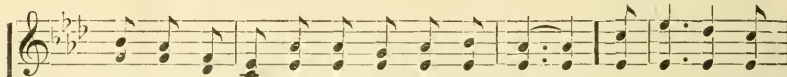
1. Tell Je - sus a - bout it—the sin that “be-sets” thee, The weight that en-
2. Tell Je - sus a - bout it, the thorn that now grieves thee, His word its re-
3. Tell Je - sus a - bout it, the love He hath kin-dled For Him, thy Re-
4. Tell Je - sus a - bout it, the hope fond-ly cherished, Come clos-er, and



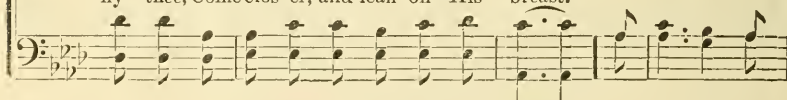
cum-bers thy way; He's read - y to save thee; He's strong to de-
 mov - al may be; If still He per-mits it, He'll prove His own
 deem-er and King, And tell Him thy longing for pow-er in His
 breathe thy re - quest, He's will - ing to bless thee, “no good” He'll de-



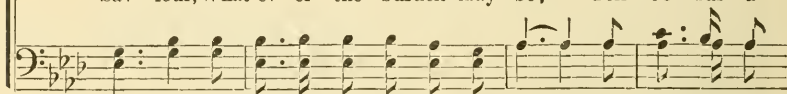
CHORUS.



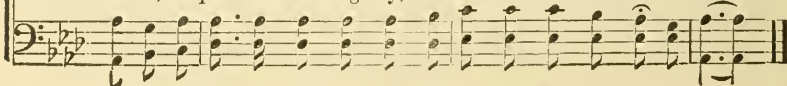
liv - er, He's a - ble to help thee each day. Tell Je - sus, thy
 prom-ise, “My grace is suf - fi-cient for thee.”
 ser - vice, More plen-ti - ful fruit - age to bring.
 ny thee, Come clos-er, and lean on His breast.

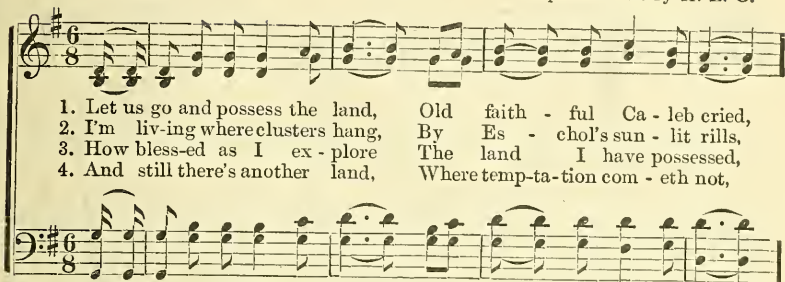


Sav - iour, What-ev-er the burden may be; Tell Je - sus a -



bout it, His pow'r is al - might-y, His love is so ten-der for thee.





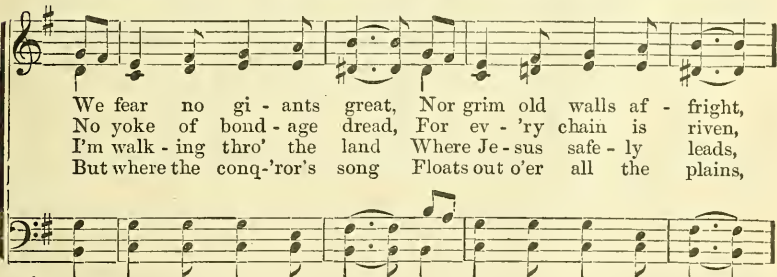
1. Let us go and possess the land, Old faith - ful Ca - leb cried,
 2. I'm liv - ing where clusters hang, By Es - chol's sun - lit rills,
 3. How bless - ed as I ex - plore The land I have possessed,
 4. And still there's another land, Where temp - ta - tion com - eth not,

CHO.— I'm o - ver in Ca - naan now, The crossing was made by faith;

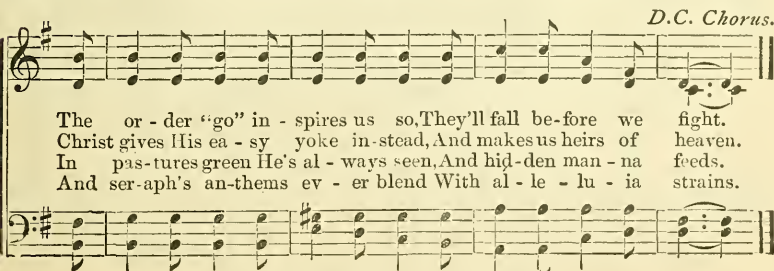


We're a - ble to o'er - come; The Lord is on our side,
 Where corn and wine with oil And hon - ey sweet dis - tills,
 And reach an - oth - er peak Of trust - ing, con - stant rest;
 Where foes and wall'd de - fence Are ev - er - more for - got;

I'm trust - ing Je - sus' blood, His arms are un - der - neath.



We fear no gi - ants great, Nor grim old walls af - fright,
 No yoke of bond - age dread, For ev - 'ry chain is riven,
 I'm walk - ing thro' the land Where Je - sus safe - ly leads,
 But where the conq - ror's song Floats out o'er all the plains,



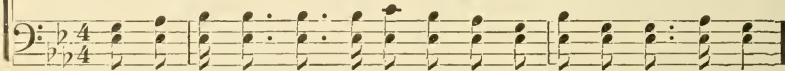
The or - der "go" in - spires us so, They'll fall be - fore we fight.
 Christ gives His ea - sy yoke in - stead, And makes us heirs of heaven.
 In pas - tures green He's al - ways seen, And hid - den man - na feeds.
 And ser - aph's an - thems ev - er blend With al - le - lu - ia strains.

E. E. HEWITT.

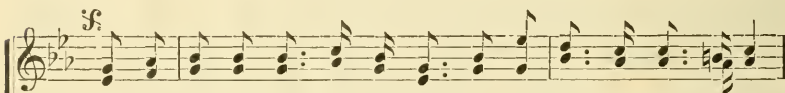
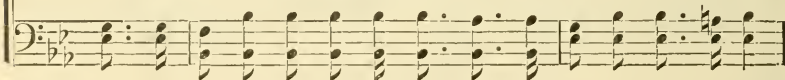
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



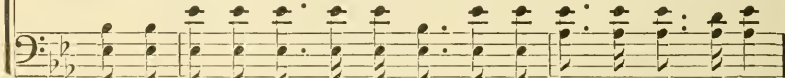
1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He is all in all to me;
2. Sweet-ly sat - is - fied with Je - sus, Not with an - y hope be - side,
3. Ev - er sat - is - fied with Je - sus, When the summer ros - es bloom,
4. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, May His grace a - bun - dant be,



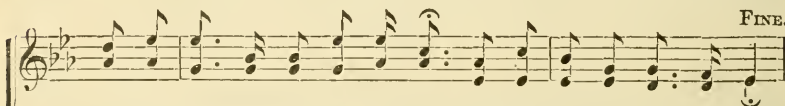
In my heart His love is springing Like a foun-tain glad and free.
 For the spir - it's thirst and hun-ger, No where else can be supplied
 When the win-try snows are drift-ing, Then His smile will light the gloom.
 All His ho - ly will ac-com-plish, Till He's sat - is - fied with me.



There is "now no con - dem - na-tion" To a soul be-neath the flow
 Not with an - y past at - tain-ment, An - y good my hands may do,
 He has promised to be with me, And His love is joy - di-vine,
 When—all praise to His sal - va-tion,— Gates of pearl shall o - pen wide,



D.S. In my heart His love is springing Like a foun - tain glad and free;



Of the stream from Calvary's mountain Cleansing whiter than the snow.
 On - ly Je - sus, pre-cious Sav-iour, Gives me peace, a - bid - ing, true.
 While I hear the gen - tle whis-per, I am His, and He is mine.
 I shall wake up in His like-ness, There, for-ev - er, "sat - is - fied."



And I know that Je - sus loves me, For He gave Himself for me,

Satisfied With Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied, per - fect - ly sat - is - fied; I am

sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He is all in all to me,

209 Oh, for Converting Grace!

ANDREW REED.

Adapted and Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

FINE.

1. { I would be Thine; Oh, take my heart, And fill it with Thy love;
Thy sa - cred im - age, Lord, im - part, And seal it from a - bove.
2. { I would be Thine; but while I strive To give my - self a - way,
I feel re - bel - lion still a - live, And wander while I pray.

D.S.— Send us, Lord, for Je - sus' sake, A sweet, re - fresh - ing shower.

CHORUS.

Oh, for con - vert - ing grace, And Oh, for sanc - ti - fy - ing power!

3 I would be Thine; but, Lord, I feel
Evil still lurks within;
Do Thou Thy majesty reveal,
And banish all my sin.

4 I would be Thine; I would embrace
The Saviour, and adore:
Inspire with faith, infuse Thy grace,
And now my soul restore.

A. E. R.

B. HILLYARD SWENEY.

1. I ask you the ques-tion of ques-tions, to-night, Is your
 2. The bless-ings of life may cause brightness and cheer, You
 3. Your dear ones love Je - sus-per - haps in the throng Where
 4. While still you are here on Time's mer - ci - ful shore, Ere the

heart un - der Je - sus' con - trol? Say, is He your peace, your
 think just a - head is hope's goal; Yet what of all this! Still the
 an - them's of glo - ry now roll, They're praising His grace. Will you
 bells of E - ter - ni - ty toll, My friend, let me ask you the

joy, your light— Is it well, is it well with your soul?
 question rings clear, Is it well, is it well with your soul?
 meet them at length? Is it well, is it well with your soul?
 question once more— Is it well, is it well with your soul?

CHORUS.

Oh! sin - ner, give Je - sus your be - ing just now; Not

part of your heart, but the whole, He'll teach you to say as be -

Is it Well With Your Soul? Concluded.

fore Him you bow, "It is well, it is well with my soul."

211

Fill Me Now.

E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;

FINE.
D.S. Fill me with Thy hallow'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now:

2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell Thee how;
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At Thy sacred feet I bow;

Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow:
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

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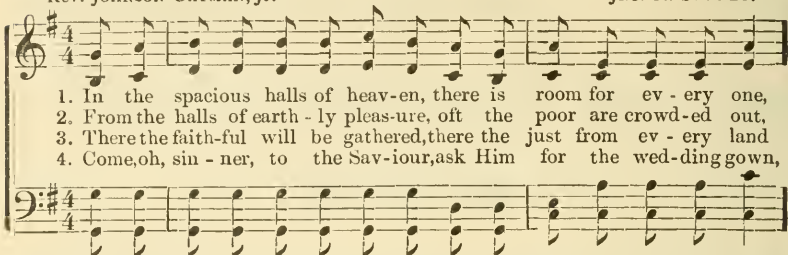
212 Are You Going to the Banquet?

"He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."--SOL. SONG II. 4.

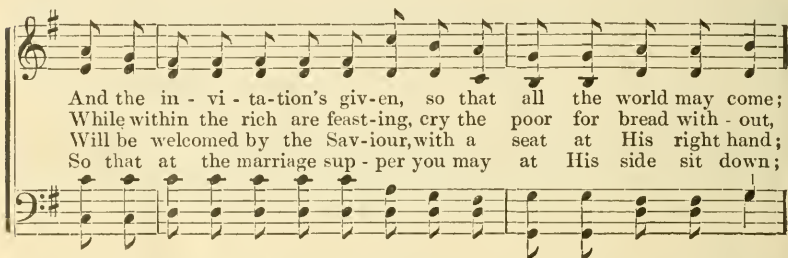
"Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."--REV. xix. 9.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

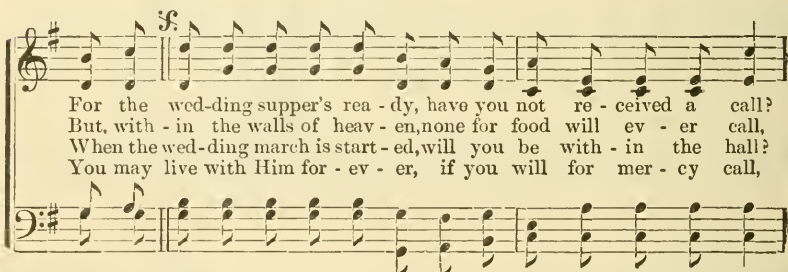
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. In the spacious halls of heav-en, there is room for ev - ery one,
 2. From the halls of earth - ly pleas-ure, oft the poor are crowd-ed out,
 3. There the faith-ful will be gathered, there the just from ev - ery land
 4. Come, oh, sin - ner, to the Sav-iour, ask Him for the wed-ding gown,

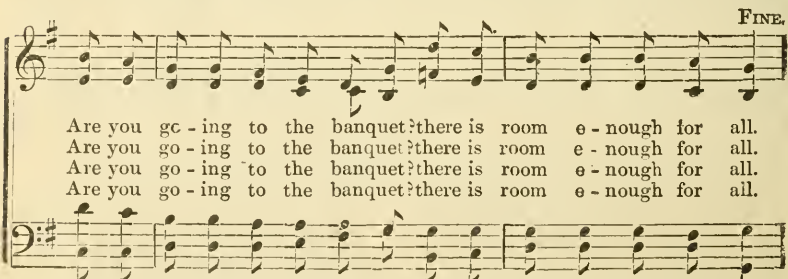


And the in - vi - ta-tion's giv-en, so that all the world may come;
 While within the rich are feast-ing, cry the poor for bread with - out;
 Will be welcomed by the Sav-iour, with a seat at His right hand;
 So that at the marriage sup - per you may at His side sit down;



For the wed-ding supper's rea - dy, have you not re - ceived a call?
 But, with - in the walls of heav - en, none for food will ev - er call,
 When the wed-ding march is start-ed, will you be with - in the hall?
 You may live with Him for - ev - er, if you will for mer - cy call,

D.S. nev - er will be wea - ry, nev - er more your tears will fall,



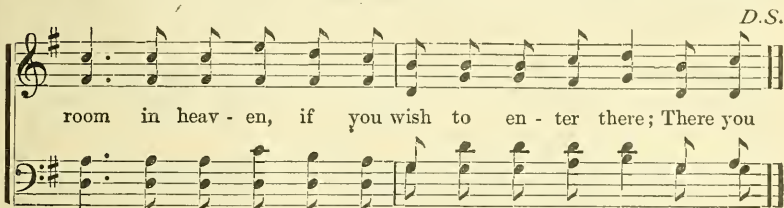
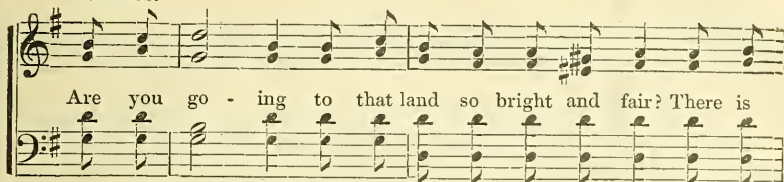
Are you go - ing to the banquet? there is room e - nough for all.
 Are you go - ing to the banquet? there is room e - nough for all.
 Are you go - ing to the banquet? there is room e - nough for all.
 Are you go - ing to the banquet? there is room e - nough for all.

Are you go - ing to the ban-quet? there is room e - nough for all.

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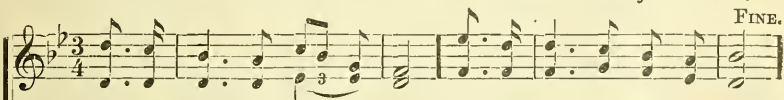
Are You Going to the Banquet? Concluded.

CHORUS.



213 Saviour, Pilot Me. 7s, 6 lines.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;

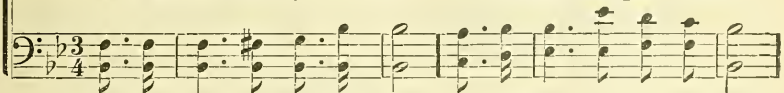


Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.



Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;



2 When the apostle's fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou didst walk upon the sea;
And when they beheld Thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

3 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will

When Thou sayest to them, "Be still,"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

4 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

E. E. HEWITT.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On - ly to love Him; this is the test; Crowning Him ev - er
2. On - ly to love Him; hav - ing no fear, Save that which trembles
3. On - ly to love Him; eag - er to make, Life a glad ser - vice,

dear - est and best; In His com - mand - ments tak - ing delight, Sweet self - sur -
when sin is near; Clinging more close - ly, trusting His pow'r, Finding suf -
used for His sake; Love that is hum - ble, love that obeys, Love springing

CHORUS.

ren - der, hap - py and bright. On - ly to love Him, how blessed to bring
fi - cient grace for each hour.
up - ward, joy - ful in praise.

Love's con - se - cra - tion to Je - sus our King; On - ly to love Him, how

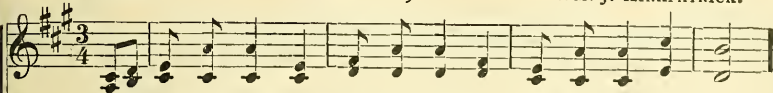
sim - ple the way, Lead - ing to man - sions of beau - ti - ful day.

215 Bring Thy Mighty Fullness In.

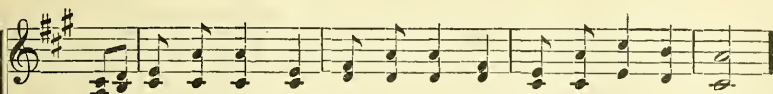
E. E. HEWITT.

EPH. iii. 19.

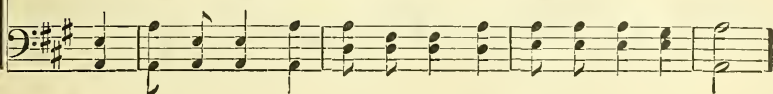
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Lord, emp-ty Thou my soul to - day Of self, and pride, and sin;
2. Lord, let me know the depth and height Of Thy re-deem-ing love,
3. O, may Thy Spir - it strengthen me With o - ver-com-ing pow'r;
4. For Thou art a - ble, Lord, to do More than my highest prayer,



Ex - ert Thy right-ful, roy-al sway, And sweet-ly en - ter in.
And help me sing Thy sav-ing might, With hap-py saints a - bove.
Till I shall shout the vic - to - ry, In ev - ery test-ing hour.
All praise to Thee, life's journey thro', Till heavenly joy I share.



CHORUS.
Come, Sav-iour, take a - way my sin, And bring Thy mighty fullness in;



This wondrous blessing let me win, O bring Thy mighty fullness in.



Copyright, 1894, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

PSALM xlviii. 13.

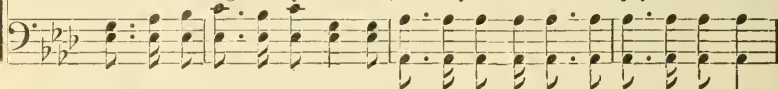
H. L. GILMOUR.



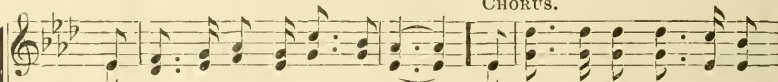
1. Have you, my dear broth-er, been res-cued from sin? Is Christ the Re-
2. Are you, my dear broth-er, washed whit-er than snow? And now does the
3. Does Christ, my dear broth-er, with-in you now reign? And sin - ful en-
4. Is Christ, my dear broth-er, now walk - ing with you? And does He di-



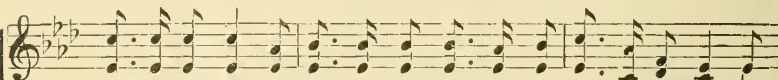
deem-er a-bid - ing with-in? Would you help some others salvation to win?
cleansing blood over you flow? And would you have others the same joy to know?
joyments do you now disdain? Oh, would you help others a heaven to gain?
rect in all things that you do? Oh, would you have others enjoy Je-sus too?



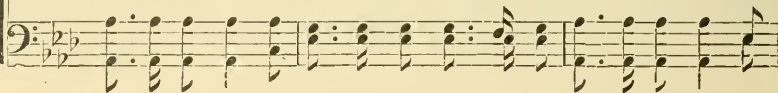
CHORUS.



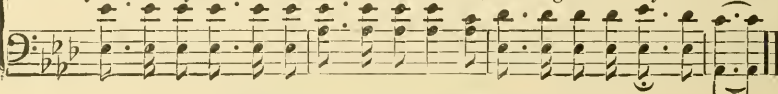
Then tell the glad sto-ry a - broad. Oh, tell the glad sto - ry, oh,



tell what you know, That sinners find cleansing in Cal - va-ry's flow, And



ev'ry heart may be made whiter than snow, Oh, tell the glad sto-ry a - broad.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Visions of rap-ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchas'd of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight; An-gels descending, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest; Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

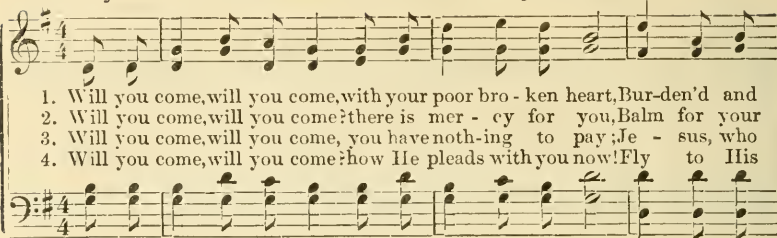
Spir-it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 good-ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry,

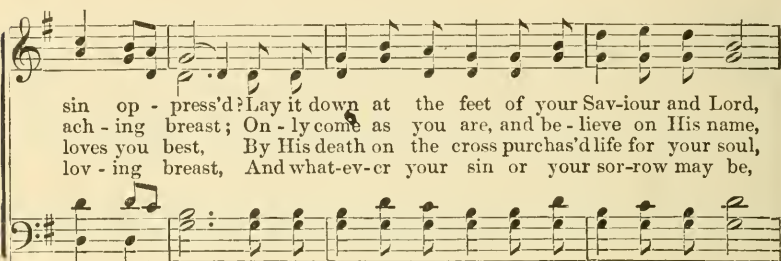
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour, all the day long.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

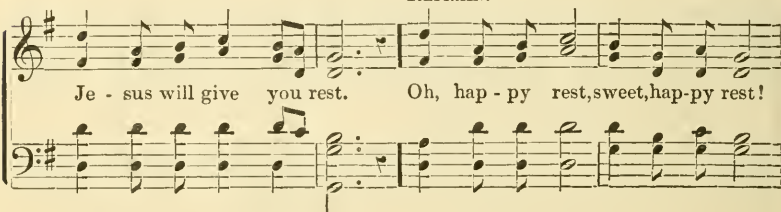


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor bro - ken heart, Bur - den'd and
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth - ing to pay; Je - sus, who
 4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His

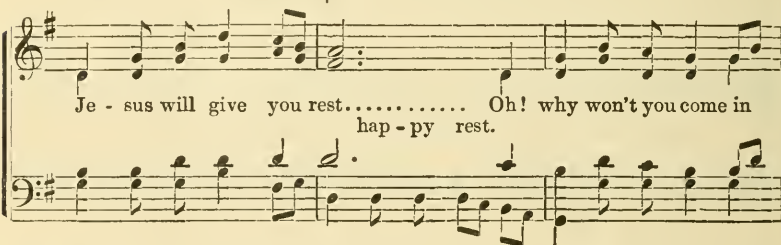


sin op - press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - iour and Lord,
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
 loves you best, By His death on the cross purchas'd life for your soul,
 lov - ing breast, And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest!

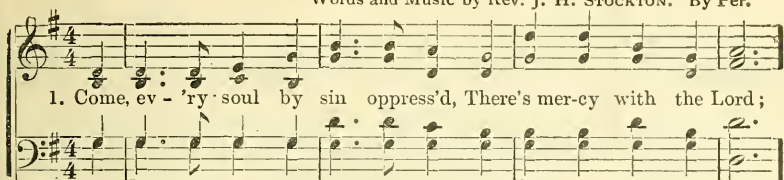


Je - sus will give you rest..... Oh! why won't you come in
 hap - py rest.

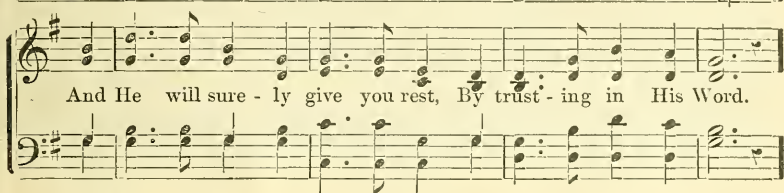


sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

Words and Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. By Per.

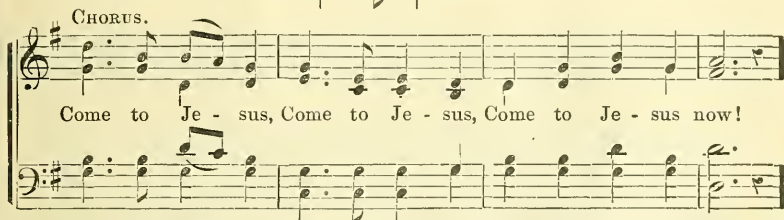


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord;

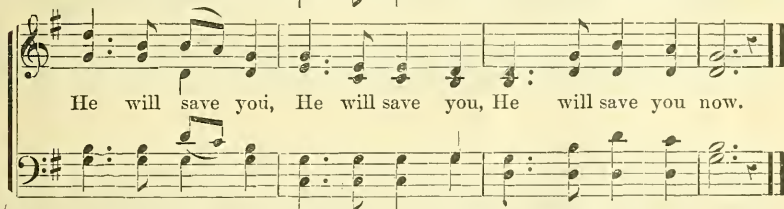


And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His Word.

CHORUS.



Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now!



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him, without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee;
Since Thou hast made the way so clear,
And full salvation free.

5 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go;
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.

Come, Humble Sinner, in Whose Breast.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:—

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Frostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;

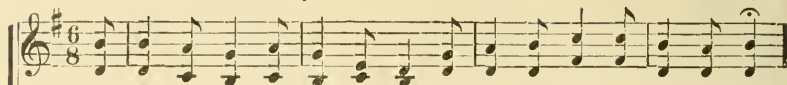
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish, if I go;
I am resolved to try:
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die. EDMUND JONES.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt;
4. Just as I am, poor wretched blind, Sight, rich-es heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve,
6. Just as I am, Thy love unknown Hath broken ev-ery bar-rier down;



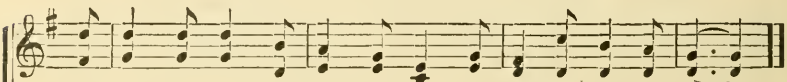
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.
 Fightings with-in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come.
 Yes, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come.
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come.
 Now to be Thine, and Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come.



CHORUS.



I come, O Lamb of God, to Thee, The blood, the blood, my on-ly plea;



My cap-tive soul must now be free, O Lamb of God I come.



221 The King of Glory Passeth By.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O trembling soul o'erwhelmed with fear, What words are these that charm my ear?
2. He passeth by who once was led, With all thy guilt up - on His head;
3. He passeth by with heal-ing pow'r, He passeth by this ver - y hour;
4. He passeth by, O bid Him stay, Re-ceive the gift He brings to-day;



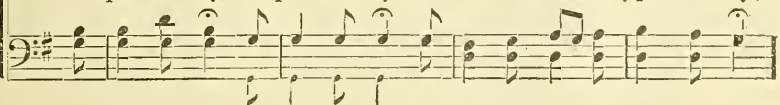
Thy light has come, lift up thine eye. For He of Nazareth pass-eth by.
 And on the cross ex - tend-ed high, The Man of sor-row pass-eth by.
 With pitying heart and lov-ing eye, The great De - liv'r-er pass-eth by.
 The Son of God, the crown'd on high, The King of glo-ry pass-eth by.



CHORUS.



He pass-eth by, He pass-eth by, His ear has heard thy plaintive cry;

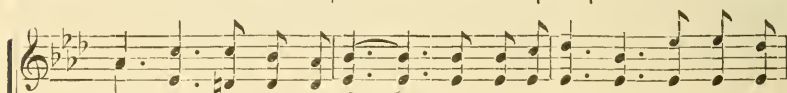
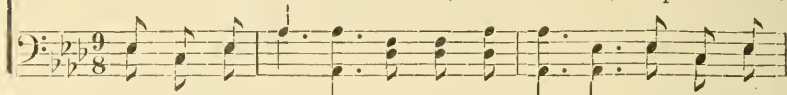


He pass-eth by, O can it be, With gen-tle voice He call-eth Theer

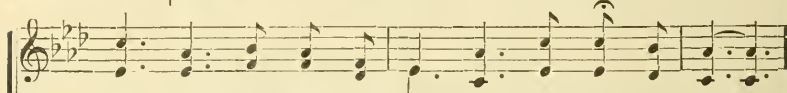
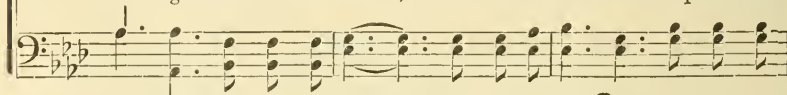




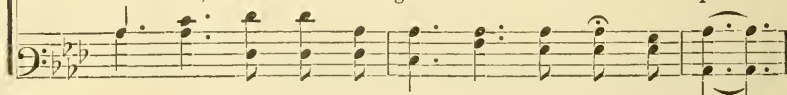
1. Sav - iour, to Thee our all we sur - ren - der, Take Thou our
 2. Give us Thy pow - er, sing - ing or pray - ing, Pow - er to
 3. Touch Thou our tongues while tell - ing the sto - ry, How by Thy
 4. Bow down Thine ear and hear us, O Sav - iour, Stamp Thou Thine



hearts, and let them be Thine; Thou hast bestowed Thy mer - cy so
 stand, what - e'er may be - tide; Pow - er to lead some soul that is
 death our souls were set free; Help us, O Lord, to show forth Thy
 im - age now on each heart; Seal us Thine own and keep us for -



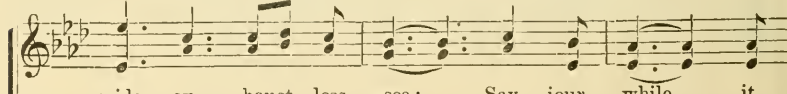
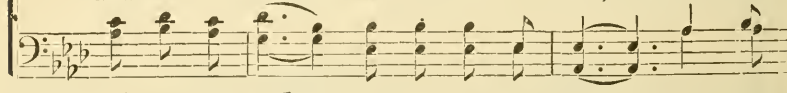
ten - der, Oh! bless 'us just now with power di - vine.
 stray - ing, Back to the stream that flows from Thy side.
 glo - ry, Till all the earth sings prais - es to Thee.
 ev - er, Nev - er a - gain from Thee to de - part.



CHORUS.



Pow - er di - vine it flow - eth so free, Like a



wide ex - haust - less sea:.....Sav - iour, while:.....it



Power Divine. Concluded.

on-ward rolls,.... Let some waves..... wash o'er our souls.
Let some waves

223

Who May Come?

E. R. LATTA. Alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who may come at the gos - pel call? Who - so - ev - er will!
2. Who may drink of the liv - ing streams? Who - so - ev - er will!
3. Who may come to the throne of grace? Who - so - ev - er will!
4. Who may dwell in a man - sion bright? Who - so - ev - er will!

who - so - ev - er will! Who may sit in the ban - quet hall?
who - so - ev - er will! Who may walk in the heav - en - ly beams?
who - so - ev - er will! Who may find at the cross a place?
who - so - ev - er will! Who may walk with the saints in white?

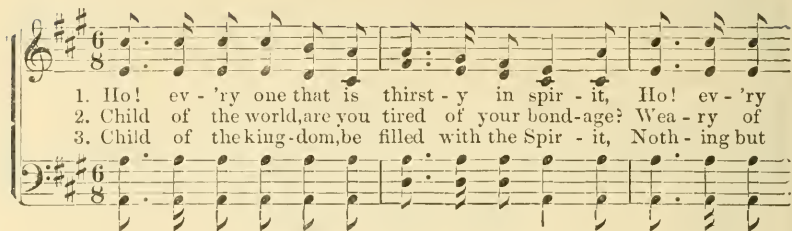
CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will! Je - sus is in - vit - ing, Who - so -
ev - er will! Come, and take sal - va - tion, Who - so - ev - er will!

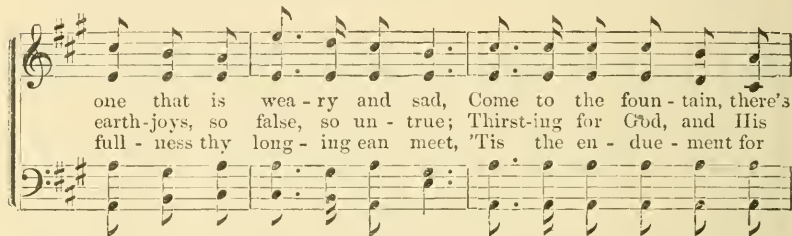
224 Ho! Every One That is Thirsty!

L. J. R.

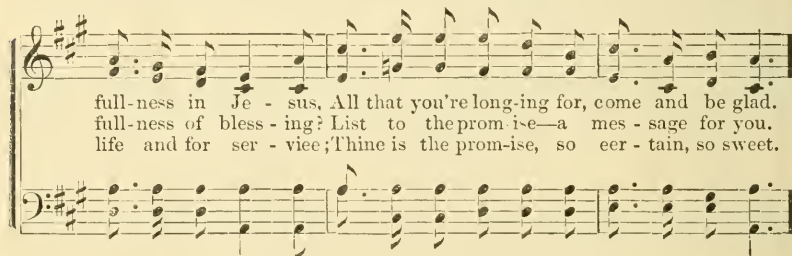
LUCY J. RIDER.



1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that is thirst - y in spir - it, Ho! ev - 'ry
 2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bond-age? Wea - ry of
 3. Child of the king-dom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth - ing but

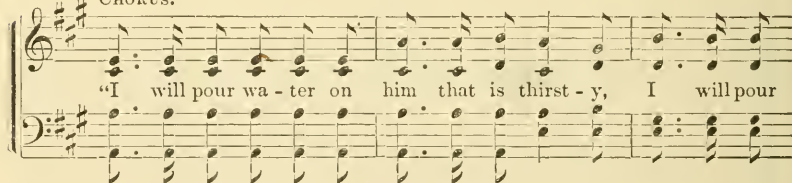


one that is wea - ry and sad, Come to the foun - tain, there's
 earth-joys, so false, so un - true; Thirst-ing for God, and His
 full - ness thy long - ing can meet, 'Tis the en - due - ment for

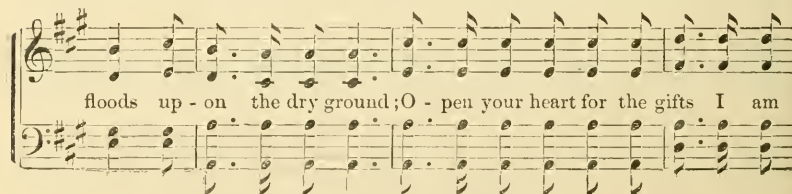


full-ness in Je - sus, All that you're long-ing for, come and be glad.
 full-ness of bless - ing? List to the prom - ise - a mes - sage for you.
 life and for ser - vice; 'Thine is the prom - ise, so eer - tain, so sweet.

CHORUS.



"I will pour wa - ter on him that is thirst - y, I will pour



floods up - on the dry ground; O - pen your heart for the gifts I am

Ho! Every One That is Thirsty! Concluded.

bring - ing, While ye are seek - ing me, I will be found."

225

He Loved Me So.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see, Ex - pir - ing on the
2. For me the Fa - ther sent His Son; For me the vic - to -
3. So glad I am that He is mine, — So glad that I with
4. O Lamb of God, that made me free, I con - se - crate my
5. And when my Lord shall bid me come, To join the loved ones

cross for me; He paid the might - y debt I owe:
 ry He won; To save my soul from end - less woe,
 Him shall shine: I'll trust in Him, for this I know,
 all to Thee; My all, for this I sure - ly know,
 round the throne, I'll sing, as through the gates I go,

REFRAIN.

He died be - cause He loved me so. He loved me
 He

so, He loved me so, He died be - cause He loved me so.

loved.....

From "GOSPEL IN SONG," by per.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung;
 2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main;
 3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the tid - ings roll,

'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal tongue,
 'Tis the grand - est theme for a mor - tal strain,
 To the guilt - y heart, to the sin - ful soul,

'Tis the grand - est theme that the world e'er sung,
 'Tis the grand - est theme tell the world a gain,
 Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,

"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

CHORUS.

He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
 a - ble, He is a - ble,

He is Able to Deliver Thee. Concluded.

He is a - - ble to de-liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a-ble, He is a-ble

Go to Him for rest; Our God is a-ble to de-liv - er thee.

227 Old Time Religion.

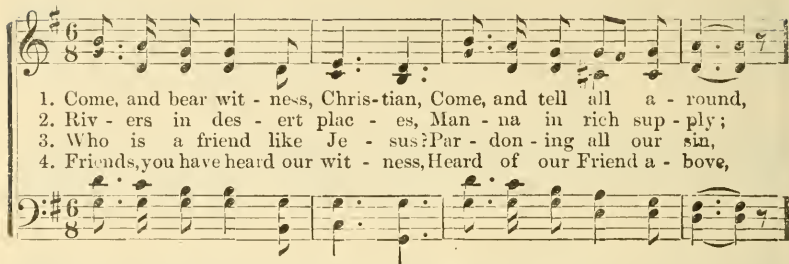
{ 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion,
It was good enough for moth-er, It was good enough for fa - ther,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And 'tis good e - nough for me; }
'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And 'tis good e - nough for me. }

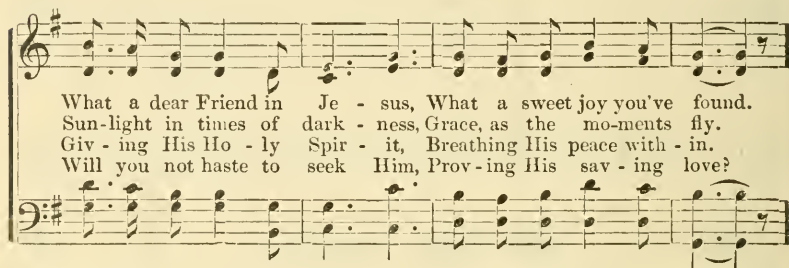
- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 : It will save a poor lost sinner, : | 3 It was good for Paul and Silas, etc. |
| 'Tis the old time religion, | 4 It was good for old Elijah, etc. |
| And 'tis good enough for me. | 5 'Twill be good when you are dying. |
| 2 It was good enough for Daniel, etc. | 9 It will take you home to glory, etc. |

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

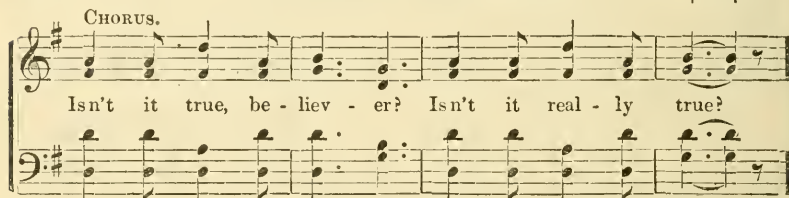


1. Come, and bear wit - ness, Chris-tian, Come, and tell all a - round,
 2. Riv - ers in des - ert plac - es, Man - na in rich sup - ply;
 3. Who is a friend like Je - sus? Par - don - ing all our sin,
 4. Friends, you have heard our wit - ness, Heard of our Friend a - bove,

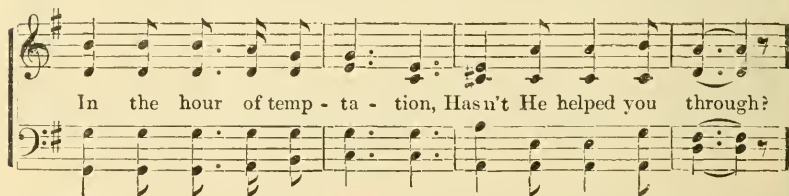


What a dear Friend in Je - sus, What a sweet joy you've found.
 Sun-light in times of dark - ness, Grace, as the mo - ments fly.
 Giv - ing His Ho - ly Spir - it, Breathing His peace with - in.
 Will you not haste to seek Him, Prov - ing His sav - ing love?

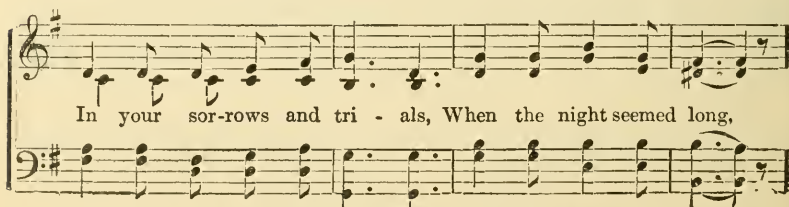
CHORUS.



Isn't it true, be - liev - er? Isn't it real - ly true?



In the hour of temp - ta - tion, Hasn't He helped you through?



In your sor - rows and tri - als, When the night seemed long,

Isn't it True, Believer? Concluded.

Hasn't the Sav-iour been near you? Fill-ing your heart with song?

229

Why Not Enter in?

E. R. LATTÄ.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

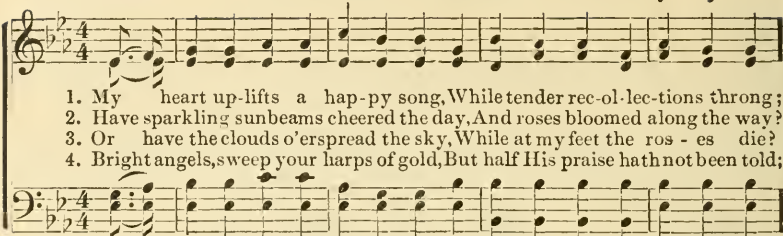
1. Mex - ey's door is o - pen, Why not en - ter in?
 2. Now the feast is read - y, Why not en - ter in?
 3. Now, the pool is trou - bled, Why not en - ter in?
 4. Now, the ark is wait - ing, Why not en - ter in?

Hes - i - tate no lon - ger, Par - don to ob - tain.
 You are on - ly starv - ing On the husks of sin.
 From your guilt and fol - ly, It will make you clean.
 Ere the flood o'er-takes you, Life e - ter - nal win.

CHORUS.

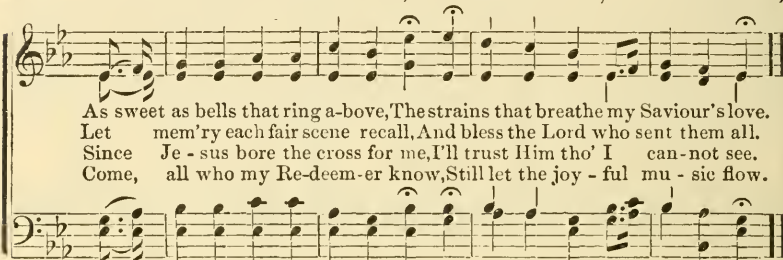
Why not? Why not? Why not en - ter in?

Hes - i - tate no long - er. Come and en - ter in.



1. My heart up-lifts a hap-py song, While tender rec-ol-lec-tions throng;
2. Have sparkling sunbeams cheered the day, And roses bloomed along the way?
3. Or have the clouds o'erspread the sky, While at my feet the ros-es die?
4. Bright angels, sweep your harps of gold, But half His praise hath not been told;

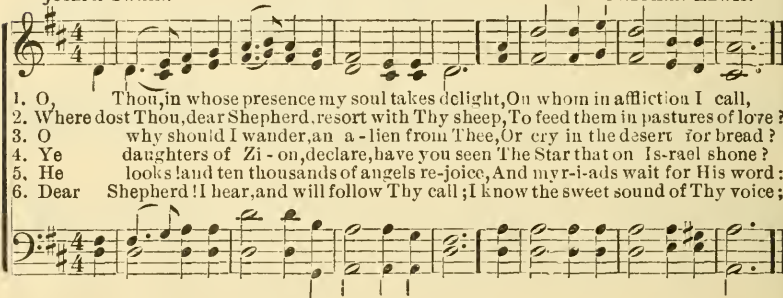
CHO. And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,



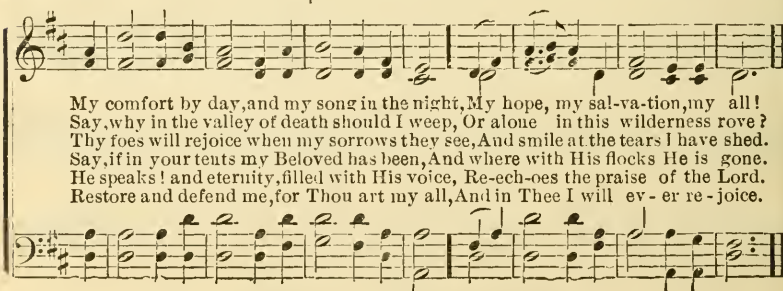
As sweet as bells that ring a-bove, The strains that breathe my Saviour's love.
Let mem'ry each fair scene recall, And bless the Lord who sent them all.
Since Je-sus bore the cross for me, I'll trust Him tho' I can-not see.
Come, all who my Re-deem-er know, Still let the joy-ful mu-sic flow.

And above the rest this note shall swell, My Jesus hath done all things well

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1. O, Thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shepherd, resort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. O why should I wander, an a-lien from Thee, Or cry in the desert for bread?
4. Ye daughters of Zi-on, declare, have you seen The Star that on Is-rael shone?
5. He looks! and ten thousands of angels re-joice, And myr-i-ads wait for His word;
6. Dear Shepherd! I hear, and will follow Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;



My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all!
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep, Or alone in this wilderness rove?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.
He speaks! and eternity, filled with His voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.
Restore and defend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev-er re-joice.

EDWARD PERRONET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;
 2. Ye chos-en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 3. Sin-ners, whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall,
 4. Let ev-ery kin-dred, ev-ery tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
 5. O that with yon-der sa-cred thong We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
 We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

CHORUS.

Crown Him, Crown Him,

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all;.....

Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

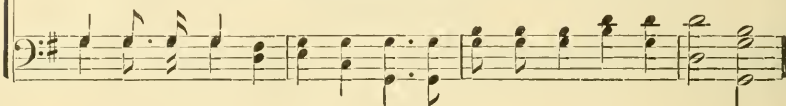
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



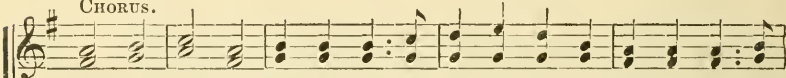
1. Forth from the cross where Jesus died, The wa - ter of life flows free-ly,
2. "Come!" 'Tis the Ho-ly Spir - it's call, The wa - ter of life flows free-ly;
3. "Come!" Echo loving Christian friends, The wa - ter of life flows free-ly,
4. Close by the heal-ing spring a-bide, The wa - ter of life flows free-ly,



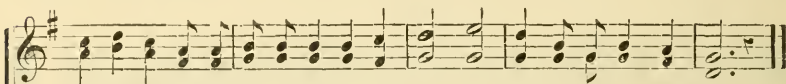
Forth from the Saviour's riv - en side, The wa - ter of life flows free - ly.
 "Come!" Take salvation, one and all, The wa - ter of life flows free - ly.
 It is for you their pray'r ascends. The wa - ter of life flows free - ly.
 Drink, till your soul is sat - is - fied, The wa - ter of life flows free - ly.



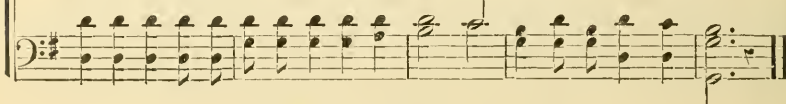
CHORUS.



Free - ly, free - ly, Free - ly flows the precious fountain, Free-ly down from



Calv'ry's mountain, The water of life flows freely, Free-ly for you and me.



234 Come Ye That Love the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arranged.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
 3. There we shall see His face, And nev - er, nev - er sin;
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

CHO. I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free;

Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round the throne.
 But, ser-vants of the heavenly King May speak their joys a-broad.
 There, from the riv - ers of His grace, Drink end - less pleasures in.
 We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

Sal - va - tion's free for you and me; I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.

235

I Do Believe. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy power;
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

If Thou with draw Thy-self from me, Ah, whith - er shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My all from end - less death!
 And all my wants Thou would'st relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift! My soul with - out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood I shall from sin be free.

1. { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy

FINE. D.S.
 day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house.
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on.
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With Him, of every good possessed.
- 5 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear

237 I'm Going Home To Die No More.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

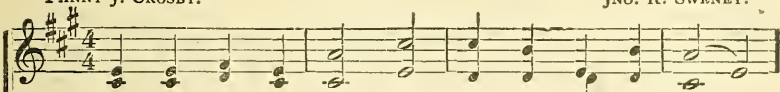
Arranged by Rev. WM. McDONALD.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there: }
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

- CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }
 { To die no more, to die no more; I'm go-ing home to die no more! }
- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky:
 When from this earthly prison free.
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
- 3 While here, a stranger far from home,
 Affliction's waves may round me foam;
 Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
 My heavenly mansion is secure.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
 Be mine a happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.
- 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
 And sun and moon refuse to shine,
 All nature sink and cease to be,
 That heavenly mansion stands for me

FANNY J. CROSBY.

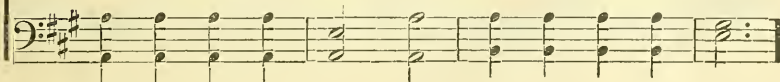
JNO. R. SWENEY.



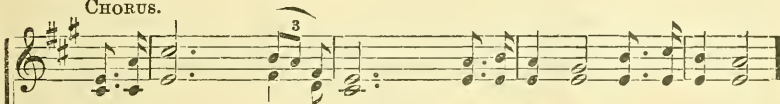
1. Je - sus, bless - ed Mas - ter, More than all to me,
 2. An - y - where Thou lead - est, If Thy light I see,
 3. To a field of la - bor, When Thou call - est me,
 4. An - y - where to suf - fer If Thy will it be,



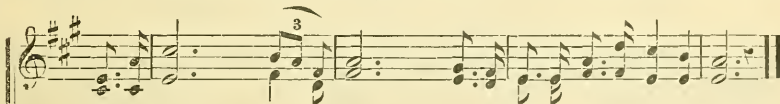
I will go re - joic - ing, An - y - where with Thee.
 E - ven in a dun - geon, Hap - py I would be.
 Glad - ly will I an - swer, An - y - where with Thee.
 Then a crown of glo - ry, Home and rest with Thee.



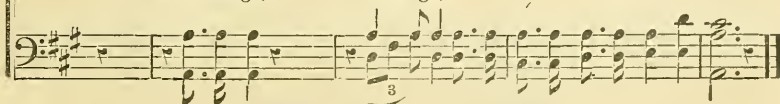
CHORUS.



I will go, I will go, Trust-ing ev - er, wea - ry nev - er;
 I will go, I will go,



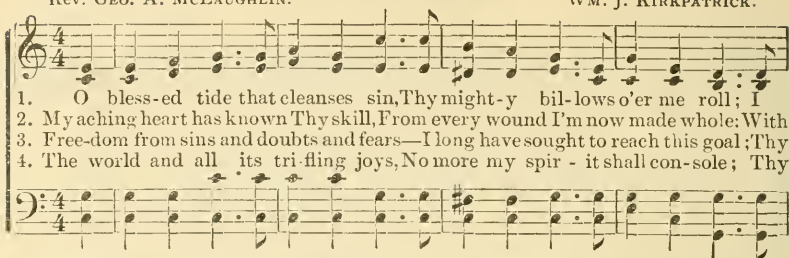
I will go, I will go, Blessed Je - sus, an - y - where with Thee.
 I will go, I will go,



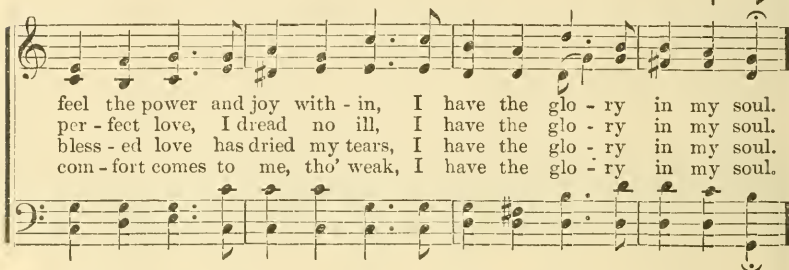
239 I Have the Glory in My Soul.

Rev. GEO. A. McLAUGHLIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

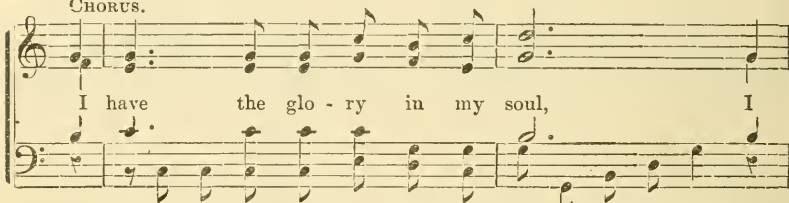


1. O bless-ed tide that cleanses sin, Thy might-y bil-lows o'er me roll; I
 2. My aching heart has known Thy skill, From every wound I'm now made whole; With
 3. Free-dom from sins and doubts and fears—I long have sought to reach this goal; Thy
 4. The world and all its tri-ling joys, No more my spir - it shall con-sole; Thy



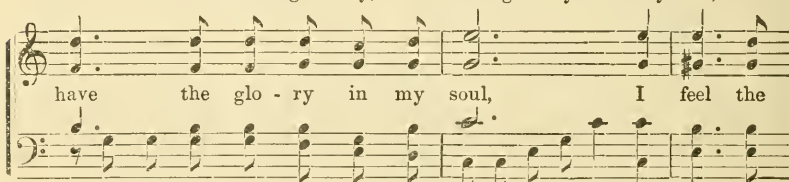
feel the power and joy with - in, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
 per - fect love, I dread no ill, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
 bless - ed love has dried my tears, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
 com - fort comes to me, tho' weak, I have the glo - ry in my soul.

CHORUS.



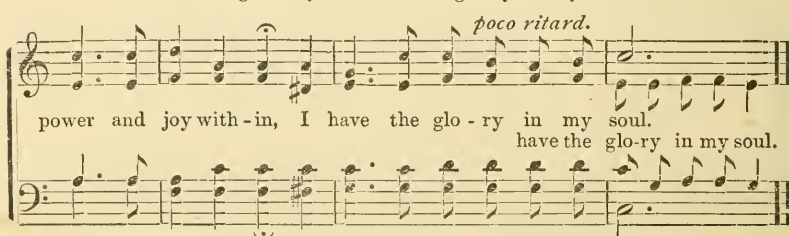
I have the glo - ry in my soul, I

I have the glo - ry, have the glo - ry in my soul,



have the glo - ry in my soul, I feel the

I have the glo - ry, have the glo - ry in my soul,

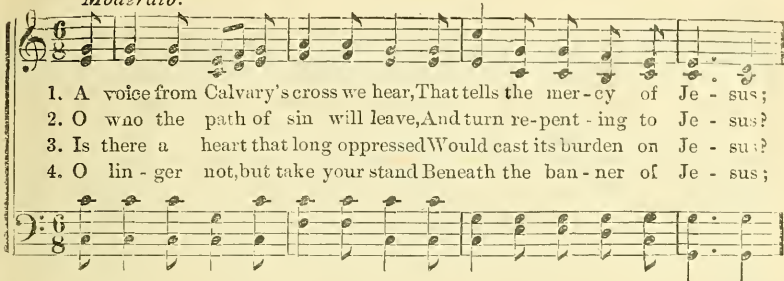


power and joy with-in, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
 have the glo - ry in my soul.

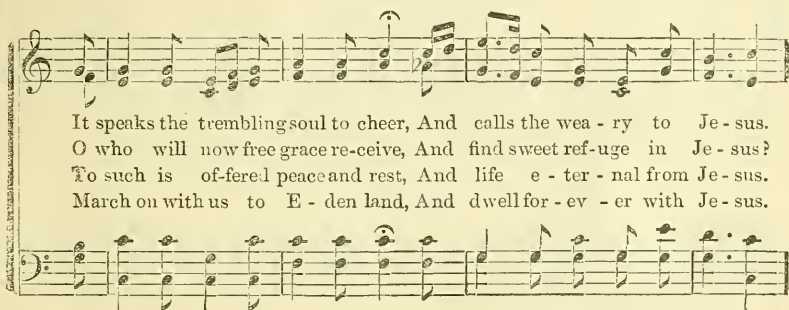
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

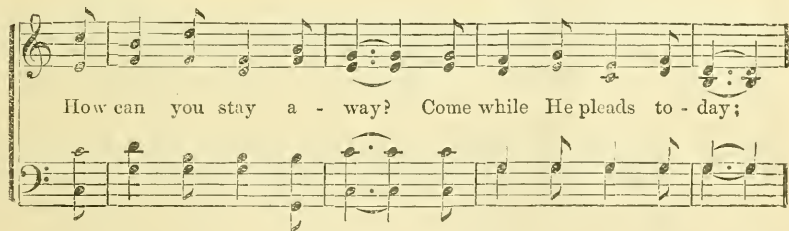
Moderato.


1. A voice from Calvary's cross we hear, That tells the mer-cy of Je - sus;
 2. O wao the path of sin will leave, And turn re-pent - ing to Je - sus?
 3. Is there a heart that long oppressed Would cast its burden on Je - su?
 4. O lin - ger not, but take your stand Beneath the ban - ner of Je - sus;

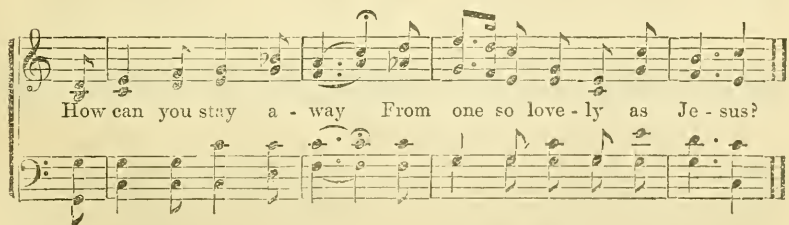


It speaks the tremblingsoul to cheer, And calls the wea - ry to Je - sus.
 O who will now free grace re-ceive, And find sweet ref-uge in Je - sus?
 To such is of-fered peaceand rest, And life e - ter - nal from Je - sus.
 March on with us to E - den land, And dwell for - ev - er with Je - sus.

CHORUS.



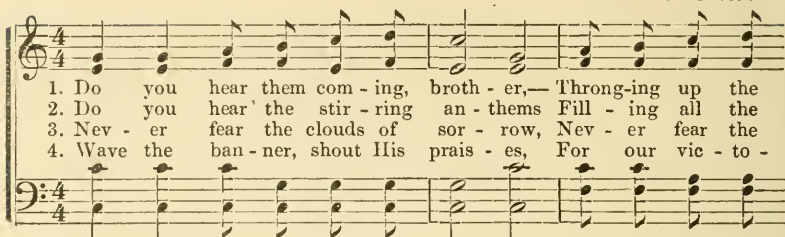
How can you stay a - way? Come while He pleads to - day;



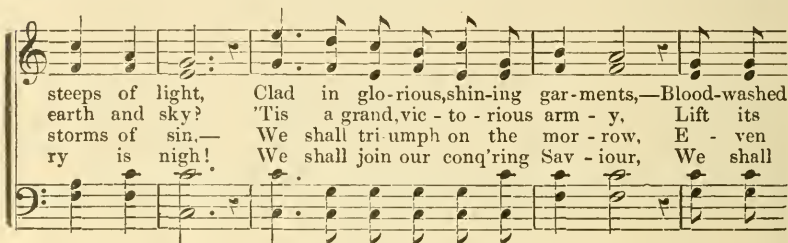
How can you stay a - way From one so love - ly as Je - sus?

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. Joseph H. Smith.

R. E. HUDSON.

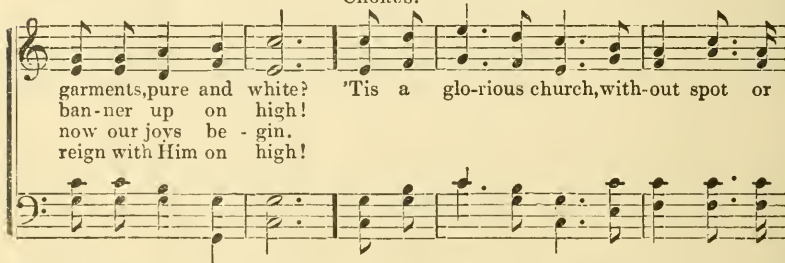


1. Do you hear them com - ing, broth - er, — Throng - ing up the
 2. Do you hear' the stir - ring an - thems Fill - ing all the
 3. Nev - er fear the clouds of sor - row, Nev - er fear the
 4. Wave the ban - ner, shout His prais - es, For our vic - to -

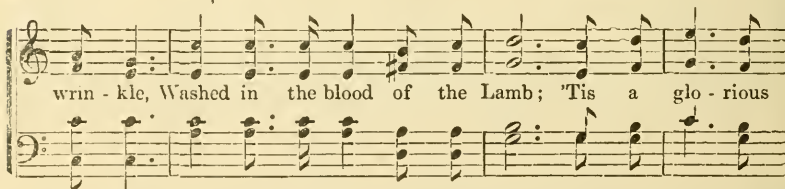


steeps of light, Clad in glo - rious, shin - ing gar - ments, — Blood - washed
 earth and sky? 'Tis a grand, vic - to - rious arm - y, Lift its
 storms of sin, — We shall triumph on the mor - row, E - ven
 ry is nigh! We shall join our conq'ring Sav - iour, We shall

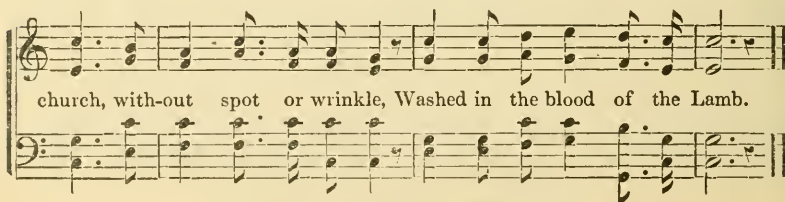
CHORUS.



garments, pure and white? 'Tis a glo - rious church, with - out spot or
 ban - ner up on high!
 now our joys be - gin.
 reign with Him on high!



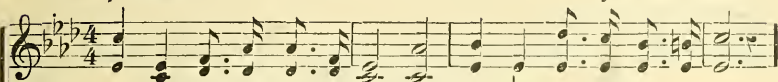
wrin - kle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb; 'Tis a glo - rious



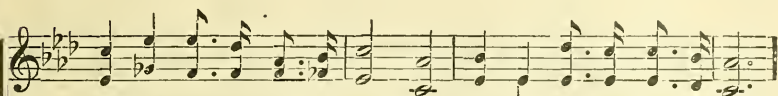
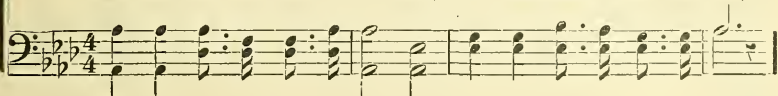
church, with - out spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEEZY.



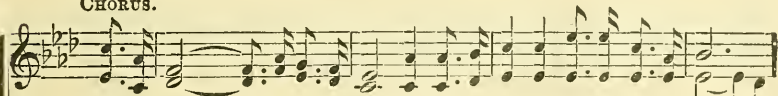
1. Thou art fair - er than the morn ing, O my Saviour and my King,
2. Clothed in light as with a gar - ment, Crowned with majesty di - vine,
3. O the great - ness of Thy mer - cy, And the rich ness of Thy grace!
4. When the sil - ver chord is bro - ken, And this mor - tal life is o'er,



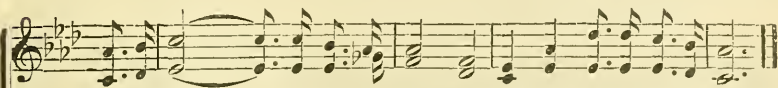
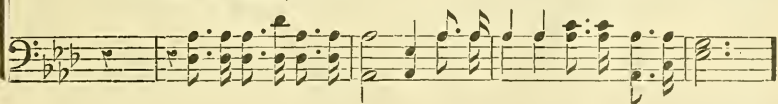
Of Thy grandeur and Thy beau - ty, How my soul de - lights to sing.
 Lo the scep - tre of do - min - ion Now and ev - er, Lord, is Thine.
 O the love that in Thy king - dom Is pre - par - ing me a place!
 With ten thousand times ten thousand, I shall sing for - ev - er - more.



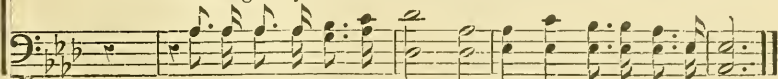
CHORUS.



Thou art fair - er than the morning, Thou art brighter, brighter than the day,
 Thou art fairer,



At the glo - ry of Thy presence, Clouds and darkness fly away.
 At the glo - ry



E. E. HEWITT.

Arranged by W. J. K.

1. My Sav-iour died to o - pen wide The gates of life to me; To
 2. One song shall ring to heav-en's King, From all the ransomed host; They
 3. Now all the way, I'll watch and pray, And sing re-deem-ing love; His

save my soul from sin's con - trol, And give me lib - er - ty; His
 sing His name, His praise pro - claim, His cross is all their boast; I
 keep - ing power I'll prove each hour, He leads my soul a - bove; And

blood can wash my stains Till not a spot re-mains, The blood of Jesus
 too will join the song, The hap - py theme prolong, The blood of Jesus
 still will I a - bid Where flows sal - va - tion's tide, The blood of Jesus

D.S.—bless the hap - py day When He took my sins a - way, The blood of Jesus

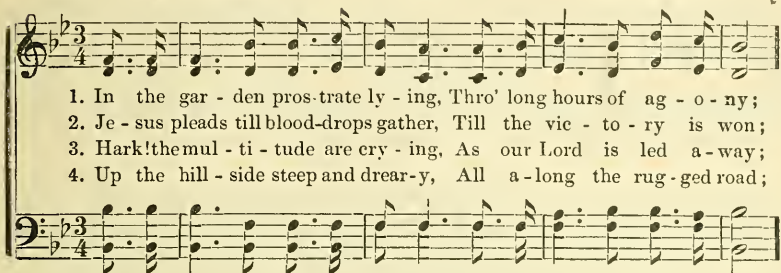
FINE. CHORUS.

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow. The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as
 cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.

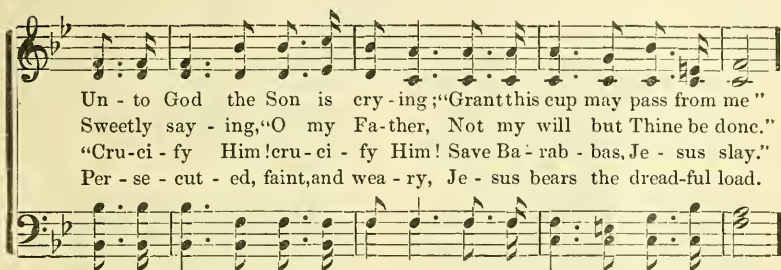
D. S.
 snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; I

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

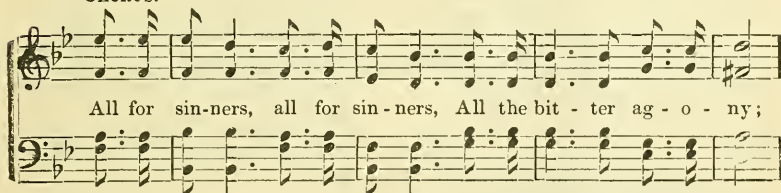


1. In the gar - den pros - trate ly - ing, Thro' long hours of ag - o - ny;
 2. Je - sus pleads till blood - drops gather, Till the vic - to - ry is won;
 3. Hark! them ul - ti - tude are cry - ing, As our Lord is led a - way;
 4. Up the hill - side steep and drear - y, All a - long the rug - ged road;

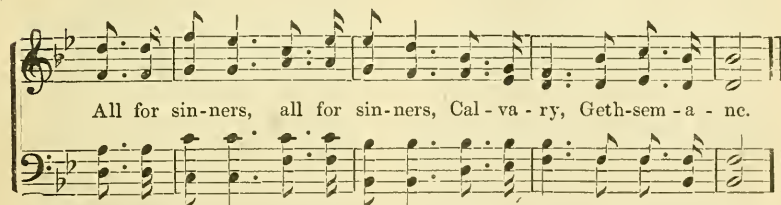


Un - to God the Son is cry - ing; "Grant this cup may pass from me"
 Sweetly say - ing, "O my Fa - ther, Not my will but Thine be done."
 "Cru - ci - fy Him! cru - ci - fy Him! Save Ba - rab - bas, Je - sus slay."
 Per - se - cut - ed, faint, and wea - ry, Je - sus bears the dread - ful load.

CHORUS.



All for sin - ners, all for sin - ners, All the bit - ter ag - o - ny;



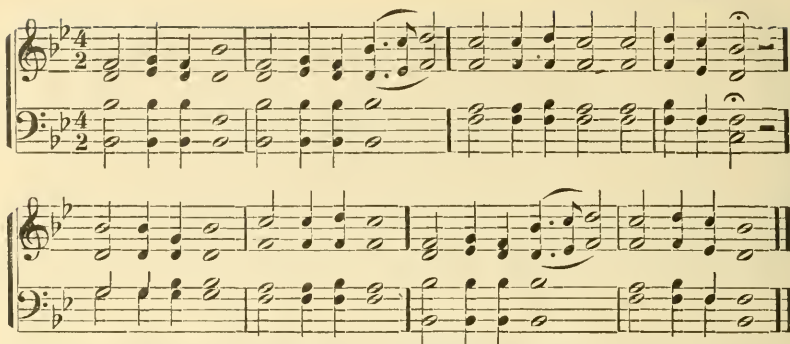
All for sin - ners, all for sin - ners, Cal - va - ry, Geth - sem - a - ne.

5 To the cross they nail our Saviour,
 Spit upon Him, mock, deride;
 From His side the blood so precious,
 Flows for us a healing tide.

6 Hark, O sinner! "it is finished,"
 Rocks are rent while Jesus cries,
 "It is finished, it is finished,"
 Bows His sacred head and dies.

Sessions. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON,



245

- 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at that cross where flows the
blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

246

- 1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength
derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes
o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside;
"My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

247

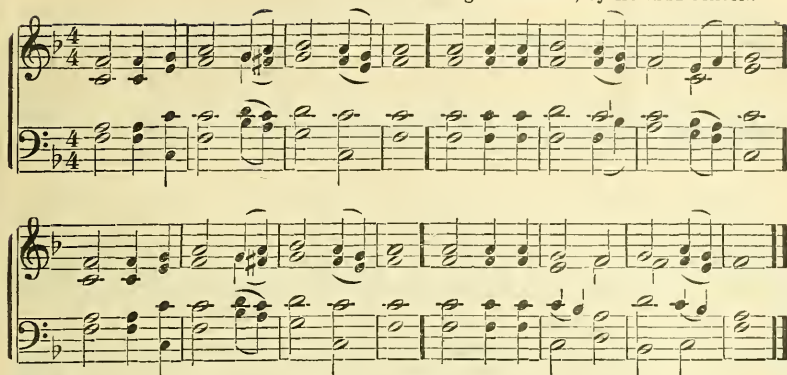
- 1 Deep are the wounds which sin has
made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure!
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost
power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?
- 3 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See in His heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant
flow;
And in that sacrificial flood,
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

248

- 1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to
heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my
soul,
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins He blushed in
blood;
He closed His eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and
know
That none but God such love can show,

Hamburg. L. M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON.



249

1 Ho! every one that thirsts draw nigh :
'Tis God invites the fallen race :
Mercy and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find His grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise ;
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye laboring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have and are behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive :
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

JOHN WESLEY.

250

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

251

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest :
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all :
Come all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live ;
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

CHARLES WESLEY.

252

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray ;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
If care distracts, or fears dismay ;
If guilt dejects, if sin distress ;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis pray'r supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken, language lame ;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak ;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on Him ; thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not ; His merits must prevail :
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

JOSEPH HART.

Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



253

- 1 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

254

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

255

- 1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part,
From Him that dwells within!
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

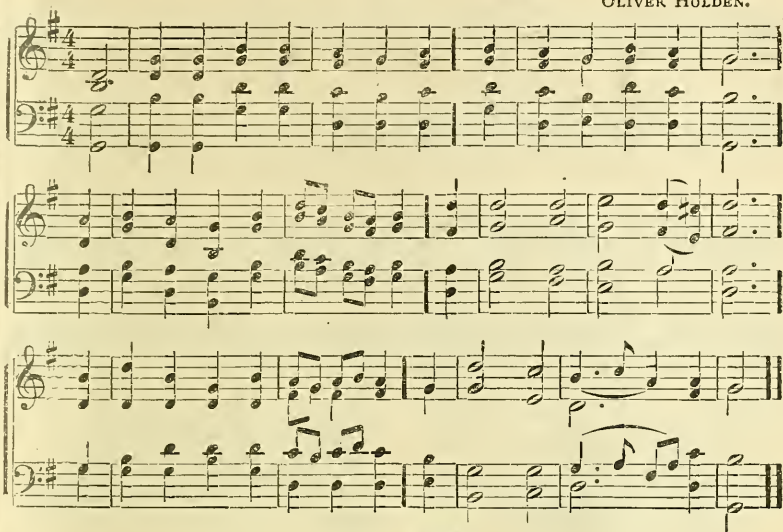
CHARLES WESLEY.

256

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
Nor heeds its scornful smile; [frown,
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile.

Coronation. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



257

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET. Alf.

258

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

ISAAC WATTS.

259

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

ISAAC WATTS.

260

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore. [flood.]

ISAAC WATTS.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



261

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY.

262

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:
- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

- 5 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout, "Harvest home."
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

263

- 1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze,
How swift its moments fly.
- 2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray!
- 4 Make haste, O man to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

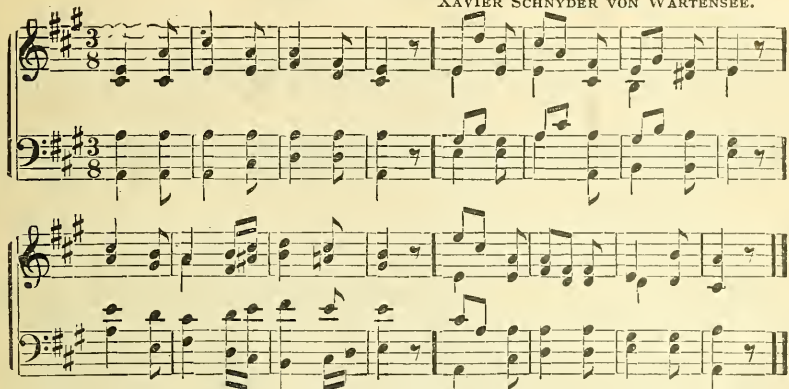
HORATIUS BONAR.

264

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain.
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

Horton. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.



265

- 1 King of kings, and wilt Thou deign
O'er this wayward heart to reign?
Henceforth take it for Thy throne,
Rule here, Lord, and rule alone.
- 2 Then, like heaven's angelic bands,
Waiting for Thine high commands,
All my powers shall wait on Thee,
Captive, yet divinely free.
- 3 At Thy word my will shall bow,
Judgment, reason, bending low;
Hope, despair, and every thought,
Into glad obedience brought.
- 4 Zeal shall haste on eager wing,
Hourly some new gift to bring;
Wisdom, humbly casting down
At Thy feet her golden crown.
- 5 Tuned by Thee in sweet accord,
All shall sing their gracious Lord;
Love, the leader of the choir,
Breathing round her seraph fire.

WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

266

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary wanderer, hither come;
- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—
- 4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

267

- 1 Prince of peace, control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,—
Hush my spirit into peace.
- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.
- 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart
Now Thy perfect peace impart.
- 4 Saviour! at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

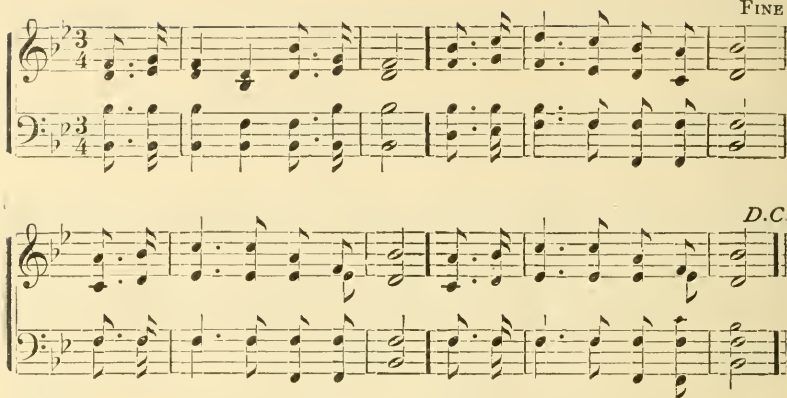
268

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
- 2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
tain,
And without a rival reign.
- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 4 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,—
Let me die Thy people's death.

JOHN NEWTON.

Toplady. 7, 61.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



269

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY. Alt.

270

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY.

271

1 By Thy birth, and by Thy tears;
By Thy human griefs and fears;
By Thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye:
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By Thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By Thy cross and dying cries;
By Thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

272

1 Hearts of stone, relent, relent!
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See His body mangled, rent,
Covered with His flowing blood!
Sinful soul, what hast Thou done?
Crucified the Eternal Son!

2 Wilt thou let Him die in vain?
Still to death pursue our God?
Open all His wounds again?
Trample on His precious blood?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Saviour, take my broken heart.

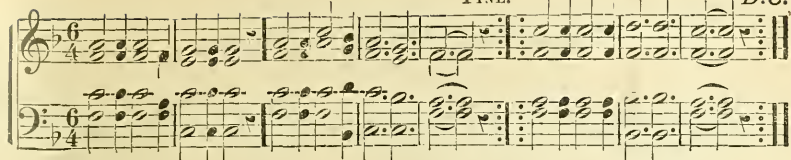
CHARLES WESLEY.

Martyn. 7. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

FINE.

D.C.



273

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

274

1 Jesus, full of love divine,
I am Thine and Thou art mine;
Let me live and die to prove
Thine unutterable love.
More and more of love I claim,
Glowing still with quenchless flame;
All my heart to Thee aspires,
Yearns with infinite desires.

2 Every thought, design, and word,
Burns with love to Thee, my Lord;
Body, soul, and spirit joined,
All in love to Thee combined.
Ever since I saw Thy face,
Proved Thy plentitude of grace,
Chose Thee as the better part—
Love has filled and fired my heart.

3 Jesus, Saviour, Thou art mine;
Jesus, all I have is Thine;
Never shall the altar-fire,
Kindled on my heart, expire.

Love my darkness shall illume,
Love shall all my sins consume:
Sweetly then I die to prove
An eternity of love!

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

275

1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day;
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light.
Peace and truth its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gilds the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let Thy wandering cease;
Hie Thee to Thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

276

1 Come, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise.
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Sing we, then, in Jesus' name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

CHARLES WESLEY.

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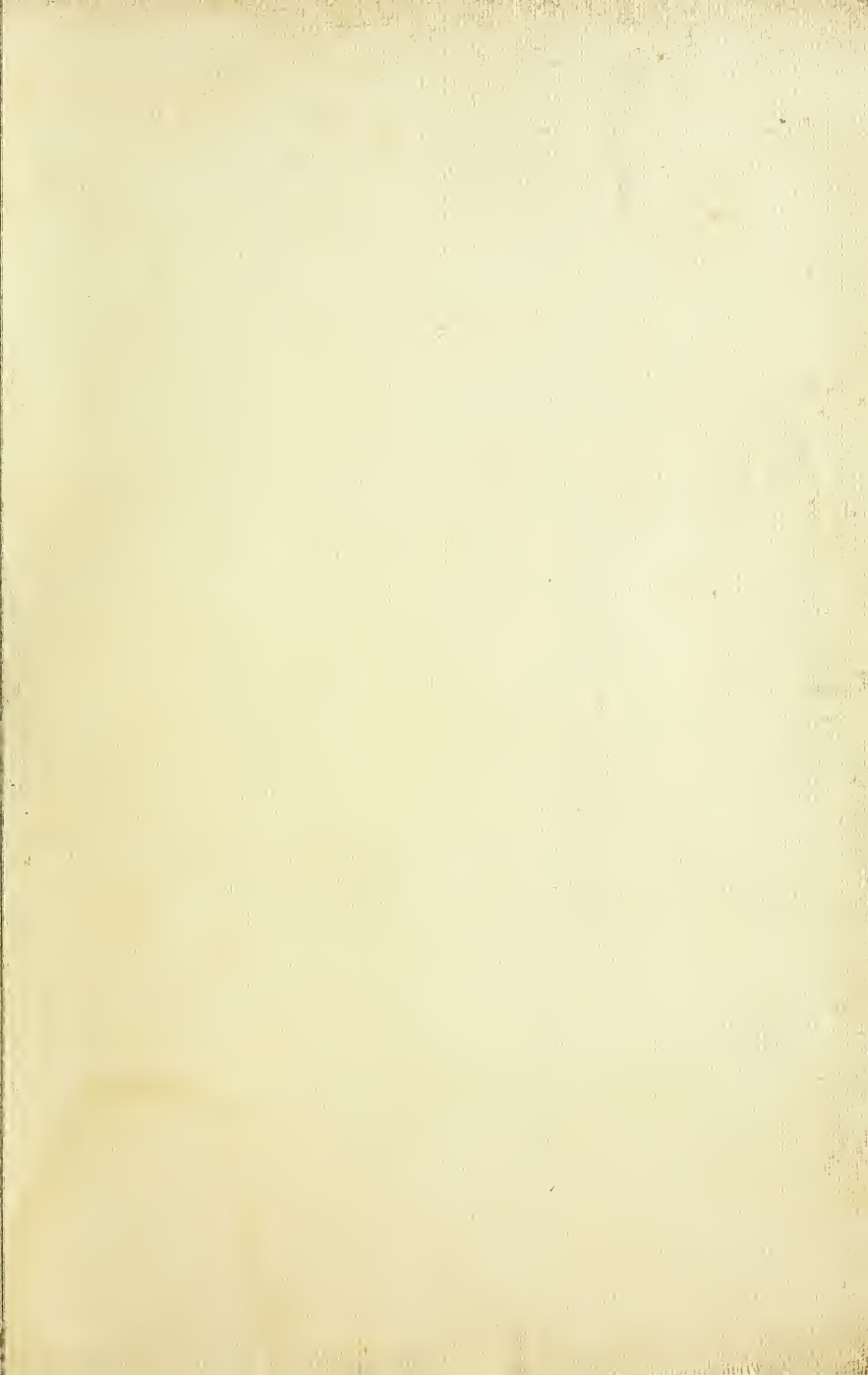
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